IN SEARCH OF AMERICA

HAZARD

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IN SEARCH OF AMERICA

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

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IN SEARCH OF AMERICA

by

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We all go forth to seek America. And in the seeking we create her. In the quality of our search shall be the nature of the America that we create.

WALDO FRANK—*Our America.*

THOMAS Y. CROWELL COMPANY

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For

ELLISON AND HEIDI

MY HOBO CHUMS

Behold me as America, taught but half,
Wayward and thoughtless, fighting for a chance;
Denied its ordered youth, thrown into life
But half prepared, so seeking to emerge
Out of a tangled blood, and out of the earth
A creature of the earth that strives to win
A soul, a voice. . . .
I have a vision
Of a New Republic, brighter than the sun,
A new race, loftier faith, this land of ours
Made over as to people, boys and girls
Conserved like forests, water power, or mines;
Watched, tested, put to best use, keen economies
Practised in spirits, waste of human life
Hope, aspiration, talent, virtues, powers,
Avoided by a science, science of life,
Of spirit, what you will. Enough of war
And billions for the flag—all well enough!
Some billions now to make democracy
Democracy in truth with us, and life
Not helter-skelter, hitting as it may,
And missing much.

EDGAR LEE MASTERS—*Domesday Book.*

CONTENTS

PART I. BIOGRAPHY

PAGE

I. The Time, The Place, and the Men . . . 7
A Tall Man—*Carl Sandburg* 7
A Biography of America—*Glenway Wescott* . 8

II. The American Looks at Himself and His World 15
A. Boasts of Self-achieved Success . . . 15
A Backwoods Legislator—*David Crockett* . 15
The Boy Who Began with Three Cents—*Edward W. Bok* 20

B. Questions the Established Order . . . 25
The Dynamo and the Virgin—*Henry Adams* . 25
Prayer to the Virgin of Chartres—*Henry Adams* 34
A Visit to the West—*Hamlin Garland* . . 40

C. Secedes from a Competitive Commonwealth . 46
An Adventure in Economy—*Henry David Thoreau* 46
Revolt from the Factory—*Sherwood Anderson* 56

III. The Immigrant Looks at America 68
Free Land and Fortune—*Hector St. John de Crèvecœur* 68
Soap and Water and the Immigrant—*Anzia Yezierska* 77

IV. Biographers Look at Americans 86
Satan Among the Biographers—*Samuel Crothers* 86
Psychoanalysis of a Puritan—*Heywood Broun and Margaret Leech* 94
Bryan, the Boy Orator—*M. R. Werner* . . 102
A Beloved Dean—*Rollo Walter Brown* . . 110

PAGE

PART II. HISTORY

I. Changing Fashions in History 133
A Footnote on Greatness—*Philip Guedalla* . 133
The Significance of the Frontier—*Frederick J. Turner* 142
The Once-open Road—*Charles Merz* . . . 155

II. The Stuff of the American Saga 161
Meredith Phyffe—*Edgar Lee Masters* . . 161
Hills of Silver—*Walter Noble Burns* . . 162
The Epic of the Team Hand Tribe—*James Stevens* 169
Tippecanoe and Tyler Too—*Meade Minnigerode* 173
Bryan, Bryan, Bryan, Bryan—*Vachel Lindsay* 185

III. The American Scene 194
Los Angeles; Ballyhooers in Heaven—*Paul Jordan-Smith* 194
Ohio; I'll Say We've Done Well—*Sherwood Anderson* 201

PART III. FOLK SONG AND STORY

I. The Indian 221
The Forgotten City—*Willa Cather* . . . 221
Vengeance Song—*Silas T. Rand* 227
Where the Fight Was—*Alice Corbin Henderson* 227
Wild Woman's Lullaby—*Constance Lindsay Skinner* 228
Rain Songs—*Mary Austin* 229
Prayer to the Mountain Spirit—*Mary Austin* 231
Lament of a Man for His Son—*Mary Austin* 232

II. The Negro 234
I Ain't Free—*Howard Odum and Guy Johnson* 234
Chicken Never Roost Too High for Me—*Howard Odum and Guy Johnson* 235
My Jane—*Howard Odum and Guy Johnson* . 236

PAGE

Pullman Porter—*Howard Odum and Guy Johnson* 237
Pharaoh's Army Got Drownded—*Howard Odum and Guy Johnson* 238

III. The Mountaineer 239
The Mule Humans—*Percy Mackaye* . . 239
The Hangman's Tree—*John H. Cox* . . 246
Home Came the Old Man—*John H. Cox* . 249

IV. The Lumberjack 252
Paul Bunyan and His Blue Ox—*Esther Shephard* 252
Maine Battle Song—*Roland Palmer Gray* . 262
The Logger's Boast—*Roland Palmer Gray* . 263
Owning the Earth—*Margaret Prescott Montague* 266

V. The Sailor 279
Whiskey, Johnny—*Joanna Colcord* . . . 279
Blow the Man Down—*Joanna Colcord* . . 280
Leave Her, Johnny—*Joanna Colcord* . . 282

VI. The Homesteader 284
The Little Old Sod Shanty—*Carl Sandburg in American Songbag* 284
Ballet of de Boll Weevil—*American Songbag* 285
The Farmer—*American Songbag* 288
Starving to Death on My Government Claim—*Edwin Ford Piper* 289

VII. The Cowboy 292
Whoopee Ti Yi Yo, Git Along, Little Dogies—*John A. Lomax* 292
High Chin Bob—*John A. Lomax* 293

VIII. The Bad Men 296
The Three Days' Battle—*Walter Noble Burns* 296
Jesse James—*American Songbag* 314
Po' Boy—*American Songbag* 315
Jim Fisk—*American Songbag* 317
The Last of the Lowries—*Paul Greene* . . 319

PAGE

PART IV. LOCALITY

I. The Far West 351
Tennessee's Partner—*Bret Harte* . . . 351
Ruined by the Goldrush—*Blaise Cendras* . 361

II. The South 370
Two Gentlemen of Kentucky—*James Lane Allen* 370

III. New England 388
Old Man Warner—*Dorothy Canfield Fisher* . 388

IV. The Middle West 396
A Rural Community—*Ruth Suckow* . . 396
Prairie—*Carl Sandburg* 412
Under the Lion's Paw—*Hamlin Garland* . . 420

V. The City 437
Skyscraper—*Carl Sandburg* 437
Gayheart: A Story of Defeat—*Dana Burnet* 439
The Cog—*James Oppenheim* 453
A Prairie City—*Waldo Frank* 462
The Towers of Manhattan—*Don Marquis* . 468
The Cathedral of St. Woolworth—*A. G. Gardiner* 471

PART V. CRITICISM

I. As Others See Us 493
The Simple Life in America—*Frances Trollope* 493
Civilization in the United States—*Matthew Arnold* 496
The American People—*André Siegfried* . . 502
Goodbye, America!—*Henry W. Nevinson* . . 512

II. As We See Ourselves 517
Our Cultural Humility—*Randolph Bourne* . 517
Babbitt the Booster—*Sinclair Lewis* . . . 524
Safe in the Arms of Crœsus—*Owen Wister* . 532

PAGE

Mr. Mencken, the *Jeune Fille* and the New Spirit in Letters—*Stuart Sherman* . . . 545

The Great American Art—*Mary Cass Canfield* 553

The Age of the Machine—*Lewis Mumford* . 559

Epilogue: Port of New York—*Paul Rosenfeld* 565

Index 583

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PREFACE

Chiefly for Teachers

IN a witty little essay, Simeon Strunsky has described his experiences in Rhetoric 21,—his sense of unfairness when the well-meaning instructor held up the sonorous periods of the Gettysburg Address, or the awful majesty of Job's complaint as models of how American freshmen ought to write on the need of a new gymnasium or of tariff reform.

More and more, instructors in Rhetoric 21, or whatever may be its numerical equivalent in undergraduate composition, are recognizing the futility of teaching students to write from "models"; for one Stevenson who "plays the sedulous ape" with some degree of success, there are a hundred Strunskys who react with bewilderment or resentment to a process of enforced imitation of some "grand style." Nor is a course in composition based on "forms" any less artificial; who, save the hapless freshman confronted with an "assignment" ever sat down at his desk and said, "Go to, I will now write an argument,—or a descriptive character sketch, or an exposition by division"?

In Search of America follows the more modern, more psychologically sound method of motivating college composition by themes, rather than by models or forms. Some of the selections are as trenchant in style as they are provocative in thought, and may well serve as models; all of the selections are grouped according to type, and may well illustrate the varied possibilities of the forms most popular in current writing. But the selections are chosen primarily, not because of their style or their literary genre, but because of their ideas, because of the light they throw on our trail as we go in search of America.

But why search for America? Why limit the themes of freshman composition to a study of American backgrounds? Well, if one is to have a genuine "project" for a year's work, some unifying scheme, instead of a vague hit or miss dabbling in grandiose topics chosen from the universe at large, one must make some sort of a limitation; and for American college students, a limitation, logical and not too confining, would seem to be the American continent. After all, "Here or nowhere is our America": unless we know something about the historical development, local color, and current problems of our own country which we have seen, what can we know about the other side of the world which we have not seen? Nor is this a provincially isolating limitation, for, as Lowes Dickinson has regretfully pointed out, "What America is, Europe will be." An open-eyed, honest search for America, neither fatuously chauvinistic nor superciliously critical, may be the best possible orientation for a citizen of the New World.

This text plans to correlate the practice of composition with a study of American life by providing for discussion selections orienting the student in American backgrounds through the medium of biography, history, legend, regional fiction and poetry, and criticism. To avoid the superficiality of glib generalizations based on the reading of one or two selections, each section is accompanied by an extended bibliography for the assistance of teachers who may wish to assign general collateral reading or special reports. By this means the interest aroused in the discussion of a selection may be directed into a fruitful field for further investigation.

Whether much or little time is available for investigation of the topic through collateral reading, the selections in themselves afford a provocative basis for discussion. We first take a bird's-eye view of America: the time, the place, and the men. We see America as Carl Sandburg sees her, a continental giant, strong with the wisdom of the many;

with Glenway Wescott we follow Alwyn Tower's attempt to express the composite character of our pioneer race in a biography of America. Then we turn to actual American biographies to find the complacent boast of self-achieved success, the apotheosis of shrewdness and self-reliance. We find the note of dissatisfaction creeping in with the epoch-making *Education of Henry Adams,* the first American autobiography to make its pattern from the confession of failure; we find the same note of bewilderment and helplessness before a mechanistic universe in the prayer with which Adams ends his baffled quest in humility and faith at the feet of the Virgin of Chartres. Garland returning to the farm of the middle border, like Adams at the Chicago Exposition, finds something wanting, some fulfillment denied to human effort, and he, too, questions the established order. Two American autobiographies carry their skepticism into secession: Thoreau turns his back upon the "mean and sneaking lives" led by his drudging neighbors, and goes adventuring in economy; Anderson walks out of his factory, light-heartedly exchanging his old dreams of being an empire-builder for the new urge to be a craftsman, a happy experimenter with potent words. Two immigrant narratives, Crèvecœur's *Letters from an American Farmer* and Yezierska's *Soap and Water,* give us the contrast between the easy Americanization and enthusiastic optimism of an eighteenth century immigrant and the disillusionment and bitterness of a modern immigrant who looked long in vain for the America of her dreams. The new trend in biography is ably analyzed by Samuel Crothers, who sees in the Strachyan method of ironic biography a Satan among the biographers, and exemplified by Broun and Leech in their psychoanalysis of Comstock, by Werner in his deflating of Bryan. The older biographic method of loving appreciation, of reverent hero-worship, finds a modern exponent in Rollo Brown's able portrait of the beloved Dean

Briggs, a Harvard scholar significantly contrasted with the dissatisfied intellectual, Henry Adams.

There have been changing fashions in history as well as in biography. The glorification of the average man, the emphasis on the significance of the frontier are presented to us by Guedalla and by Turner. Masters' "Meredith Phyffe" points out to us the richness in the raw material of American history:

> What do you want for irony, satire, and pathos?
> Is there not everything here, grotesque,
> Absurd, tragic, and heroic?

Romantic melodrama, in the founding of Tombstone among the hills of silver; epic, in the westward push of the teamhands, last of the tribe of adventurers on the big job; farce in the boisterous campaign of Tippecanoe and Tyler too, "lost by a line or two of type in a newspaper, won by miles of parades"; heroics, in the crusade of brave boy Bryan, spokesman of western idealism. And in history, as in biography, we find echoed the current mood of skepticism of progress, of revolt against civilization, of nostalgia for the past: Aikman contrasts the good old bad days before the taming of the frontier with the "deadly, dumb, and democratic" present; Anderson dreams wistfully of the dear green hills and sweet clear rivers of Ohio as La Salle must have seen it, before up-and-coming boosters transformed it to a progressive state of factory towns.

Closely allied to this revolt against civilization is the fad of the primitive. In abrupt reaction from our condescending programs of "Americanization" we are beginning to pay belated tribute to the culture of the "inferior" peoples whom we have exploited or almost exterminated,—the Indian, the Negro. In an era of sophistication, we turn for relief to our primitives; in an era of standardization, we turn for relief to the almost obliterated local color of our sections: the eventful "republic of incognitos" of the

49ers where a love passing the love of women bound a man to his partner, where the rush for gold brought riches to some and ruin to others; the old régime in the south still cherished with tender sentiment by two gentlemen of Kentucky; the sturdy independence of the rooted New England farmer, Old Man Warner. In a mechanical era, we turn with relief to the quiet enduring peace of the land; with Carl Sandburg, we rest on the prairie heart, in the prairie arms; with Ruth Suckow's Ralph, we return to a rural community and almost envy its rustics their placid satisfactions.

In sharp contrast with the idyllic treatment of Suckow, Garland reminds us that not so easily does man escape the pressure of economic problems, that even on the farm, the tenant farmer is "under the lion's paw." The power of the city to crush a man's dreams, to make him but a cog in the machine, is powerfully portrayed by James Oppenheim and Dana Burnet. Cruel, beautiful vampires, the cities suck a life of their own from the human victims they lure to their embrace: the skyscraper has a personality denied the automata who drudge within its walls, whose energies have gone to its building. Frank and Marquis see in the prairie lands of Chicago, in the towers of Manhattan, promise of idealisms triumphant over greed. But Gardiner reads an ominous significance in the towering of the Woolworth Building above the puny heights of Trinity and St. Paul's. Does America really worship what Ruskin called "The Goddess of Getting On"?

In his interpretation of the Cathedral of St. Woolworth, Gardiner follows the well-established precedent of foreign visitors. From Frances Trollope and Matthew Arnold to contemporary critics like Henry Nevinson and André Siegfried, our distinguished guests have weighed American civilization in the balance and found it wanting in distinction. Varying American reactions to this European condescension are voiced by Randolph Bourne, by Sinclair Lewis, by Owen Wister. The cultural humility of which

Bourne complains may seem to have been displaced by the blatant self-satisfaction of the standardized American citizen caricatured in Lewis' Babbitt and in Wister's Mustacol. But a new group of American critics has arisen who strike the happy medium between cringing humility and fatuous complacency. Both Stuart Sherman and Mary Cass Canfield discern a pathetic restlessness, a futile groping in the modern hard-boiled, jazz-drunk American youth. A note of hope, a prophecy of the end of the quest, stirs in Mumford's forecast of a return from the age of the machine to the simple and enduring values of life; in Rosenfeld's vision of the meeting of the best of Europe and the best of America in the Port of New York.

The search for America, as the title implies, requires an adventuring spirit. Not every opinion voiced in these selections should be accepted as gospel truth, any more than every form of expression should be praised as a model of style. To be of value as a basis for composition, selections should give students something to think about by presenting topics with "much to be said on both sides." Class discussion should be provocative, challenging lazily accepted opinions, forcing students to the discovery and defence of their own positions on controverted subjects. The adventuring spirit, however, is not a negative spirit, a spirit of mere iconoclasm. Out of the broken images of our old gods, puritanism, industrialism, emerges a new idealism. If the reading of young Americans leads them to discover this constructive attitude of America's Coming of Age, they will have found their America.

Lucy Lockwood Hazard.

College of St. Mary of the Wasatch,
Salt Lake City, Utah.
March, 1930.

INTRODUCTION

Chiefly for Students

FOR five hundred years, seekers have gone forth in quest of America. And no one has yet found her.

Most of these seekers, of course, thought that they were after something else. And when they had found that, or when they had failed to find it, what they had really found was part of America. But not the whole. Only now are we beginning to put together the different things they found, and know that not till we have seen all of them have we seen America.

First came the seekers who thought they were seeking a short cut to the Indies. They were rather annoyed to find America instead. They found in America only an inconvenient continent. Then came conquistador and cavalier in search of gold and glory. And they found their graves. The Puritan came in search of Heaven. And he made himself a hell.

Then wave upon wave across the continent rolled the successive questings of the pioneer. The fur trapper pushed up the rivers and through the unsuspected passes and raised the American flag at Astoria. The soldier of fortune fell in the heroism of hopeless fight at the Alamo. The Mormon trekked into the desert and transformed it to Deseret, a city blossoming like a rose. The golddigger compassed the continent till he reached his Eldorado by the western sea. And always, everywhere, less spectacular but more significant, the homesteader shouldered his axe and his rifle and marched into the wilderness to "make land." Slowly, resolutely, his covered wagons pressed on, ever westward. They crossed the Alleghanies, they crossed the Mississippi,

they pushed along the Santa Fe Trail, along the Oregon Trail, until from California to Maine the "nester" was in occupation.

Then it might seem that the quest was ended. We had found all of America. But there was a greater discovery still to make. We found that we were all mystically one: the black man and the white, the Yankee merchant and the Southern planter, the roughneck Argonaut and the polished Bostonian. For four dreadful years, we tried to tear ourselves apart, if it meant tearing ourselves in pieces; and at the end we emerged surprised to find ourselves a nation.

Surprises came thick and fast in those days. We next discovered that we were a rich nation. That silent, mysterious, prodigious land, land that had loomed so inopportunely in the path of the seekers for the Indies, land that had been traversed so painfully by solitary advance of hunter, by thin lines of homesteaders,—this land hid in its embrace gleaming lodes of gold and silver, rich expanse of coal, jetting largesse of oil, potential harvests of waving wheat. These treasures must be wrung from her. She must be bound with the iron clasp of railroads, she must be gutted with steam shovels, torn with tractors. Men panted in their eagerness to seize the spoils; they created the machine, they conscripted the immigrant to serve their purpose; they pushed each other aside and trampled on one another in their greediness to snatch their fill.

But the greatest surprise of all awaited us: almost in the thick of this childish scramble, we discovered that we were grown up. Some years ago Mr. Van Wyck Brooks wrote a book called *America's Coming of Age*. In 1926 André Siegfried wrote a book called *America Comes of Age*. If, as these writers assert, we have reached our majority, that should mean that we are ready to claim our inheritance. But what is our inheritance? To know that is to have found America.

Probably neither Van Wyck Brooks nor André Siegfried

would have employed that figure of speech unless he had felt a special significance in the analogy between the present state of our country and the psychology of an individual who has just attained his majority. One of the symptoms of coming of age with an individual is self-consciousness. Children take themselves and their homes and their families pretty comfortably for granted. Consciousness of one's self and one's surroundings, critical comparison of one's self and one's surroundings with other people and their environs, —this is a symptom of maturity.—Perhaps you remember one of Kipling's delightful *Just So Stories* which concerns a Kangaroo who prayed to the Big God Nquong to make him "different from all other animals; popular and wonderfully run after by five this afternoon." It's almost a little fable about the curse of an answered prayer; for the Big God Nquong sets Yellow Dog Dingo to chasing after Kangaroo, and Kangaroo has to run for dear life, jumping and hopping, until by five o'clock his hind legs are stretched to the proportions we expect in Kangaroos today. And when Kangaroo complained, Nquong only reminded him that he had asked to be different from all other animals, as well as wonderfully run after.

All of which might be an allegory of America. For when the American of today comes of age and asks himself what makes him different from all other animals, he finds Professor Turner pointing to the gigantic bounds by which the pioneer was forced to leap across the continent, and telling us that to the frontier and its conditions we owe all that is distinctive in American history. And one of the ways in which we seek America is in the critical re-examination of her history. From history, we easily slide over a shadow line into the land of legend, of the tall tales and rousing songs by which we keep alive the memory of our folk heroes. From this literature of the people, we again pass to the more consciously literary, more frankly fictitious narratives of individual writers who have caught in their

novels and short stories the color of their own region, the spirit of their own townsfolk. Whether through history, through legend, or through fiction, we are on the same search for something different and distinctive in the American character and the American scene.

Another manifestation of the psychology of coming of age is dissatisfaction. Expressions of dissatisfaction have been increasingly evident in American writings about America since the opening of the twentieth century. The first fervent outpouring came in the muckraking period, in an orgy of evangelistic zeal directed against particular political or economic abuses with the optimistic assumption that when once we had turned the rascals out, or written the initiative and referendum in, the millennium would be at hand. These ingenuous spasms of reform gave place to the expression of more far-reaching dissatisfactions. Such critics as those contributing to the symposiums *These United States* and *Civilization in the United States* do not stop with the discovery of surface symptoms but probe more deeply into the defects or inadequacies of American life. Another expression of dissatisfaction and of analysis to find the source of dissatisfaction, is found in biographies of a satirical or satanic twist,—biographies that delight in removing the statue from its pedestal and lifting the toga to show, if not the cloven hoof, at least the feet of clay. In literary criticism, the captious attitude is still more manifest. A new generation of critics have arisen who know Joseph only to sneer at him as a Puritan prude. The revered worthies of nineteenth century American literature, the good gray poets who used to be framed together by the yard and smile with absent-minded benevolence upon the Fifth Grade, are treated with scant respect by the "younger intellectuals," the Menckens and Macys, the Bournes and Brookses. These would have us seek America, not in the philosophizings of an Alcott or the poetizings of an Aldrich, but in the red-

blooded roughnecks of James Stevens' Idaho, with the country people of Ruth Suckow's Iowa.

In biographical revelations of American characters; in historical studies of the American past; in the folk song and story that mark distinctive American types; in fiction colored by American locality; in criticism that revaluates American culture,—in all these ways we go forth to seek America. To join in the quest is to discover what Walt Whitman, great-hearted lover of America, caught in a prophetic glimpse:

> O I see flashing that this America is only you and me;
> Its power, weapons, testimony, are you and me,
> Its crimes, lies, thefts, defections, are you and me,
> Past, Present, Future, are you and me.
> I dare not shirk any part of myself,
> Nor any part of America, good or bad.
> . . . . . .
> I will make the continent indissoluble;
> I will make the most splendid race the sun ever shown upon;
> I will make divine magnetic lands,
> With the love of comrades,
> With the lifelong love of comrades.

PART I

BIOGRAPHY

INTRODUCTION

"THE proper study of mankind is man," dogmatized Alexander Pope. Carlyle elaborated the dogma by declaring that the proper way for mankind to study man is through biography.

Interest in biography is a sublimation of curiosity. Among the intelligentsia it affords the moral equivalent of hanging over the back fence to gossip with Mrs. Jones next door, or lounging down to the corner grocery to see the boys. As life becomes more rushed, as taste becomes more refined, people profess to have neither time nor inclination to accumulate detailed information concerning their neighbors' affairs. But in spite of the compulsions and inhibitions of civilization, down at bottom we all have the sneaking desire to escape from our own lives into someone else's. "One half the world knows not how the other half lives," says the proverb; to which we make the flippant addenda that it is mighty anxious to find out.

Originally biography was written with an ostensibly lofty motive. The subjects of biography were great men held up for the admiration and emulation of subsequent ages. The first biographical writing of America, Mather's *Magnalia Christi Americana,* was written with the avowed purpose of rebuking the always unsatisfactory younger generation by edifying portraits of the godly divines who had carved a new Zion out of Plymouth Rock. But the development of American biography from Mather to Werner reverses the process described by Goldsmith; those who came to pray remained to scoff. The old type biography used to show us a man better than ourselves, for our reverent homage; the modern biography shows us a man no better than he should have been, for our cynical amusement. This satirical type of

biography is ably analyzed by Mr. Crothers in "Satan Among the Biographers."

To understand the transition from the hero-worshipping to the Satanic type of biography, we have to take into account two recent theories which have had a far-reaching influence in literary fashions: Darwinism and Freudism. From Darwin, writers learned to explain men in terms of their environment; from Freud, writers learned to explain men in terms of their complexes. So we find Sandburg explaining Lincoln as a product of the prairie; we find Van Wyck Brooks explaining Mark Twain as a victim of over-officious censoring from his mother, his wife, and his mentor, William Dean Howells. We are no longer content with merely factual or blindly eulogistic biographies; we ask for more than meets the eye, for the "moving why" of the hidden springs of conduct.

We may classify biographies, not only by the attitude of the biographer whether it be impersonal, hero-worshipping, satirical, psychoanalytical, but by the relation of the biographer to his subject,—might we call him the biographee? Clearly, the most intimate relation is that of identity; the most intimate form of biography is autobiography. But the very intimacy of revelation which makes its peculiar charm, makes its peculiar defect; no man can take an absolutely detached picture of himself. He cannot, so to speak, stand far enough away to get the proper perspective. The same difficulty applies to a husband writing a biography of his wife, or a wife of her husband; indeed, the difficulty in this case is so great that Professor W. L. Cross declares that no first-class biography has ever been written by husband or wife of each other, or by a son or daughter of a parent. The best biographies are those written by contemporary acquaintances—as the famous study of Johnson by his faithfully adoring Boz—or by those whom Cross calls "pseudo-biographers,"—biographers who, lacking the opportunity of personal acquaintance with their subject, nevertheless

compensate for that lack by steeping themselves in study of the man, his time, and his works.

We come, then, to search for America through biography: we find in autobiography characteristic ways in which Americans regard themselves and their world; we find the jubilant story of self-achieved success which has become the great American myth; here, too, we find creeping in the first faint questioning of material success as the most important thing in life,—we find in the secessions of Thoreau and Anderson deliberate repudiation of the sacred duty of money-making which ranks so high in the opinion of a Bok or a Carnegie. We see America as the immigrant has seen her; to the eighteenth century Crèvecœur, a land of boundless opportunity; to Anzia Yezierska, a land of mocking hopes. We see Americans as they have been presented by biographers, both the sympathizers and the satirists. And we remember the words of Daniel Webster: "Thank God, I too am an American."

I

THE TIME, THE PLACE AND THE MEN

A Tall Man, by *Carl Sandburg*

THE mouth of this man is a gaunt strong mouth.
The head of this man is a gaunt strong head.

The jaws of this man are bone of the Rocky Mountains, the Appalachians.
The eyes of this man are chlorine of two sobbing oceans,
Foam, salt, green, wind, the changing unknown.
The neck of this man is pith of buffalo prairie, old longing and new beckoning of corn belt or cotton belt,
Either a proud Sequoia trunk of the wilderness
Or huddling lumber of a sawmill waiting to be a roof.

Brother mystery to man and mob mystery,
Brother cryptic to lifted cryptic hands,
He is night and abyss, he is white sky of sun, he is the head of the people.
The heart of him the red drops of the people,
The wish of him the steady gray-eagle crag-hunting flights of the people.

Humble dust of a wheel-worn road,
Slashed sod under the iron-shining plow,
These of service in him, these and many cities, many borders, many wrangles between Alaska and the Isthmus, between the Isthmus and the Horn, and east and west of Omaha, and east and west of Paris, Berlin, Petrograd.

The blood in his right wrist and the blood in his left wrist
run with the right wrist wisdom of the many and the
left wrist wisdom of the many.
It is the many he knows, the gaunt strong hunger of the
many.

From *Cornhuskers* by Carl Sandburg, published by Henry Holt & Company. Reprinted here by permission of the publishers.

A Biography of America, by *Glenway Wescott*

YEARS after, when all his grandparents were dead, Alwyn sat in a watering place in the Austrian Alps, where there was a cluster of iron tables around a café, where nineteenth-century waltzes were played and the cakes were good.

A boy, on whose cheeks the round flush of illness darkened, was insisting wearily in French: "You Americans lack the sense of sin. You have discovered the fountain of youth; it has made you cruel. . . ."

A great psychoanalyst who looked like an old Protestant minister wavered along the path; and a middle-aged princess brought biscuits in a paper bag.

Lifting two heavy rings in the air with his blue-white hand, a hunchbacked critic could be heard saying, "The psychology of love undergoes a complete revolution every twenty-five years. In America, I am told, every fifteen years; but they have no fine arts, so their passions are lacking in interest."

The grave, well-modulated voices rose against the steady crying of a river, somewhere below. Far below, a plain lay, patched with cottages and tidy crops; far above, a number of soft mountains were brocaded by ice; and over the valley walls seven cataracts fell, shivering on the stone in mourning—seven vines the color of pewter.

Alwyn was glad to be in Austria; but because of the odor

and the bells of two or three cattle which were driven past, perhaps because of the poor fat princess who, it seemed, regretted civilization, he began to think of the early days of America, particularly the early days of Wisconsin and his family. And the river beat in the small valley as ardently and roughly as the heart of a Middle Western forest.

Wisconsin, his grandmother's wilderness. . . . He remembered one of its little hills; fancied that he sat, not in Gastein, but on one of its hills, dreaming of its history. Slain trees, and timber wolves slinking in search of young pigs, and weather-beaten children stationed in poor crops to scare off the deer . . . He tried to picture to himself his ancestors: ignorant men with delicate bodies, hoping for wealth as a reward for virtue; boys with chapped mouths hunting by the light of lanterns; fearless girls becoming sickly mothers. A company of dead or distant relatives, on a continent without much elegance, without palaces, without rest . . . There sprang up in his mind a great number of stories and fragments of stories, in which they were gesticulating and embracing and working.

Alwyn daydreaming in Austria, a little self-consciously a poet . . . And for a moment the well-bred voices, the philosophies, the orchestras, were swept away. For a moment all Europe seemed less significant than the vicissitudes of pioneers, men who were anonymous unless they were somebody's relatives. He did not quite like their suffering, their illiterate mysticism, their air of failure; but he understood them, or fancied that he did. It did not matter whether he liked them or not—he was their son.

Among them, of their marriages and love affairs, there had also been born a composite character, the soul of the race that was not actually a race; something so vague that one recognized it only as an atmosphere, a special brightness, or a peculiar quality of the temperaments and customs and fortunes of Americans; as if it were the god of the place—half invisible, and so large that one could see at a given

moment only the great arch of its foot, or the dim luxury of its flesh, or the electricity of its eyes, or the jewels on its giant hands and head. It had been born in the stables, the cabins, and the schoolhouses where music, religion, and the three R's had been taught in turn. Who could describe the mask that was its face, or estimate its strength, or define its character? Whatever it was, it was the hero of the stories that he knew, the tales of his grandmothers. By comparison with its dwelling-place, Europe seemed only the scene of a classic play continually repeated; for a moment only. . . . But there was that moment in every day of Alwyn's life.

. . . . . .

As he remembered his childhood, it seemed that much of it had been spent in the center of a carpeted floor; and all about in a circle of rocking-chairs there had been women and men—grandparents, and their friends, and old cousins, and great-aunts, and uncles; and behind each one a life had extended into the past like a corridor—poorly lighted, long corridors winding away in every direction, through reticence and forgetfulness, to their youth; and in the ring of rocking-chairs, the child for whose existence all the corridors had come together, had shivered in the gusts of emotion which blew vaguely down them, and tried to understand the strange syllables which echoed from one life to another.

. . . . . .

In his nineteenth year he had written a historical essay, based upon what he had found out about his relatives: a summary of all these unwritten biographies; as it were, a short biography of America. A professor had praised it; his mother had said that she could not understand it; he himself had been proud of his work. One night, in a hotel on the French Riviera, he found these pages and reread them:

"At first there broke against European sea walls, the edge of a uniform world of water; somewhere upon it America

lay, a phantom putting an end to its uniformity. Down to the seaports came disappointed men—no one who was happy would have set sail for a phantom. Some were hopelessly poor: they had dreamed of states in which all the poor would be rich, and their revolutions had been crushed. Some were sickly: they had invented moralities to curb the appetites of others, who in turn had abolished their laws. Some were bondsmen, sold for a time. Some were failures and the sons of men who had failed: success being impossible on this earth, perhaps it would be possible on a continent which a few years before had not been on the earth. Some were criminals or adventurers, whose regret wore masks of bravado. Some wanted to rule, whose fathers had not been kings. Some received in hallucinations a knowledge of pure ceremonies, by which they were not permitted to worship. All were disappointed—minorities going out to form a majority against the world.

"In dangerous boats which tottered up and down the water, when they were not seasick, they sang. Some believed that America was like a goblet lying in the ocean, and when one drank from it one would become so happy that one would dare to remember one's grief. Some tried to believe that it was an earthly heaven or heavenly earth, where saintliness which other men would worship would be easy, where wealth would be apportioned according to saintliness. Those who died were never disillusioned; and the waves among which they were laid seemed to sing feebly with those who were left on the boats.

"Not one ship sank; and they landed on a long coast of bushes and stone, of stagnant water and sand. The redskins were dangerous but pitiable in their animal hiding places; and as the whites proceeded to exterminate them they could never bear to think what they were doing. Their own number was reduced by diseases; those who did not die were strengthened by the thought of the early Christians.

"They shot red squirrels flickering in the trees, and tur-

keys (great, enameled birds); and planted the Indian corn. They gave thanks when there was enough to eat, and repented of their insignificant sins when there was not; in the beginning the crops were always meagre. The evidently poor land kept its wealth secret, like a young mother who thinks herself a virgin.

"It was the land which God had given them, and it was poor. So God was poverty, but He was poverty which would become wealth. He was a precept by which poverty would be changed into wealth; He was a law. There were songs and talk about sin, but few transgressions. Preachers of genius painted evil in such perfect colors that men vomited and women fainted in the churches; they made the agony of some seem sweeter than love. Dangerous witches appeared among them and were condemned; and on the chest of a man accused of commerce with spirits, heavy stones were laid one by one until he died.

"They went further west. Over the Northwest Territory mouth organs quavered between embarrassed kisses, and cabinet organs quavered between prayers. From the half-ashamed love-making sprang a great population, and from the prayers muttered in new log cabins, the certainty that the God of poverty had blessed this people with His uplifted, enigmatic finger.

"They came to the Far West, and found valleys as large as kingdoms, without kings; red mountains and others the color of pearls; deserts below sea level in which no fire was visible, but the earth was ashes; and extremes of temperature as in hell, and heavenly climates. They wasted great forests and unearthed a plunder of oil, coal, and metals.

"The whole continent came to resemble the childbed of a virgin; amid cries of axes and moaning sawmills and finally a groan of factories which rose overnight in fields of refuse (in smokelike folds of stained linen) wealth was born. There was rejoicing as extravagant as the singing of angels. In the celebration which took place skyscrapers were built,

so tall that they swayed continually, so strong that they never fell. Pride wounded too many times turned into energy. Whoever faltered closed his eyes and summoned up a fierce idealism. Men, women, and children worked side by side, making of delicate nerves a machine. In the noon of their holidays guns were fired and great schemes invented.

"They did forget grief in the efforts they made to annihilate it, and became the laughing race of the earth. Unhappiness was treason; no tragic arts flourished. The slaves which had been shipped from Africa and outcast Jews who took refuge among them brought tragic songs—to which the Americans danced.

"Men grew rich in a day or overnight; they could always grow richer; the future was illimitably generous. Nevertheless, millions remained poor. Before their eyes lay the feast —they could not eat; and though there were millions of them, each felt alone in his poverty. They grieved, but stifled their grief, being ashamed of it; for if they worked harder, if they had led purer lives, if they still worked harder . . . Those who did not give up hated life secretly; those who did, despised themselves.

"The New World was troubled; even the rich were troubled; they did not have an excuse for rest. They knew that God was poverty; was He not then an endless struggle? He seemed to have vanished when the struggle was over, leaving some lonely. Like a beggar, homeless as they once had been, He haunted others, who did not know which to be ashamed of—their wealth or God. He was also the precept which turned poverty into wealth; the poor in their envy would not let the rich neglect Him when He had served His purpose; and the rich tried to force upon the poor virtue and the rewards of virtue, for they were lonely in the midst of rewards. There was also a puritanism which was genuine remorse for the sins of others. So a series of sad persecutions took place.

"It became the land of extreme youth. Middle age was

merely a struggle; old age was a time when failure could not be disguised, or a time of success which did not satisfy. Men envied young men, and put them at their sides in positions of great responsibility, so that from eyes which glittered with reflections of the future, their eyes might catch fire for a moment. The whole country had one symbol: a very young man, always at the beginning of a career, always beside his mother. For she taught him to revere success and taught him its maxims. He would never forget that when she had been at his side, the mirage had seemed real and not far away; he would never again be so happy as he had been, under her spell. So young wives imitated the mothers of the men they loved. America became a matriarchate.

"Meanwhile the colonists had moved and moved again, from east to west, into every corner of the continent; and each migration repeated, with a little less religion and a little more weariness, the pilgrimage which had brought them there: disappointed men going further, hoping still . . .

"At last there was no corner where wealth and joy might be thought to dwell, no river-bed without a city, no empty valley, no more coasts. At last those pilgrims who had failed to discover their hearts' desire had to look for it in heaven, as it had been in Europe, as it had always been. Disillusioned but imaginative, these went through the motions of hope, still pioneers. They will be seen while America lasts, proud and poor (like pretenders to royal blood, the site of whose throne has long been forgotten), among mechanics, surgeons, singers with androgynous voices, reporters, professional players of games, orators, gamblers in food, hooded vigilants, gold diggers, salesmen of slaves, film stars, architects, trance mediums."

From *The Grandmothers* by Glenway Wescott, published by Harper & Brothers. Reprinted here by permission of Mr. Wescott.

II

THE AMERICAN LOOKS AT HIMSELF AND HIS WORLD

A. BOASTS OF SELF-ACHIEVED SUCCESS

A Backwoods Legislator, by *David Crockett*

THE next fall after this marriage, three of my neighbors and myself determined to explore a new country. We set out for the Creek country, crossing the Tennessee river; and after having made a day's travel, we stopped at the house of one of my old acquaintances who had settled there after the war. Resting here a day, Frazier turned out to hunt, being a great hunter; but he got badly bit by a very poisonous snake, and so we left him and went on. We passed through a large rich valley, called Jones' valley, where several other families had settled, and continued our course till we came near to the place where Tuscaloosa now stands. Here we camped, as there were no inhabitants, and hobbled out our horses for the night. About two hours before day, we heard the bells on our horses going back the way we had come, as they had started to leave us. As soon as it was daylight, I started in pursuit of them on foot, and carrying my rifle, which was a very heavy one. I went ahead the whole day, wading creeks and swamps, and climbing mountains; but I couldn't overtake our horses, though I could hear of them at every house they passed. I at last found I couldn't catch up with them, and so I gave up the hunt, and turned back to the last house I had passed, and staid there till morning. From the best calculation we could make, I had walked over fifty miles that day; and the next morning I was so sore and fatigued that I felt like

I couldn't walk any more. But I was anxious to get back to where I had left my company, and so I started and went on, but mighty slowly, till after the middle of the day. I now began to feel mighty sick, and had a dreadful headache. My rifle was so heavy and I felt so weak that I lay down by the side of the trace, in a perfect wilderness too, to see if I wouldn't get better. In a short time some Indians came along. They had some ripe melons, and wanted me to eat some, but I was so sick I couldn't. Then they signed to me that I would die, and be buried; a thing I was confoundedly afraid of myself. But I asked them how near it was to my house. By their signs again, they made me understand it was a mile and a half. I got up to go; but when I rose, I reeled about like a cow with the blind staggers, or a fellow who has taken too many "horns." One of the Indians proposed to go with me and carry my gun. I gave him half a dollar and accepted his offer. We got to the house, by which time I was pretty far gone, but was kindly received, and got on to a bed. The woman did all she could for me with her warm teas, but I still continued bad enough, with a high fever and generally out of my senses. The next day two of my neighbors were passing the road and heard of my situation and came to see where I was. They were going nearly the route I had intended to go to look at the country; and so they took me first on one of their horses and then on the other till they got me back to where I had left my company. I expected I would get better and be able to go on with them, but instead of this, I got worse and worse; and when we got there, I wasn't able to sit up at all. I thought now the jig was mighty nigh up with me, but I determined to keep a stiff upper lip. They carried me to a house, and each of my comrades bought him a horse, and they all set out together, leaving me behind. I knew but little that was going on for about two weeks; but the family treated me with every possible kindness in their power, and I shall always feel grateful to

them. The man's name was Jesse Jones. At the end of two weeks, I began to mend without the help of a doctor or of any doctor's means. In this time, however, as they told me, I was speechless for five days, and they had no thought that I would ever speak again,—in Congress or anywhere else. And so the woman, who had a bottle of Batesman's draps, thought if they killed me, I would only die anyhow, and so she would try it with me. She gave me the whole bottle, which throwed me into a sweat that continued on me all night; when at last I seemed to wake up and spoke and asked her for a drink of water. This almost alarmed her, for she was looking every minute for me to die. She gave me the water, and from that time, I began slowly to mend, and so kept on till I was able at last to walk about a little. I might easily have been mistaken for one of the Kitchen Cabinet, I looked so much like a ghost. I have been particular in giving a history of this sickness, not because I believe it will interest anybody much now, nor, indeed, do I *certainly* know that it ever will. But if I should be forced to take the "white house," then it will be good history; and everyone will look on it as important. And I can't for my life help laughing now, to think that when all my folks get around me, wanting good fat offices, how so many of them will say, "What a good thing it was that that kind woman had the bottle of draps that saved PRESIDENT CROCKETT'S life,—the second greatest and best!!!" Good, says I, my noble fellow! You take the post-office; or the navy; or the war-office; or maybe the treasury. But if I give him the treasury, there's no devil if I don't make him agree first to fetch back them deposites. And if it's even the postoffice, I'll make him promise to keep his money 'counts without any figuring, as that throws the whole concern heels over head in debt in little or no time.

When I got so I could travel a little, I got a waggoner who was passing along to haul me to where he lived, which was about twenty miles from my house. I still mended

as we went along, and when we got to his stopping-place, I hired one of his horses and went on home. I was so pale and so much reduced that my face looked like it had been half soled with brown paper.

When I got there, it was to the utter astonishment of my wife, for she supposed I was dead. My neighbors who had started with me had returned and took my horse home, which they had found with theirs; and they reported that they had seen men who had helped to bury me, and who saw me draw my last breath. I know'd this was a whapper of a lie as soon as I heard it. My wife had hired a man and sent him out to see what had become of my money and other things; but I had missed the man as I went in, and he didn't return until some time after I got home, as he went all the way to where I lay sick before he heard that I was still in the land of the living and a-kicking.

The place on which I lived was sickly, and I was determined to leave it. I therefore set out the next fall to look at the country which had been purchased of the Chickasaw tribe of Indians. I went on to a place called Shoal Creek, about eighty miles from where I lived, and here again I got sick. I took the ague and fever, which I supposed was brought on me by camping out. I remained here for some time, as I was unable to go farther and in that time, I became so well pleased with the country about there that I resolved to settle in it. It was just only a little distance in the purchase, and no order had been established there; but I thought I could get along without order as well as anybody else. And so I moved and settled myself down on the head of Shoal Creek. We remained here some two or three years, without any law at all; and so many bad characters began to flock in on us that we found it necessary to set up a sort of temporary government of our own. I don't mean that we made any president, and called him the "government," but we met and made what we called a corporation; and I reckon we called it wrong, for it wa'n't a bank and hadn't any

deposites; and now they call the bank a corporation. But be this as it may, we lived in the backwoods, and didn't profess to know much, and no doubt used many wrong words. But we met and appointed magistrates and constables to keep order. We didn't fix any laws for them though; for we suppose they would know law enough, whoever they might be; and so we left it to themselves to fix the laws.

I was appointed one of the magistrates; and when a man owed a debt and wouldn't pay it, I and my constable ordered our warrant, and then he would take the man and bring him before me for trial. I would give judgment against him, and then an order of an execution would easily scare the debt out of him. If anyone was charged with marking his neighbor's hogs or with stealing anything, which happened pretty often in those days,—I would have him taken, and if there was tolerable grounds for the charge, I would have him well whipped and cleared. We kept this up till our Legislature added us to the white settlements in Giles County, and appointed magistrates by law to organize matters in the parts where I lived. They appointed nearly every man a magistrate who had belonged to our corporation. I was then, of course, made a squire according to law; though now the honor rested more heavily on me than before. For at first, whenever I told my constable, says I—"Catch that fellow, and bring him up for trial"—away he went, and the fellow must come, dead or alive; for we considered this a good warrant, though it was only in verbal writings. But after I was appointed by the assembly, they told me my warrants must be in real writing, and signed; and that I must keep a book and write my proceedings in it. This was a hard business on me, for I could just barely write my own name; but to do this and write the warrants too was at least a huckleberry over my persimmon. I had a pretty well informed constable, however; and he aided me very much in this business. Indeed I had so much confidence in him that I told him when we should happen to be out anywhere

and see that a warrant was necessary and would have a good effect he needn't take the trouble to come all the way to me to get one, but he could just fill out one; and then on the trial I could correct the whole business if he had committed any error. In this way, I got on pretty well, till by care and attention I improved my handwriting in such manner as to be able to prepare my warrants and keep my record book without much difficulty. My judgments were never appealed from, and if they had been they would have stuck like wax, as I gave my decisions on the principles of common justice and honesty between man and man, and relied on natural born sense, and not on law learning to guide me; for I had never read a page in a law book in my life.

From *The Autobiography of David Crockett,* published by Charles Scribner's Sons. Reprinted here by permission from the publishers.

The Boy Who Began with Three Cents, by *Edward W. Bok*

IT was a thrilling time in the '60's for an American boy. The country was at war; life was punctuated with the news of battles; newspapers were filled with the decisions of Lincoln, the whereabouts of Lee, and the doings of Grant. Soldiers were being drilled in the armories and marched to the railroad stations to go to the front. Groups of men stood on the street corners talking over the latest war news. Women were sewing for the soldiers. War meetings were being held and were crowded to the doors. Sea raiders were busy.

It was very important for the people of a harbor city like Portland, Maine, whether its mercantile shipping could venture out with a reasonable degree of safety. And when a sea raider became active on its coast and exchanged his craft for a better one directly at the mouth of Portland Harbor, is it any wonder that the minds of Portland boys

were set on fire with the doings of the "rebel pirates"? It was thrilling enough to read about pirates, but to have them at one's own door, so to speak,—what could be more thrilling to an alert-minded boy? Fancy then the completeness of the picture when a pirate, who had done a thriving business along the New England coast, exchanged his vessel for a better one almost at the very docks of Portland, was actually intercepted trying to steal out of the harbor with no wind, and, rather than risk capture, blew up the ship! And then the piratical crew, actually picked out of the water, was brought to shore, and marched in a solid phalanx through the streets to the city jail. Could anything be more actually satisfying to a boy than to run along beside the band of pirates—securely shackled, of course,—shaking his fists at them and shouting, "Pirates!" "Rebels!"

It was in this thrilling atmosphere, full of romantic adventure, that an eager-faced, alert-minded boy of twelve played and scampered through the streets of the chief port city of Maine. He was all over its streets: his little legs carried him into every nook and corner, and in summer when of the city itself there was not enough to satisfy him, he lived on its waterfront and principally in the water. He swam like the dog that was always with him; he paddled on logs when no rowboat was available; he splashed the water over more timid boys. He could swim every stroke that a boy could know; he could float on his back; he could dive; he could tread water like the dog at his side; he knew and loved the water, and the water was kindly to him in that it never gave him a "cramp" or tainted his affection for it with an accident. And so the water and he began a friendship which was to grow with the years and last through a lifetime: such a wonderful friendship for a boy to have and a life-saver for the man in after years!

Naturally the Fourths of July were very busy days in those war times, and to be busy in a boy's way on the Fourth

means that he must have pennies, which in turn can buy the explosives that Americans still feel, in certain parts of our country, belong to a fitting celebration of American independence.

Now, the Fourth of July is a very long day in a boy's calendar, for it begins early and ends as late as he can make it last. And it follows logically that a few pennies are not likely to last any too long over such a day. It was in this predicament that this twelve-year-old Portland boy found himself on the Fourth of 1862 when at five o'clock he banged into his mother's home, his mind full of evening plans, and asked "for a little change." He had evidently forgotten that his mother had already given him some "change" in the morning, but mothers are very likely not to have the same lapses of memory on such a point, and she reminded her son of the fact.

"If you want money to spend," she suggested, "why not go and earn it?"

The boy's topaz eyes looked fixedly at his mother's face reflected to him as she brushed her hair before the mirror. "Earn money!" That was a new idea, sure enough!

And then and there, at the age of twelve, the first dawning consciousness of the business career of Cyrus Hermann Kotzschmar Curtis broke upon him. The mother went on brushing her hair, and the boy went on thinking. Finally, he reached expression: "If I earn some money, can I keep it all for myself and spend it on what I want?" he asked.

"You may," replied the mother.

The boy sauntered out, his little mind full of thoughts, and on his way to the front door he jingled in his pocket the three cents remaining of his morning's allowance.

As he reached the street, he met a boy friend who looked glum.

"What's up?" asked Cyrus.

"Stuck," replied the boy, as he looked at the three copies of *The Courier* under his arm.

Whereupon the idea of the first newspaper purchase came to the future publisher.

"Give you three cents for 'em," he offered.

The papers were handed over, the bargain was complete, and young Cyrus went out to "cash in." But it took him four hours to sell his three papers. Nine o'clock at night is somewhat late to begin celebrating the Fourth; his boy friends had all gone home, and so Cyrus went to his home with his nine cents capital in his pocket.

Next day he spent these nine cents for that evening's *Courier,* sold his stock, and on the second day found his capital increased to eighteen cents. But he did not find it easy going. The other newsboys on the streets had their fixed routes, or individual "blocks," and when the new recruit started to sell, he found himself hooted and chased at every turn; in fact, he was sometimes beaten up. And being undersized, the little boy was no match for the other boys, and he found it necessary, at every point, to give way. The new merchant could find no place on the streets to sell his wares. He had trouble even to buy them. When he went to *The Courier's* newsboys' room where they bought their papers every afternoon, the boys treated the new invader into their territory very rough.

He endured this for a few days, and then one afternoon as he was playing at the water-front looking across to Fort Preble, an idea occurred to him. He went to see the manager of the newspaper, and laid his plan before him. The soldiers at Fort Preble were naturally keen to get the latest war news: no newspaper service went out to the Fort: he would go if the manager would let him have all the newspapers he could carry to the Fort, and would give him credit until he could go and sell them. He explained that it would be a new market for *The Courier,* would extend its circulation by just so many copies. The manager hesitated for a moment, and then agreed to trust the boy for one day's papers.

"That's all I want," was the reply.

The newsboys, in those days, would go into a room and assemble before a large wire screen, and as their names were called, they would receive their papers. The boy who gave the largest order was called first. Little Cyrus explained to the manager that if he took the usual course, on account of his size and the opposition of the boys to him as a newcomer, they would beat him up and take his papers away from him. He asked permission to receive his papers behind the screen, so that he could run out the back way. Owing to his large order, his name was called first, and as he was given his papers behind the screen, a howl of protest went up from the boys, and a crowd rushed out to catch him as he came out of the door and to appropriate his papers. But going out the back way and racing toward the water-front, instead of to the heart of the city, were unexpected moves. Cyrus got away, and running as fast as his little legs would carry him, and the huge bundle of papers would let him, he made for the sailboat ferry, and went over to Fort Preble with his stock in trade. Of course, the soldiers eagerly bought the papers. Not only that, but they gladly and voluntarily paid five cents instead of three cents a copy, for the special service rendered, and within a few moments the little newsboy's stock was completely sold out. He went home happy. His first step in initiative had succeeded. He naturally could not know at that age that he had revealed in this act the principle underlying the success of his entire future career. What the newsboy at twelve had done, the perfectly simple and obvious thing though no other boy had thought of it, the future publisher was to do in all his subsequent undertakings.

Today there are, conservatively speaking, forty to fifty thousand newsboys like the little boy who scampered over to Fort Preble to sell newspapers, on the streets of the United States and all over the world, selling the publications which he is making for them.

And yet there are folks who say there is no romance in business.

From *A Man from Maine* by Edward W. Bok, published by Charles Scribner's Sons. Reprinted here by permission from the publishers.

B. QUESTIONS THE ESTABLISHED ORDER

The Dynamo and the Virgin, by *Henry Adams*

UNTIL the Great Exposition of 1900 closed its doors in November, Adams haunted it, aching to absorb knowledge, and helpless to find it. He would have liked to know how much of it could have been grasped by the best-informed man in the world. While he was thus meditating chaos, Langley came by, and showed it to him. At Langley's behest, the Exhibition dropped its superfluous rags and stripped itself to the skin, for Langley knew what to study, and why, and how; while Adams might as well have stood outside in the night, staring at the Milky Way. Yet Langley said nothing new, and taught nothing that one might not have learned from Lord Bacon, three hundred years before; but though one should have known the "Advancement of Science" as well as one knew the "Comedy of Errors," the literary knowledge counted for nothing until some teacher should show how to apply it. Bacon took a vast deal of trouble in teaching King James I and his subjects, American or other, towards the year 1620, that true science was the development or economy of forces; yet an elderly American in 1900 knew neither the formula nor the forces; or even so much as to say to himself that his historical business in the Exposition concerned only the economies or developments of force since 1893, when he began the study at Chicago.

Nothing in education is so astonishing as the amount of ignorance it accumulates in the form of inert facts. Adams

had looked at most of the accumulations of art in the storehouses called Art Museums; yet he did not know how to look at the art exhibits of 1900. He had studied Karl Marx and his doctrines of history with profound attention, yet he could not apply them at Paris. Langley, with the ease of a great master of experiment, threw out of the field every exhibit that did not reveal a new application of force, and naturally threw out, to begin with, almost the whole art exhibit. Equally, he ignored almost the whole industrial exhibit. He led his pupil directly to the forces. His chief interest was in new motors to make his airship feasible, and he taught Adams the astonishing complexities of the new Daimler motor, and of the automobile, which, since 1893, had become a nightmare at a hundred kilometres an hour, almost as destructive as the electric tram which was only ten years older; and threatening to become as terrible as the locomotive steam-engine itself, which was almost exactly Adams' own age.

Then he showed his scholar the great hall of dynamos, and explained how little he knew about electricity or force of any kind, even of his own special sun, which spouted heat in inconceivable volume but which, as far as he knew, might spout less or more at any time, for all the certainty he felt in it. To him, the dynamo itself was but an ingenious channel for conveying somewhere the heat latent in a few tons of poor coal hidden in a dirty engine-house carefully kept out of sight; but to Adams the dynamo became a symbol of infinity. As he grew accustomed to the great gallery of machines, he began to feel the forty-foot dynamos as a moral force, much as the early Christians felt the Cross. The planet itself seemed less impressive in its old-fashioned, deliberate, annual or daily revolution, than this huge wheel, revolving within arm's length at some vertiginous speed, and barely murmuring—scarcely humming an audible warning to stand a hair's-breadth further for respect of power—while it would not wake the baby lying close against its

frame. Before the end, one began to pray to it; inherited instinct taught the natural expression of man before silent and infinite force. Among the thousand symbols of ultimate energy, the dynamo was not so human as some, but it was the most expressive.

Yet the dynamo, next to the steam-engine, was the most familiar of exhibits. For Adams' objects, its value lay chiefly in its occult mechanism. Between the dynamo in the gallery of machines and the engine-house outside, the break of continuity amounted to abysmal fracture for a historian's objects. No more relation could he discover between the steam and the electric current than between the Cross and the cathedral. The forces were interchangeable if not reversible, but he could see only an absolute *fiat* in electricity as in faith. Langley could not help him. Indeed, Langley seemed to be worried by the same trouble, for he constantly repeated that the new forces were anarchical, and specially that he was not responsible for the new rays, that were little short of parricidal in their wicked spirit toward science. His own rays, with which he had doubled the solar spectrum, were altogether harmless and beneficent; but Radium denied its God—or, what was to Langley the same thing, denied the truths of his Science. The force was wholly new.

A historian who asked only to learn enough to be as futile as Langley or Kelvin, made rapid progress under this teaching, and mixed himself up in the tangle of ideas until he achieved a sort of Paradise of ignorance vastly consoling to his fatigued senses. He wrapped himself in vibrations and rays which were new, and he would have hugged Marconi and Branly had he met them, as he hugged the dynamo, while he lost his arithmetic in trying to figure out the equation between the discoveries and the economies of force. The economies, like the discoveries, were absolute, supersensual, occult; incapable of expression in horse-power. What mathematical equivalent could he suggest as the value of a Branly coherer? Frozen air, or the electric furnace,

had some scale of measurement, no doubt, if somebody could invent a thermometer adequate to the purpose; but X-rays had played no part whatever in man's consciousness, and the atom itself had figured only as a fiction of thought. In these seven years man had translated himself into a new universe which had no common scale of measurement with the old. He had entered a supersensual world, in which he could measure nothing except by chance collusions of movements imperceptible to his senses, perhaps even imperceptible to his instruments, but perceptible to each other, and so to some known ray at the end of the scale. Langley seemed prepared for anything, even for an indeterminable number of universes interfused—physics stark mad in metaphysics.

Historians undertook to arrange sequences—called stories or histories—assuming in silence a relation of cause and effect. These assumptions, hidden in the depths of dusty libraries, have been astounding, but commonly unconscious and childlike; so much so, that if any captious critic were to drag them to light, historians would probably reply with one voice, that they had never supposed themselves required to know what they were talking about. Adams, for one, had toiled in vain to find out what he meant. He had even published a dozen volumes of American history for no other purpose than to satisfy himself whether, by the severest process of stating with the least possible comment, such facts as seemed sure, in such order as seemed rigorously consequent, he could fix for a familiar moment a necessary sequence of human movement. The result had satisfied him as little as at Harvard College. Where he saw sequence, other men saw something quite different, and no one saw the same unit of measure. He cared little about his experiments and less about his statesmen, who seemed to him quite as ignorant as himself and, as a rule, no more honest; but he insisted on a relation of sequence, and if he could not reach it by one method, he would try as many methods as science knew. Satisfied that the sequence of

men led to nothing and that the sequence of their society could lead no further, while the mere sequence of time was artificial, and the sequence of thought was chaos, he turned at last to the sequence of force; and thus it happened that, after ten years' pursuit, he found himself lying in the Gallery of Machines at the Great Exposition of 1900, his historical neck broken by the sudden irruption of forces totally new.

Since no one else showed much concern, an elderly person without other cares had no need to betray alarm. The year 1900 was not the first to upset schoolmasters. Copernicus and Galileo had broken many professorial necks about 1600; Columbus had stood the world on its head towards 1500; but the nearest approach to the revolution of 1900 was that of 310, when Constantine set up the Cross. The rays that Langley disowned, as well as those which he fathered, were occult, supersensual, irrational; they were a revelation of mysterious energy like that of the Cross; they were what, in terms of medieval science, were called immediate modes of the divine substance.

The historian was thus reduced to his last resources. Clearly if he was bound to reduce all these forces to a common value, this common value could have no measure but that of their attraction on his own mind. He must treat them as they had been felt; as convertible, reversible, interchangeable attractions on thought. He made up his mind to venture it; he would risk translating rays into faith. Such a reversible process would vastly amuse a chemist, but the chemist could not deny that he, or some of his fellow physicists, could feel the force of both. When Adams was a boy in Boston, the best chemist in the place had probably never heard of Venus except by way of scandal, or of the Virgin except as idolatry; neither had he heard of dynamos or automobiles or radium; yet his mind was ready to feel the force of all, though the rays were unborn and the women dead.

Here opened another totally new education, which prom-

ised to be by far the most hazardous of all. The knife-edge along which he must crawl, like Sir Launcelot in the twelfth century, divided two kingdoms of force which had nothing in common but attraction. They were as different as a magnet is from gravitation, supposing one knew what a magnet was, or gravitation, or love. The force of the Virgin was still felt at Lourdes, and seemed to be as potent as X-rays; but in America, neither Venus nor Virgin ever had value as force—at most as sentiment. No American had ever been truly afraid of either.

This problem in dynamics gravely perplexed an American historian. The Woman had once been supreme; in France she still seemed potent, not merely as a sentiment, but as a force. Why was she unknown in America? For evidently America was ashamed of her, and she was ashamed of herself, otherwise they would not have strewn fig-leaves so profusely all over her. When she was a true force, she was ignorant of fig-leaves, but the monthly-magazine-made American female had not a feature that would have been recognized by Adam. The trait was notorious, and often humorous, but anyone brought up among Puritans knew that sex was sin. In any previous age, sex was strength. Neither art nor beauty was needed. Everyone, even among Puritans, knew that neither Diana of the Ephesians nor any of the Oriental goddesses was worshipped for her beauty. She was goddess because of her force; she was the animated dynamo; she was reproduction—the greatest and most mysterious of all energies; all she needed was to be fecund. Singularly enough, not one of Adams' many schools of education had ever drawn his attention to the opening lines of Lucretius, though they were perhaps the finest in all Latin literature, where the poet invoked Venus exactly as Dante invoked the Virgin:—

"Quae quoniam rerum naturam *sola* gubernas."

The Venus of Epicurean philosophy survived in the Virgin of the Schools:—

> "Donna, sei tanto grande, e tanto vali,
> Che qual vuol grazia, e a te non ricorre,
> Sua disianza vuol volar senz ali."

All this was to American thought as though it had never existed. The true American knew something of the facts, but nothing of the feelings; he read the letter, but he had never felt the law. Before this historical chasm, a mind like that of Adams felt itself helpless; he turned from the Virgin to the Dynamo as though he were a Branly coherer. On one side, at the Louvre and at Chartres, as he knew by the record of work actually done and still before his eyes, was the highest energy ever known to man, the creator of four-fifths of his noblest art, exercising vastly more attraction over the human mind than all the steam-engines and dynamos ever dreamed of; and yet this energy was unknown to the American mind. An American Virgin would never dare command; an American Venus would never dare exist.

The question, which to any plain American of the nineteenth century seemed as remote as it did to Adams, drew him almost violently to study it, once it was posed; and on this point Langleys were as useless as though they were Herbert Spencers or dynamos. The idea survived only as art. There one turned as naturally as though the artist were himself a woman. Adams began to ponder, asking himself whether he knew of any American artist who had ever insisted on the power of sex, as every classic had always done; but he could think only of Walt Whitman; Bret Harte, as far as the magazines would let him venture; and one or two painters, for the flesh-tones. All the rest had used sex for sentiment, never for force; to them, Eve was a tender flower, and Herodias an unfeminine horror. American art, like the American language and American

education, was as far as possible sexless. Society regarded this victory over sex as its greatest triumph, and the historian readily admitted it, since the moral issue, for the moment, did not concern one who was studying the relations of unmoral force. He cared nothing for the sex of the dynamo until he could measure its energy.

Vaguely seeking a clue, he wandered through the art exhibit, and, in his stroll, stopped almost every day before St. Gaudens' General Sherman, which had been given the central post of honor.—For a symbol of power, St. Gaudens instinctively preferred the horse, as was plain in his horse and Victory of the Sherman monument. Doubtless Sherman also felt it so. The attitude was so American that, for at least forty years, Adams had never realized that any other could be in sound taste. How many years had he taken to admit a notion of what Michael Angelo and Rubens were driving at? He could not say; but he knew that only since 1895 had be begun to feel the Virgin or Venus as force, and not everywhere even so. At Chartres—perhaps at Lourdes—possibly at Cnidos if one could still find there the divinely naked Aphrodite of Praxiteles—but otherwise one must look for force to the goddesses of Indian mythology. The idea died out long ago in the German and English stock. St. Gaudens at Amiens was hardly less sensitive to the force of the female energy than Matthew Arnold at the Grande Chartreuse. Neither of them felt goddesses as power—only as reflected emotion, human expression, beauty, purity, taste, scarcely even as sympathy. They felt a railway train as power; yet they, and all other artists, constantly complained that the power embodied in a railway train could never be embodied in art. All the steam in the world could not, like the Virgin, build Chartres.

Yet in mechanics, whatever the mechanicians might think, both energies acted as interchangeable force on man, and by action on man all known force may be measured. Indeed, few men of science measured force in any other way. After once admitting that a straight line was the shortest distance

between two points, no serious mathematician cared to deny anything that suited his convenience, and rejected no symbol, unproved or unprovable, that helped him to accomplish work. The symbol was force, as a compass-needle or a triangle was force, as the mechanist might prove by losing it, and nothing could be gained by ignoring their value. Symbol or energy, the Virgin had acted as the greatest force the Western world ever felt, and had drawn man's activities to herself more strongly than any other power, natural or supernatural, had ever done; the historian's business was to follow the track of the energy; to find where it came from and where it went to; its complex source and shifting channels; its values, equivalents, conversions. It could scarcely be more complex than radium; it could hardly be deflected, diverted, polatized, absorbed more perplexingly than other radiant matter. Adams knew nothing about any of them, but as a mathematical problem of influence on human progress, though all were occult, all reacted on his mind, and he rather inclined to think the Virgin easiest to handle.

The pursuit turned out to be long and tortuous, leading at last into the vast forests of scholastic science. From Zeno to Descartes, hand in hand with Thomas Aquinas, Montaigne, and Pascal, one stumbled as stupidly as though one were still a German student of 1860. Only with the instinct of despair could one force one's self into this old thicket of ignorance after having been repulsed at a score of entrances more promising and more popular. Thus far no path had led anywhere, unless perhaps to an exceedingly modest living. Forty-five years of study had proved to be quite futile for the pursuit of power; one controlled no more force in 1900 than in 1850, although the amount of force controlled by society had enormously increased. The secret of education still hid itself somewhere behind ignorance, and one fumbled over it as feebly as ever.

From *The Education of Henry Adams* by Henry Adams, published by Houghton Mifflin Company. This material is used by permission of and by arrangement with Houghton Mifflin Company.

PRAYER TO THE VIRGIN OF CHARTRES, by *Henry Adams*

Gracious Lady:—

Simple as when I asked your aid before;
Humble as when I prayed for grace in vain
Seven hundred years ago; weak, weary, sore
In heart and hope, I ask your help again.

You, who remember all, remember me;
An English scholar of a Norman name,
I was a thousand who then crossed the sea
To wrangle in the Paris schools for fame.

When your Byzantine portal was still young
I prayed there with my master Abailard;
When Ave Maris Stella was first sung,
I helped to sing it here with Saint Bernard.

When Blanche set up your gorgeous Rose of France
I stood among the servants of the Queen;
And when Saint Louis made his penitence,
I followed barefoot where the King had been.

For centuries I brought you all my cares,
And vexed you with the murmurs of a child;
You heard the tedious burden of my prayers;
You could not grant them, but at least you smiled.

If then I left you, it was not my crime,
Or if a crime, it was not mine alone.
All children wander with the truant Time.
Pardon me too! You pardoned once your Son!

For he said to you: "Wist ye not that I
Must be about my Father's business?" So,

Seeking his Father he pursued his way
Straight to the Cross towards which we all must go.

So I too wandered off among the host
That racked the earth to find the father's clue.
I did not find the Father, but I lost
What now I value more, the Mother,—You!

I thought the fault was yours that foiled my search;
I turned and broke your image on its throne,
Cast down my idol, and resumed my march
To claim the father's empire for my own.

Crossing the hostile sea, our greedy band
Saw rising hills and forests in the blue;
Our father's kingdom in the promised land!
We seized it, and dethroned the father too.

And now we are the Father, with our brood,
Ruling the Infinite, not Three but One;
We made our world and saw that it was good;
Ourselves we worship, and we have no Son.

Yet we have Gods, for even our strong nerve
Falters before the Energy we own.
Which shall be master? Which of us shall serve?
Which wears the fetters? Which shall bear the crown?

Brave though we be, we dread to face the Sphinx,
Or answer the old riddle she still asks.
Strong as we are, our reckless courage shrinks
To look beyond the piece-work of our tasks.

But when we must, we pray, as in the past
Before the Cross on which your Son was nailed.
Listen, dear lady! You shall hear the last
Of the strange prayers Humanity has wailed.

Prayer to the Dynamo

Mysterious Power! Gentle Friend!
  Despotic Master! Tireless Force!
You and We are near the End.
Either You or We must bend
  To bear the martyrs' Cross.

We know ourselves, what we can bear
  As men; our strength and weakness too;
Down to the fraction of a hair;
And know that we, with all our care
  And knowledge, know not you.

You come in silence, Primal Force,
  We know not whence, or when, or why;
You stay a moment in your course
To play; and lo! you leap across
  To Alpha Centauri!

We know not whether you are kind,
  Or cruel in your fiercer mood;
But be you Matter, be you Mind,
We think we know that you are blind,
  And we alone are good.

We know that prayer is thrown away,
  For you are only force and light;
A shifting current; night and day;
We know this well, and yet we pray,
  For prayer is infinite,

Like you! Within the finite sphere
  That bounds the impotence of thought,
We search an outlet everywhere

But only find that we are here
And that you are—are not!

What are we then? the lords of space?
The master-mind whose tasks you do?
Jockey who rides you in the race?
Or are we atoms whirled apace,
Shaped and controlled by you?

Still silence! Still no end in sight!
No sound in answer to our cry!
Then, by the God we now hold tight,
Though we destroy soul, life and light,
Answer you shall—or die!

We are no beggars! What care we
For hopes or terrors, love or hate?
What for the universe? We see
Only our certain destiny
And the last word of Fate.

Seize, then, the Atom! rack his joints!
Tear out of him his secret spring!
Grind him to nothing!—though he points
To us, and his life-blood anoints
Me—the dead Atom-King!

. . . . . .

A curious prayer, dear lady! is it not?
Strangely unlike the prayers I prayed to you!
Stranger because you find me at this spot,
Here, at your feet, asking your help anew.

Strangest of all, that I have ceased to strive,
Ceased even care what new coin fate shall strike.
In truth, it does not matter. Fate will give
Some answer; and all answers are alike.

So, while we slowly rack and torture death
And wait for what the final void will show,
Waiting I feel the energy of faith
Not in the future science, but in you!

The man who solves the Infinite, and needs
The force of solar systems for his play,
Will not need me, nor greatly care what deeds
Made me illustrious in the dawn of day.

He will send me, dethroned, to claim my rights,
Fossil survival of an age of stone,
Among the cave-men and the troglodytes
Who carved the mammoth on the mammoth's bone.

He will forget my thought, my acts, my fame,
As we forget the shadows of the dusk,
Or catalogue the echo of a name
As we the scratches on the mammoth's tusk.

But when, like me, he too has trod the track
Which leads him up to power above control,
He too will have no choice but wander back
And sink in helpless hopelessness of soul,

Before your majesty of grace and love,
The purity, the beauty and the faith;
The depth of tenderness beneath; above,
The glory of the life and of the death.

When your Byzantine portal still was young,
I came here with my master Abailard;
When Ave Maris Stella was first sung,
I joined to sing it here with Saint Bernard.

When Blanche set up your glorious Rose of France,
In scholar's robes I waited on the Queen;

When good Saint Louis did his penitence,
My prayer was deep like his; my faith as keen.

What loftier prize seven hundred years shall bring,
What deadlier struggles for a larger air,
What immortality our strength shall wring
From Time and Space, we may—or may not—care;

But years, or ages, or eternity,
Will find me still in thought before your throne,
Pondering the mystery of Maternity,
Soul within Soul,—Mother and Child in One!

Help me to see! not with my mimic sight—
With yours! which carried radiance, like the sun,
Giving the rays you saw with—light in light
Tying all suns and stars and worlds in one.

Help me to know! not with my mocking art—
With you, who knew yourself unbound by laws;
Gave God your strength, your life, your sight, your heart,
And took from Him the Thought that Is—the Cause.

Help me to feel! not with my insect sense,—
With yours that felt all life alive in you;
Infinite heart beating at your expense;
Infinite passion breathing the breath you drew!

Help me to bear! not my own baby load,
But yours; who bore the failure of the light,
The strength, the knowledge and the thought of God,—
The futile folly of the Infinite!

From *Letters to a Niece* by Henry Adams, published by Houghton Mifflin Company. This material is used by permission of and by arrangement with Houghton Mifflin Company.

A Visit to the West, by *Hamlin Garland*

IT was sundown when I crossed the Mississippi river (at Dubuque) and the scene which I looked out upon will forever remain a splendid page in my memory. The coaches lay under the western bluffs, but away to the south the valley ran, walled with royal purple, and directly across the flood, a beach of sand flamed under the sunset light as if it were a bed of pure untarnished gold. Behind this an island rose, covered with noble trees which suggested all the romance of the immemorial river. The redman's canoe, the explorer's batteau, the hunter's lodge, the emigrant's cabin, all stood related to that inspiring vista. For the first time in my life I longed to put this noble stream into verse.

All that day I had studied the land, musing upon its distinctive qualities, and while I acknowledged the natural beauty of it, I revolted from the gracelessness of its human habitations. The lonely box-like farmhouses on the ridges suddenly appeared to me like the dens of wild animals. The lack of color, of charm in the lives of the people anguished me. I wondered why I had never before perceived the futility of woman's life on a farm.

I asked myself, "Why have these stern facts never been put into our literature as they have been used in Russia and in England? Why has this land no story-tellers like those who have made Massachusetts and New Hampshire illustrious?"

These and many other speculations buzzed in my brain. Each moment was a revelation of new uglinesses as well as of remembered beauties.

In a few hours I would be among my old friends and companions, to measure and to be measured. Six years before I had left them to seek my fortune in the eastern world. Twenty years of development lay between my thought at the moment and those of my simpler days. My study of Spencer, Whitman, and others of the great leaders of the world,

my years of absorbed reading in the library, my days of loneliness and hunger in the city, had swept me into a far bleak land of philosophic doubt where even the most daring of my classmates would hesitate to follow me.

. . . . . .

With eyes singling out each familiar object I loitered along the walk. There stood the grimy wagon shop from which a hammer was ringing cheerily, like the chirp of a cricket,—just as aforetime. Orrin Blakey stood at the door of his lumber yard surveying me with curious eyes but I passed him in silence. I wished to spend an hour or two in going about in guise of a stranger. There was something instructive as well as deliciously exciting in thus seeing old acquaintances as from behind a mask. They were at once familiar and mysterious—mysterious with my new question, "Is this life worth living?"

. . . . . .

An old farmer, bent and worn of frame, halted before me to talk with a merchant. This was David Babcock, Burton's father, one of our old-time neighbors, a little more bent, a little thinner, a little grayer—that was all, and as I listened to his words I asked, "What purpose does a man serve by toiling like that for sixty years with no increase of leisure, with no growth in mental grace?"

There was a wistful note in his voice which went straight to my heart. He said: "No, our wheat crop ain't a-going to amount to much this year. Of course we don't try to raise much grain—it's mostly stock, but I thought I'd try wheat again. I wisht we could get back to the good old days of wheat raising—it w'ant so confining as stock-raisin'." His good old days were also in the past!

As I walked the street I met several neighbors from Dry Run as well as acquaintances from the Grove. Nearly all, even the young men, looked worn and weatherbeaten and some appeared both silent and sad. Laughter was curiously infrequent and I wondered whether in my days on the

farm they had all been as rude of dress, as misshapen of form and as wistful of voice as they now seemed to me to be. "Have times changed? Has a spirit of unrest and complaining developed in the American farmer?"

. . . . . .

When it became known that "Dick Garland's boy" was in town, many friends gathered around to shake my hand and inquire concerning "Belle" and "Dick."

The hard, crooked fingers which they laid in my palm completed the sorrowful impression which their faces had made upon me. A twinge of pain went through my heart as I looked into their dim eyes and studied their heavy knuckles. I thought of the hand of Edwin Booth, of the flower-like palm of Helena Modjeska, of the subtle touch of Inness, and I said, "Is it not time that the human hand ceased to be primarily a bludgeon for hammering a bare living out of the earth? Nature all bountiful, undiscriminating, would, under justice, make such toil unnecessary." My heart burned with indignation. With William Morris and Henry George I exclaimed, "Nature is not to blame. Man's laws are to blame,"—but of this I said nothing at the time—at least not to men like Babcock and Fraser.

Next day I rode forth among the farms of Dry Run, retracing familiar lanes, standing under the spreading branches of the maple trees I had planted fifteen years before. I entered the low stone cabin wherein Neighbor Button had lived for twenty years (always intending sometime to build a house and make a granary of this) and at the table with the family and the hired men, I ate again of Ann's "riz" biscuit and sweet melon pickles. It was not a pleasant meal; on the contrary, it was depressing to me. The days of the border were over, and yet Arvilla his wife was ill and aging, still living in pioneer discomfort, toiling like a slave.

At neighbor Gardner's home, I watched his bent, com-

plaining old wife housekeeping from dawn to dark, literally dying on her feet. William Knapp's home was somewhat improved, but the men still came to the table in their shirt sleeves smelling of sweat and stinking of the stable, just as they used to do, and Mrs. Knapp, grown more gouty, more unwieldy than ever (she spent twelve or fourteen hours each day on her swollen and aching feet) moved with a waddling motion because, as she explained, "I can't limp —I'm just as lame in one laig as I am in t'other. But t'ain't no use to complain, I've got just so much work to do and I might as well go ahead and do it."

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Next day I called upon Andrew Ainsley and while the women cooked in a red-hot kitchen, Andy stubbed about the barnyard in his bare feet, showing me his hogs and horses. Notwithstanding his town-visitor and the fact that it was Sunday, he came to dinner in a dirty, sweaty, collarless shirt, and I, sitting at his oil-cloth covered table, slipped back, deeper, ever deeper among the stern realities of the life from which I had emerged. I recalled that while my father had never allowed his sons or the hired men to come to the table unwashed or uncombed, we usually ate while clothed in our sweaty garments, glad to get food into our mouths in any decent fashion, while the smell of the horse and the cow mingled with the savor of the soup. There is no escape even on a modern "model" farm from the odor of the barn.

Every house I visited had its individual message of sordid struggle and half-hidden despair.—All the gilding of farm life melted away. The hard and bitter realities came back upon me in a flood. Nature was as beautiful as ever. The soaring sky was filled with shining clouds, the tinkle of the bobolink's fairy bells rose from the meadow, a mystical sheen was on the odorous grass and waving grain, but no splendour of cloud, no grace of sunset, could conceal the poverty of these people; on the contrary, they brought out,

with a more intolerable poignancy, the gracelessness of these homes, and the sordid quality of the mechanical daily routine of these lives.

I perceived beautiful youth becoming bowed and bent. I saw lovely girlhood wasting away into thin and hopeless age. Some of the women I had known had withered into querulous and complaining spinsterhood, and I heard ambitious youth cursing the bondage of the farm. "Of such pain and futility are the lives of the average man and woman of both city and country composed," I acknowledged to myself with savage candor, "Why lie about it?"

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In those few days, I perceived life without its glamor. I no longer looked upon these toiling women with the thoughtless eyes of youth. I saw no humor in the bent forms and graying hair of the men. I began to understand that my own mother had trod a similar slavish round with never a full day of leisure, with scarcely an hour of escape from the tugging hands of children, and the need of mending and washing clothes. I recalled her as she passed from the churn to the stove, from the stove to the bedchamber, and from the bedchamber back to the kitchen, day after day, year after year, rising at daylight or before, and going to her bed only after the evening dishes were washed and the stockings and clothing mended for the night.

The essential tragedy and hopelessness of most human life under the conditions into which our society was swiftly hardening embittered me, called for expression, but even then I did not know that I had found my theme.

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Leaving the village of Osage, with my mind still in a tumult of revolt, I took the train for the Northwest, eager to see my mother and my little sister, yet beginning to dread the changes which I must surely find in them. My eyes saw nothing but the loneliness and the lack of beauty in the landscape, and the farther west I went, the lonelier became

the boxlike habitations of the plain. Here were the lands over which we had hurried in 1881 lured by the "Government Land" of the farther west. Here, now, a kind of pioneering behind the lines was going on. The free lands were gone, and so, at last, the price demanded by these speculators must be paid.

This wasteful method of pioneering, this desolate business of lonely settlement took on a new and tragic significance as I studied it. Instructed by my new philosophy I now perceived that these plowmen, these wives and daughters had been pushed out into these lonely ugly shacks by the force of landlordism behind. These plodding Swedes and Danes, these thrifty Germans, these hairy Russians had all fled from the feudalism of their native lands and were here because they had no share in the soil from which they had sprung, and because in the settled communities of the eastern states, the speculative demand for land had hindered them from acquiring even a leasing right to the surface of the earth.

I clearly perceived that our Song of Emigration had been in effect the hymn of fugitives!

And yet all this did not prevent me from acknowledging the beauty of the earth. On the contrary, social injustice intensified nature's prodigality. I said, "Yes, the landscape is beautiful, but how much of its beauty penetrates to the heart of the men who are in the midst of it and battling with it? How much of consolation does the worn and weary renter find in the beauty of cloud and tree or in the splendor of the sunset?—Grace of flower does not feed or clothe the body, and when the toiler is both badly clothed and badly fed, bird-song and leaf-shine cannot bring content." Like Millet, I asked, "Why should all of a man's waking hours be spent in an effort to feed and clothe his family? Is there not something wrong in our social scheme when the unremitting toiler remains poor?"

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Obscurely forming in my mind were two great literary concepts that truth was a higher quality than beauty, and that to spread the reign of justice should everywhere be the design and intent of the artist. The merely beautiful in art seemed petty, and success at the cost of the happiness of others a monstrous egotism.

From *A Son of the Middle Border* by Hamlin Garland, published by the Macmillan Company. Reprinted here by permission of the publishers.

C. SECEDES FROM A COMPETITIVE COMMONWEALTH

An Adventure in Economy, by *Henry David Thoreau*

IN the savage state every family owns a shelter as good as the best, and sufficient for its coarser and simpler wants; but I think that I speak within bounds when I say that though the birds of the air have their nests, and the foxes their holes, and the savages their wigwams, in modern civilized society not more than one-half the families own a shelter. In the large towns and cities, where civilization especially prevails, the number of those who own a shelter is a very small fraction of the whole. The rest pay an annual tax for this outside garment of all, become indispensable summer and winter, which would buy a village of Indian wigwams, but now helps to keep them poor as long as they live. I do not mean to insist here on the disadvantage of hiring compared with owning, but it is evident that the savage owns his shelter because it costs so little, while the civilized man hires his commonly because he cannot afford to own it; nor can he, in the long run, any better afford to hire. But, answers one, by merely paying his tax the poor civilized man secures an abode which is a palace compared to the savage's. An annual rent of from twenty-five to a hundred dollars—these are the country rates—entitles him to the benefit of the improvements of centuries, spacious apartments, clean paint and paper, Rumford fire-

place, back plastering, Venetian blinds, copper pump, spring lock, a commodious cellar, and many other things. But how happens it that he who is said to enjoy these things is so commonly a *poor* civilized man, while the savage who has them not, is rich as a savage? If it is asserted that civilization is a real advance in the condition of man,—and I think that it is, though only the wise improve their advantages,—it must be shown that it has produced better dwellings without making them more costly; and the cost of a thing is the amount of what I will call life which is required to be exchanged for it, immediately or in the long run. An average house in this neighborhood costs perhaps eight hundred dollars, and to lay up this sum will take from ten to fifteen years of the laborer's life, even if he is not encumbered with a family—estimating the pecuniary value of every man's labor at one dollar a day, for if some receive more, others receive less—so that he must have spent more than half his life commonly before *his* wigwam will be earned. If we suppose him to pay a rent instead, this is but a doubtful choice of evils. Would the savage have been wise to exchange his wigwam for a palace on these terms?

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Near the end of March, 1845, I borrowed an axe and went down to the woods by Walden Pond, nearest to where I intended to build my house, and began to cut down some tall arrowy white pines, still in their youth, for timber. It is difficult to begin without borrowing, but perhaps it is the most generous course thus to permit your fellow-men to have an interest in your enterprise. The owner of the axe, as he released his hold on it, said that it was the apple of his eye; but I returned it sharper than I received it. It was a pleasant hillside where I worked, covered with pine woods through which I looked out on the pond, and a small open field in the woods where pines and hickories were springing up. The ice in the pond was not yet dissolved, though there were some open spaces, and it was all dark-colored and

saturated with water. There were some slight flurries of snow during the day that I worked there; but for the most part when I came out on to the railroad on my way home, its yellow sand heap stretched away gleaming in the hazy atmosphere, and the rails shone in the spring sun, and I heard the lark and peewee and other birds already come to commence another year with us. They were pleasant spring days in which the winter of man's discontent was thawing as well as the earth, and the life that had lain torpid began to stretch itself. One day when my axe had come off and I had cut a green hickory for a wedge, driving it with a stone, and had placed the whole to soak in a pond hole in order to swell the wood, I saw a striped snake run into the water, and he lay on the bottom, apparently without inconvenience, as long as I stayed there, or more than a quarter of an hour, perhaps because he had not yet fairly come out of the torpid state. It appeared to me that for a like reason men remain in their low and primitive condition; but if they should feel the influence of the spring of springs arousing them, they would of necessity rise to a higher and more ethereal life. I had previously seen the snakes in frosty mornings in my path with portions of their bodies still numb and inflexible, waiting for the sun to thaw them. On the first of April it rained and melted the ice, and in the early part of the day, which was very foggy, I heard a stray goose groping about over the pond and cackling as if lost, or like the spirit of the fog.

So I went on for some days cutting and hewing timber, and also studs and rafters, all with my narrow axe, not having many communicable or scholar-like thoughts, singing to myself,—

> Men say they know many things;
> But lo! they have taken wings,—
> The arts and sciences,
> And a thousand appliances;
> The wind that blows
> Is all that anybody knows.

I hewed the main timbers six inches square, most of the studs on two sides only, and the rafters and floor timbers on one side, leaving the rest of the bark on, so that they were just as straight and much stronger than sawed ones. Each stick was carefully mortised or tenoned by its stump, for I had borrowed other tools by this time. My days in the woods were not very long ones; yet I usually carried my dinner of bread and butter, and read the newspaper in which it was wrapped at noon, sitting amid the green boughs which I had cut off, and to my bread was imparted some of their fragrance, for my hands were covered with a thick coat of pitch. Before I had done, I was more the friend than the foe of the pine tree, though I had cut down some of them, having become better acquainted with it. Sometimes a rambler in the wood was attracted by the sound of my axe, and we chatted pleasantly over the chips which I made.

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Before I finished my house, wishing to earn ten or twelve dollars by some honest and agreeable method, in order to meet my unusual expenses, I planted about two acres and a half of light sandy soil near it chiefly with beans, but also a small part with potatoes, corn, peas, and turnips. The whole lot contains eleven acres, mostly growing up to pines and hickories, and was sold the preceding season for eight dollars and eight cents an acre. One farmer said that it was "good for nothing but to raise cheeping squirrels on." I put no manure whatever on this land, not being the owner, but merely a squatter, and not expecting to cultivate so much again, and I did not quite hoe it all once. I got out several cords of stumps in ploughing, which supplied me with fuel for a long time, and left small circles of virgin mould, easily distinguishable through the summer by the greater luxuriance of the beans there. The dead and for the most part unmerchantable wood behind my house and the driftwood from the pond have supplied the remainder of my fuel. I was obliged to hire a team and a man for the

ploughing, though I held the plough myself. My farm outgoes for the first season were: for implements, seed, work, etc., $14.72½. The seed corn was given me. This never costs anything to speak of, unless you plant more than enough. I got twelve bushels of beans and eighteen bushels of potatoes, besides some peas and sweet corn. The yellow corn and turnips were too late to come to anything. My whole income from the farm was

	$23.44
Deducting the outgoes	14.72½
There are left	$8.71½

beside produce consumed and on hand at the time this estimate was made of the value of $4.50,—the amount on hand much more than balancing a little grass which I did not raise. All things considered, that is, considering the importance of a man's soul and of today, notwithstanding the short time occupied by my experiment, nay, partly even because of its transient character, I believe that that was doing better than any farmer in Concord did that year.

The next year I did better still, for I spaded up all the land which I required, about a third of an acre, and I learned from the experience of both years, not being in the least awed by many celebrated works on husbandry, Arthur Young among the rest, that if one would live simply and eat only the crop which he raised, and raise no more than he ate, and not exchange it for an insufficient quantity of more luxurious and expensive things, he would need to cultivate only a few rods of ground, and that it would be cheaper to spade that up than to use oxen to plough it, and to select a fresh spot from time to time than to manure the old, and he could do all his necessary farm work, as it were, with his left hand at odd hours in the summer; and thus he would not be tied to an ox, or horse, or cow, or pig, as at present. I desire to speak impartially on this point, and as one not interested in the success or failure of the

present economical and social arrangements. I was more independent than any farmer in Concord, for I was not anchored to a house or farm, but could follow the bent of my genius, which is a very crooked one, every moment. Beside being better off than they already, if my house had been burned or my crops had failed, I should have been nearly as well off as before.

I am wont to think that men are not so much the keepers of herds as herds are the keepers of men, the former are so much the freer. Men and oxen exchange work; but if we consider necessary work only, the oxen will be seen to have greatly the advantage, their farm is so much the larger. Man does some of his part of the exchange work in his six weeks of haying, and it is no boy's play. Certainly, no nation that lived simply in all respects—that is, no nation of philosophers—would commit so great a blunder as to use the labor of animals. True, there never was and is not likely soon to be a nation of philosophers, nor am I certain it is desirable that there should be. However, *I* should never have broken a horse or bull and taken him to board for any work he might do for me, for fear I should become a horse-man or a herdsman merely; and if society seems to be the gainer by so doing, are we certain that what is one man's gain is not another's loss, and that the stable-boy has equal cause with his master to be satisfied? Granted that some public works would not have been constructed without this aid, and let man share the glory of such with the ox and horse; does it follow that he could not have accomplished works yet more worthy of himself in that case? When men begin to do, not merely unnecessary or artistic, but luxurious and idle, work with their assistance, it is inevitable that a few do all the exchange work with the oxen, or, in other words, become the slaves of the strongest. Man thus not only works for the animal within him, but for a symbol of this, he works for the animal without him. Though we have many substantial houses of brick or stone,

the prosperity of the farmer is still measured by the degree to which the barn overshadows the house. This town is said to have the largest houses for oxen, cows and horses hereabouts, and it is not behindhand in its public buildings; but there are very few halls for free worship or free speech in this county.

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By surveying, carpentry, and day-labor of various other kinds in the village in the meanwhile—for I have as many trades as fingers—I had earned $13.34. The expense of food for eight months—namely, from July 4th to March 1st, the time when these estimates were made, though I lived there more than two years—not counting potatoes, a little green corn and some peas which I had raised, nor considering the value of what was on hand at the last date, was—

Rice	$1.73½	
Molasses	1.73	Cheapest form of the saccharine.
Rye meal	1.04¾	
Indian meal	0.99¾	Cheaper than rye.
Pork	0.22	
Flour	0.88	Costs more than Indian meal, both money and trouble.
Sugar	0.80	
Lard	0.65	
Apples	0.26	
Dried apple	0.22	All experiments which failed.
Sweet potatoes	0.10	
One pumpkin	0.06	
One watermelon	0.02	
Salt	0.03	

Yes, I did eat $8.74, all told; but I should not thus unblushingly publish my guilt, if I did not know that most of my readers were equally guilty with myself, and that their deeds would look no better in print. The next year I sometimes caught a mess of fish for my dinner, and once I went

so far as to slaughter a woodchuck which ravaged my bean-field,—effect his transmigration, as a Tartar would say,—and devour him, partly for experiment's sake; but though it afforded me a momentary enjoyment, notwithstanding a musky flavor, I saw that the longest use would not make that a good practice, however it might seem to have your woodchucks ready dressed by the village butcher.

Clothing and some incidental expenses within the same dates, though little can be inferred from this item, amounted to

	$8.40¾
Oil and some household utensils	$2.00

So that all the pecuniary outgoes, excepting for washing and mending, which for the most part were done out of the house, and their bills have not yet been received,—and these are all and more than all the ways by which money necessarily goes out in this part of the world,—were

House	$28.12½
Farm, one year	14.72½
Food, eight months	8.74
Clothing, etc., eight months	8.40¾
Oil, etc., eight months	2.00
In all	$61.99¾

I address myself now to those of my readers who have a living to get. And to meet this I have for farm produce sold

	$23.44
Earned by day labor	13.34
In all	$36.78

which, subtracted from the sum of the outgoes, leaves a balance of $25.21¾ on the one side,—this being very nearly the means with which I started, and the measure of expenses to be incurred,—and on the other, beside the leisure and independence and health thus secure, a comfortable house for me as long as I choose to occupy it.

These statistics, however accidental and therefore uninstructive they may appear, as they have a certain completeness, have a certain value also. Nothing was given me of which I have not rendered some account. It appears from the above estimate, that my food alone cost me in money about twenty-seven cents a week. It was, for nearly two years after this, rye and Indian meal without yeast, potatoes, rice, a very little salt pork, molasses and salt, and my drink, water.

I learned from my two years' experience that it would cost incredibly little trouble to obtain one's necessary food even in this latitude; that a man may use as simple a diet as the animals and yet retain health and strength. I have made a satisfactory dinner simply off a dish of purslane.—And pray what more can a reasonable man desire in peaceful times, in ordinary noons, than a sufficient number of ears of green sweet-corn boiled with the addition of salt? Even the little variety which I used was a yielding to the demands of appetite, and not of health. Yet men have come to such a pass that they frequently starve, not for want of necessaries, but for want of luxuries.

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For more than five years I maintained myself thus solely by the labor of my hands, and I found that by working about six weeks in a year, I could meet all the expenses of living. The whole of my winters, as well as most of my summers, I had free and clear for study. I have thoroughly tried school-keeping, and found that my expenses were in proportion, or rather out of proportion, to my income, for I was obliged to dress and train, not to say think and believe, accordingly, and I lost my time into the bargain. As I did not teach for the good of my fellow-men, but simply for a livelihood, this was a failure. I have tried trade; but I found that it would take ten years to get under way in that, and that then I should probably be on my way to the devil. I was actually afraid that I might by that time be doing

what is called a good business. When formerly I was looking about to see what I could do for a living, some sad experience in conforming to the wishes of friends being fresh in my mind to tax my ingenuity, I thought often and seriously of picking huckleberries; that surely I could do, and its small profits might suffice,—for my greatest skill has been to want but little,—so little capital it required, so little distraction from my wonted moods, I foolishly thought. While my acquaintances went unhesitatingly into trade or the professions, I contemplated this occupation as most like theirs: ranging the hills all day to pick the berries which came in my way, and thereafter carelessly dispose of them; so, to keep the flocks of Admetus. I also dreamed that I might gather the wild herbs, or carry evergreens to such villagers as loved to be reminded of the woods, even to the city, by hay-cart loads. But I have since learned that trade curses everything it handles; and though you trade in messages from heaven, the whole curse of trade attaches to the business.

As I preferred some things to others, and especially valued my freedom, as I could fare hard and yet succeed well, I did not wish to spend my time in earning rich carpets or other fine furniture, or delicate cookery, or a house in the Grecian or the Gothic style just yet. If there are any to whom it is no interruption to acquire these things and who know how to use them when acquired, I relinquish to them the pursuit. Some are "industrious," and appear to love labor for its own sake, or perhaps because it keeps them out of worse mischief; to such I have at present nothing to say. Those who would not know what to do with more leisure than they now enjoy, I might advise to work twice as hard as they do,—work till they pay for themselves, and get their free papers. For myself I found that the occupation of a day-laborer was the most independent of any, especially as it required only thirty or forty days in a year to support one. The laborer's day ends with the going

down of the sun, and he is then free to devote himself to his chosen pursuit, independent of his labor; but his employer, who speculates from month to month, has no respite from one end of the year to the other.

In short, I am convinced both by faith and experience, that to maintain one's self on this earth is not a hardship but a pastime, if we will live simply and wisely; as the pursuits of the simpler nations are still the sports of the more artificial. It is not necessary that a man should earn his living by the sweat of his brow unless he sweats easier than I do.

From *Walden* by Henry David Thoreau, published by Houghton Mifflin Company. Reprinted here by permission from the publishers.

Revolt from the Factory, by *Sherwood Anderson*

LET us imagine for a moment an American lad walking alone at evening in the streets of an American town.

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The lad of our fancy walks in the streets of a town hurriedly thrown together, striving to realize his dreams, and must continue for a long time to walk in the midst of such ugliness. The cheap, hurried, ugly construction of America's physical life still goes on and on. The idea of permanent residence has not taken hold on us. Our imaginations are not yet fired by love of our native soil.

The American boy of our mutual imaginative creation is walking in the streets of an Ohio town, after the factories have begun coming and the day of the hustler is at hand, the houses of the town pushed up quickly, people swarming into the town who have no notion of staying there—a surprising number of them will stay, but they have, at first, no intention of staying.

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A new kind of hero, tarnished somewhat later, filled the popular eye. As we boys went about in the main street of our town, citizens, feeling a kindly interest in the motherless sons, continually stopped us. Everyone was singing a new little song:

"Get on, make money. Get to the top."

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The factories were calling. One went into a factory, did his work with care and skill, became foreman, superintendent, part owner, married the banker's daughter, got rich and went off to Paris to sin the sins neglected during so busy a youth and early manhood.

It sounded reasonable and possible. Learning a craft was slow business and one was in a hurry. "Hurry" was the battlecry of the day.

And the time of the factories was just at hand. At that time they were coming into Ohio, and into all the mid-American states in great numbers, and no town was without hope of becoming an industrial center. The bicycle had come, followed by the automobile, and even the quiet country roads were taking on the new spirit of speed.

Something was in the air. One breathed a new spirit into the lungs. The paradise, later to be represented by the Ford, the city apartment building with tiled bathroom floors, subways, jazz, the movies—was it not all just at hand? I myself and long afterward tried a little, in a novel of mine called *Poor White,* to give something of the feeling of life in our towns at that time.

Oil and gas were spurting out of the ground in Ohio and the discovery of oil and gas meant the coming of factories, it meant the New Age, prosperity, growth going onward and upward. "Death to everything old, slow, and careful! Forward the Light Brigade! Theirs not to ask the reason why! Theirs but to do or die"—the light brigade in our

particular town consisting of every merchant, doctor, workman, lawyer, who had saved a few pennies that could be invested. In our ears rang stories of the Lima Boom, the Gibsonburg boom, the Finley boom.

And was it not simple? One bored a hole, deep down into the ground and out came wealth—oil and gas, followed by the coming of the factories. If we in our town did not quite "cut it," did not "make the grade," could not become later another fragrant Akron or blissful Youngstown, Ohio, it wasn't because we didn't try.

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I decided I would be a man of commerce, an empire builder perhaps. I had in my possession some ninety-eight dollars which seemed to me at the moment sufficient for a start in almost any undertaking. It would support me for a few weeks while I looked about and then I would pitch in somewhere and become an empire builder.

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In fancy I swept the field of commercial adventure.—There were the great cities of Chicago and New York I had not yet seen, although I had read much about them and about men who had grown from poverty to riches and power in them. Like all young Americans, I had read innumerable tales of men who had begun with nothing and had become great leaders, owners of railroads, governors of states, foreign ambassadors, generals of armies, presidents of great modern republics. Abraham Lincoln walking miles through a storm to borrow his first book, Jay Gould the young Wall Street clerk setting up a great dynasty of wealth, Daniel Drew the cattle dealer becoming a millionaire, Garfield the canal-boat boy and Vanderbilt the ferryman become president and millionaire, Grant the failure hauling hides from his father's tannery at Galena, Illinois, to St. Louis—he also became great, the winner of a mighty war, president of his country, a noted traveler, receiving the homage of kings.

Were these men any better than myself? At the moment I thought not, and as for my having but ninety-eight dollars, what did that matter? As a matter of fact, one gathered from having read American history that there was a sort of advantage to be gained from starting with nothing. One had something to talk and brag about in one's old age, and when one became a candidate for president one furnished one's campaign managers with materials for campaign slogans.

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"I will become a man of action, in the mood of the American of my day. I will build railroads, conquer empires, become rich and powerful. Why should I not do something of the sort as well as all the other men who have done it so brilliantly? America is the land of opportunity. I must keep that thought ever in my mind," I told myself.

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In America there seemed at that time but one direction, one channel, into which all such young fellows as myself could pour their energies. All must give themselves wholeheartedly to material and industrial progress. Could I do that? Was I fitted for such a life? It was a kind of moral duty to try and then, as now, men at the heads of the great industrial enterprises filled or had filled all the newspapers and magazines with sermons on industry, thrift, virtue, loyalty and patriotism, meaning, I am afraid, by the use of all these high-sounding terms only devotion to the interests in which they had money invested. But the terms were good terms, the words used were magnificent words. And I was by my nature a word fellow, one who could at most any time be hypnotized by high-sounding words. It was confusing to me as it must be confusing to many young men now. During the World War did we not see how even the very government went into the advertising business, selling the war to the young men of the country by the

use of the same noble words advertising men used to forward the sale of soap or automobile tires? To the young man a kind of worship of some power outside himself is essential. One has strength and enthusiasm and wants gods to worship. There were only these gods of material success. Chivalry was gone. The Virgin had died. In America there were no churches. What were called churches were merely clubs, ruled over by the same forces that ruled over the factories and great mercantile houses. Often the men I heard speaking in churches spoke in the same words, used the same terms to define the meaning of life that were used by the real-estate boomer, the politician, or the enterprising business man talking to his employees of the necessity of steadfastness and devotion to the interests of his firm.

The Virgin was dead, and her Son had taken as prophets such men as Ralph Waldo Emerson and Benjamin Franklin, the one with his little books in which he set down and saved his acts and impulses, striving to make them all serve definite ends as he saved his pennies, and the other preaching the intellectual doctrine of Self-Reliance, Up and Onward. The land was filled with gods but they were new gods and their images, standing on every street of every town and city, were cast in iron and steel. The factory had become America's church and duplicates of it stood everywhere, on almost every street of every city belching black incense into the sky.

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On an evening of the late summer I got off a train at a growing Ohio industrial town where I had once lived. Two years before I had left the place in disgrace. There I had tried to be a manufacturer, a money-maker, and had failed, and I had been trying and failing ever since. In the town some thousands of dollars had been lost for others. An effort to conform to the standard dreams of the men of my times had failed and in the midst of my disgrace and gen-

erally hopeless outlook, as regards making a living, I had been filled with joy at coming to the end of it all. One morning I had left the place afoot, leaving my poor little factory, like an illegitimate child, on another man's doorstep. I had left, merely taking what money was in my pocket, some eight or ten dollars.

What a moment that leaving had been! To one of the European artists I afterward came to know the situation would have been unbelievably grotesque. Such a man could not have believed in my earnestness at all and would have thought my feelings of the moment a worked-up thing. I can in fancy hear one of the Frenchmen, Italians or Russians I later knew laughing at me. "Well, but why get so worked up? A factory is a factory, is it not? Why may not one break it like an empty bottle? You have lost some money for others? See the light on that field over there. These others, for whom you lost money, were they compelled to beg in the streets, were their children torn by wolves? What is it you Americans get so excited about when a little money is lost?"

A European artist may not understand but an American will understand. The devil! It is not a question of money. No men are so careless and free with money as the Americans. There is another matter involved.

It strikes rather deeply at the roots of our beings. Childish as it all may have seemed to an older and more sophisticated world, we Americans, from the beginning, have been up to something, or we have wanted to think we were up to something. We came here, or our fathers or grandfathers came here, from a hundred diverse places—and you may be sure it was not the artists that came. Artists do not want to cut down trees, root stumps out of the ground, build towns and railroads. The artist wants to sit with a strip of canvas before him, face an open space on a wall, carve a bit of wood, make combinations of words and sentences as I am doing now—trying to express to others

some thought or feeling of his own. He wants to dream of color, to lay hold of form, free the sensual in himself, live more fully and freely in his contact with the materials before him than he can possibly live in life. He seeks a kind of controlled ecstasy and is a man with a passion, a "nut," as we love to say in America. And very often, when he is not in actual contact with his materials, he is a much more vain and disagreeable ass than any man, not an artist, could possibly be. As a living man he is almost always a pest. It is only when dead he begins to have value.

The simple truth is that in a European country the artist is more freely accepted than he is among us, and only because he has been longer about.—But here in America things are somewhat different. Here something went wrong in the beginning. We pretended to do so much and were going to do such great things here. This vast land was to be a refuge for all the outlawed, brave, foolish folk of the world. The declaration of the rights of man was to have a new hearing in a new place.—We were going to be superhuman and it turned out we were sons of men who were not such devilish fellows after all. You cannot blame us that we are somewhat reluctant about finding out the very human things concerning ourselves. One does so hate to come down off the perch.

We are now losing our former feeling of inherent virtue, are permitting ourselves occasionally to laugh at ourselves for our pretensions, but there was a time here when we were sincerely in earnest about all this American business, "the land of the free and the home of the brave." We actually meant it, and no one will ever understand present-day America or Americans who does not concede that we meant it and while we were building all of our big, ugly, hurriedly thrown together towns, erecting our great industrial system, growing always more huge and prosperous, we were as much in earnest about what we thought we were

up to as were the French of the thirteenth century when they built the cathedral of Chartres to the glory of God.

They built the cathedral of Chartres to the glory of God and we really intended building here a land to the glory of Man, and thought we were doing it too. That was our intention, and the affair only blew up in the process, because Man, even the brave and the free Man, is somewhat a less worthy object of glorification than God. This we might have found out long ago but that we did not know each other. We came from too many different places to know each other well, had been promised too much, wanted too much.

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I however digress. What I am trying to do is to give the processes of my own mind at two distinct moments of my own life. First, the moment when, after many years of effort to conform to an unstated and but dimly understood American dream by making myself a successful man in the material world, I threw all overboard, and then at another moment when, having come back to the same spot where I passed through the first moment, I attempted to confront myself with myself with a somewhat changed point of view.

As for the first of these moments, it was melodramatic and even silly enough. The struggle centred itself at the last within the walls of a particular moment and within the walls of a particular room.

I sat in the room with a woman who was my secretary. For several years I had been sitting there, dictating to her regarding the goods that I had made in my factory and that I was attempting to sell. The attempt to sell the goods had become a sort of madness in me. There were certain thousands or perhaps hundreds of thousands of men living in towns or on farms in many states of my country who might possibly buy the goods I had made rather

than the goods made in another factory by another man. How I had wheedled! How I had schemed! In some years I gave myself quite fully to the matter in hand and the dollars trickled in. Well, I was about to become rich. It was a possibility. After a good day or week, when many dollars had come, I went to walk and when I had got into a quiet place where I was unobserved, I threw back my shoulders and strutted. During the year I had made for myself so many dollars. Next year I would make so many more, and the next year so many more. But my thoughts of the matter did not express themselves in the dollars. It never does to the American man. Who calls the American a dollar-lover is foolish. My factory was of a certain size, —but after a time I would build a great factory and after that a greater and a greater. Like a true American, I thought in size.

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In fancy, I had a thousand workmen under me. They were children and I was their father and would look out for them. Perhaps I would build them model houses to live in, a town of model houses built around my great factory, eh? The workmen would be my children and I would look out for my children. "Land of the free—home of the brave."

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Men and women, many men and many women! There were men and women working in my factory, men and women walking in streets with me, many men and women scattered far and wide over the country to whom I wanted to sell my goods. I sent men, salesmen, to see them—I wrote letters, all to the same purpose! "Will you buy my goods?" And again, "Will you buy my goods?"

What were the other men thinking about? What was I myself thinking about? Suppose it were possible to know something of the men and women, to know something of oneself, too. The devil! These were not thoughts that

would help me to sell my goods to all the others. What were all the others like? What was I myself like? Did I want a large factory with a little lawn and a fountain in front and with a model town built around it?

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It came with a rush, the feeling that I must quit buying and selling, the overwhelming feeling of uncleanness. I was in my whole nature a tale-teller. The tale-teller cannot bother with buying and selling. To do so will destroy him.

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There was a door leading out from my office to the street. How many steps to the door? I counted them, "Five, six, seven." "Suppose," I asked myself, "I could take those five, six, seven steps to the door, pass out at the door, go along that railroad track out there, disappear into the far horizon beyond. Where was I to go? In the town where my factory was located I had still the reputation of being a bright young business man.—Did I want to do something not respectable, not decent? I am trying to give you the history of a moment and as a tale-teller I have come to think that the true history of life is but a history of moments. It is only at rare moments that we live.

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Very well, then, I wanted to go out of the door and never come back.—It was a trying moment for me. There was the woman, my secretary, now looking at me.—I had got to my feet and we stood looking at each other. "It is now or never," I said to myself, and I remember that I kept smiling. I had stopped dictating to her in the midst of a sentence. "The goods about which you have inquired are the best of their kind made in the—"

I stood and she sat and we were looking at each other intently.—Could I explain all to her? The words of a fancied explanation marched through my mind: "My dear young woman, it is all very silly but I have decided to no longer concern myself with this buying and selling. It may

be all right for others, but for me it is poison. There is this factory. You may have it if it please you. It is of little value, I dare say. Perhaps it is money ahead and then again it may be it is money behind. I am uncertain about it all and I am going away. Now, at this very moment, with the letter I have been dictating, with the very sentence you have been writing left unfinished, I am going out that door and never come back. What am I going to do? Well, now, that I don't know. I am going to wander about. I am going to sit with people, listen to words, tell tales of people, what they are thinking, what they are feeling. The devil! It may even be that I am going forth in search of myself."

The woman was looking into my eyes the while I looked into hers. Perhaps I had grown a little pale and now she grew pale. "You're sick," she said, and her words gave me an idea. There was wanted a justification of myself, not to myself but to the others. A crafty thought came. Was the thought crafty or was I, at the moment, a little insane, a "nut," as every American so loves to say of every man who does something a little out of the groove?

I had grown pale and it may be I was ill, but nevertheless I was laughing—the American laugh. Had I suddenly become a little insane? What a comfort the thought would be, not to myself, but to the others. My leaving the place I was then in would tear up roots that had gone down a little into the ground. The ground I did not think would support the tree that was myself and that I thought wanted to grow.

My mind dwelt on the matter of roots and I looked at my feet. The whole question with which I was at the moment concerned became a matter of feet. I had two feet that could take me out of the life I was then in and that, to do so, would need but three or four steps to a door. When I had reached the door and had stepped out of my little factory office, everything would be quite simplified, I was sure. I had to lift myself out. Others would have

to tackle the job of getting me back, once I had stepped over the threshold.

Whether at the moment I merely became shrewd and crafty or whether I really became temporarily insane, I shall never quite know. What I did was to step very close to the woman and looking directly into her eyes, I laughed gayly. Others besides herself would, I knew, hear the words I was now speaking. I looked at my feet. "I have been wading in a long river and my feet are wet," I said.

Again I laughed as I walked lightly toward the door and out of a long and tangled phase of my life, out of the door of buying and selling, out of the door of affairs.

"They want me to be a 'nut,' will love to think of me as a 'nut,' and why not? It may just be that's what I am," I thought gayly and at the same time turned and said a final confusing sentence to the woman who now stared at me in speechless amazement. "My feet are cold, wet and heavy from long wading in a river. Now I shall go walk on dry land," I said, and as I passed out at the door a delicious thought came. "Oh, you little tricky words, you are my brothers. It is you, not myself, have lifted me over this threshold. It is you who have dared give me a hand. For the rest of my life I will be a servant to you," I whispered to myself as I went along a spur of railroad track, over a bridge, out of a town and out of that phase of my life.

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III

THE IMMIGRANT LOOKS AT AMERICA

Free Land and Fortune, by *Hector St. John de Crèvecœur*

I THANK God that my lot is to be an American farmer instead of a Russian boor, or an Hungarian peasant. I thank you kindly for the idea, however dreadful, which you have given me of their lot and condition; your observations have confirmed me in the justness of my ideas, and I am happier now than I thought myself before. It is strange that misery, when viewed in others, should become to us a sort of real good, though I am far from rejoicing to hear that there are in the world men so thoroughly wretched; they are no doubt as harmless, industrious, and willing to work as we are. Hard is their fate to be thus condemned to a slavery worse than that of our negroes. Yet when young I entertained some thoughts of selling my farm. I thought it afforded but a dull repetition of the same labors and pleasures. I thought the former tedious and heavy, the latter few and insipid; but when I came to consider myself as divested of my farm, I then found the world so wide and every place so full, that I began to fear lest there would be no room for me. My farm, my house, my barn, presented to my imagination objects from which I adduced quite new ideas; they were more forcible than before. Why should I not find myself happy, said I, where my father was before? He left me no good books, it is true, he gave me no other education than the art of reading and writing; but he left me a good farm and his experience; he left me free from debts, and no kind of difficulties to struggle with. —I married, and this perfectly reconciled me to my situation; my wife rendered my house all at once cheerful and

pleasing; it no longer appeared gloomy and solitary as before; when I went to work in my fields I worked with more alacrity and sprightliness; I felt that I did not work for myself alone, and this encouraged me much. My wife would often come with her knitting in her hand, and sit under the shady trees, praising the straightness of my furrows and the docility of my horses; this swelled my heart and made everything light and pleasant, and I regretted that I had not married before.

I felt myself happy in my new situation, and where is that station which can confer a more substantial system of felicity than that of an American farmer, possessing freedom of action, freedom of thoughts, ruled by a mode of government which requires but little from us? I owe nothing but a pepper corn to my country, a small tribute to my king, with loyalty and due respect; I know no other landlord than the Lord of all land, to whom I owe the most sincere gratitude. My father left me three hundred and seventy-one acres of land, forty-seven of which are good timothy meadow, an excellent orchard, a good house, and a substantial barn. It is my duty to think how happy I am that he lived to build and to pay for all these improvements; what are the labors which I have to undergo, what are my fatigues when compared to his, who had everything to do, from the first tree he felled to the finishing of his house? Every year I kill from 1500 to 2000 weight of pork, 1200 of beef, half a dozen of good wethers in harvest; of fowls my wife has always a great stock; what can I wish more? My negroes are tolerably faithful and healthy; by a long series of industry and honest dealings, my father left behind him the name of a good man; I have but to tread his paths to be happy and a good man like him. I know enough of the law to regulate my little concerns with propriety, nor do I dread its power; these are the grand outlines of my situation, but as I can feel much more than I am able to express, I hardly know how to proceed.

When my first son was born, the whole train of my ideas were suddenly altered; never was there a charm that acted so quickly and powerfully; I ceased to ramble in imagination through the wide world; my excursions since then have not exceeded the bounds of my farm, and all my principal pleasures are now centered within its scanty limits; but at the same time there is not an operation belonging to it in which I do not find some food for useful reflections. This is the reason, I suppose, that when you were here, you used, in your refined style, to denominate me the farmer of feelings; how rude must those feelings be in him who daily holds the axe or the plough, how much more refined on the contrary those of the European, whose mind is improved by education, example, books, and by every acquired advantage! Those feelings, however, I will delineate as well as I can, agreeably to your earnest request.

When I contemplate my wife, by my fireside, while she either spins, knits, darns, or suckles our child, I cannot describe the various emotions of love, of gratitude, of conscious pride, which thrill in my heart and often overflow in involuntary tears. I feel the necessity, the sweet pleasure of acting my part, the part of a husband and father, with an attention and propriety which may entitle me to my good fortune. It is true these pleasing images vanish with the smoke of my pipe, but though they disappear from my mind, the impression that they have made on my heart is indelible. When I play with the infant, my warm imagination runs forward, and eagerly anticipates his future temper and constitution. I would willingly open the book of fate, and know in what page his destiny is delineated; alas! where is the father who in those moments of paternal ecstasy can delineate one half of the thoughts which dilate his heart? I am sure I cannot; then again I fear for the health of those who are become so dear to me, and in their sickness I severely pay for the joys I experienced while they were well. Whenever I go abroad it is always involuntary. I never

return home without feeling some pleasing emotion, which I often suppress as useless and foolish. The instant I enter on my own land, the bright idea of property, of exclusive right, of independence, exalt my mind. Precious soil, I say to myself, by what singular custom of law is it that thou wast made to constitute the riches of the freeholder? What should we American farmers be without the distinct possession of the soil? It feeds, it clothes us, from it we draw even a great exuberancy, our best meat, our richest drink, the very honey of our bees comes from this privileged spot. No wonder we should thus cherish its possession, no wonder that so many Europeans who have never been able to say that such portion of land was theirs, cross the Atlantic to realize that happiness. This formerly rude soil has been converted by my father into a pleasant farm, and in return it has established all our rights; on it is founded our rank, our freedom, our power as citizens, our importance as inhabitants of such a district. These images I must confess I always behold with pleasure, and extend them as far as my imagination can reach: for this is what may be called the true and the only philosophy of an American farmer.

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I never should have done were I to recount the many objects which involuntarily strike my imagination in the midst of my work, and spontaneously afford me the most pleasing relief. These appear insignificant trifles to a person who has travelled through Europe and America, and is acquainted with books and many sciences; but such simple objects of contemplation suffice me, who have no time to bestow on more extensive observations. Happily these require no study, they are obvious, they gild the moments I dedicate to them, and enliven the severe labors which I perform. At home my happiness springs from very different objects; the gradual unfolding of my children's reason, the study of their dawning tempers attract all my paternal attention. I have to contrive little punishments for their little

faults, small encouragements for their good actions, and a variety of other expedients dictated by various occasions. But these are themes unworthy your perusal, and which ought not to be carried beyond the walls of my house, being domestic mysteries adapted only to the locality of the small sanctuary wherein my family resides. Sometimes I delight in inventing and executing machines which simplify my wife's labor. I have been tolerably successful that way; and these, Sir, are the narrow circles within which I constantly revolve, and what can I wish for beyond them? I bless God for all the good He has given me; I envy no man's prosperity, and with no other portion of happiness than that I may live to teach the same philosophy to my children; and give each of them a farm, show them how to cultivate it, and be like their father, good, substantial, independent American farmers—an appellation which will be the most fortunate one a man of my class can possess, so long as our civil government continues to shed blessings on our husbandry.

I wish I could be acquainted with the feelings and thoughts which must agitate the heart and present themselves to the mind of an enlightened Englishman when he first lands on this continent. He must greatly rejoice that he lived at a time to see this fair country discovered and settled; he must necessarily feel a share of national pride when he views the chain of settlements which embellishes these extended shores. When he says to himself, this is the work of my countrymen, who, when convulsed by factions afflicted by a variety of miseries and wants, restless and impatient, took refuge here. They brought along with them their national genius, to which they principally owe what liberty they enjoy and what substance they possess. Here he sees the industry of his native country displayed in a new manner, and traces in their works the embryos of all the arts, sciences and ingenuity which flourish in Europe. Here he beholds fair cities, substantial villages, extensive fields, an immense country filled with decent houses, good

roads, orchards, meadows, and bridges, where a hundred years ago all was wild, woolly, and uncultivated! What a train of pleasing ideas this fair spectacle must suggest; it is a prospect which must inspire a good citizen with the most heartfelt pleasure. The difficulty consists in the manner of viewing so extensive a scene. He is arrived on a new continent; a modern society offers itself to his contemplation, different from what he had hitherto seen. It is not composed, as in Europe, of great lords who possess everything, and of a herd of people who have nothing. Here are no aristocratical families, no courts, no kings, no bishops, no ecclesiastical dominion, no invisible power giving to a few a very visible one; no great manufacturers employing thousands, no great refinements of luxury. The rich and the poor are not so far removed from each other as they are in Europe. Some few towns excepted, we are all tillers of the earth, from Nova Scotia to West Florida. We are a people of cultivators, scattered over an immense territory, communicating with each other by means of good roads and navigable rivers, united by the silken bands of mild government, all respecting the laws, without dreading their power, because they are equitable. We are all animated with the spirit of an industry which is unfettered and unrestrained, because each person works for himself. If he travels through our rural districts he views not the hostile castle and the haughty mansion, contrasted with the clay-built hut and miserable cabin, where cattle and men help to keep each other warm, and dwell in meanness, smoke, and indigence. A pleasing uniformity of decent competence appears throughout our habitations. The meanest of our log-houses is a dry and comfortable habitation. Lawyer or merchant are the fairest titles our towns afford; that of a farmer is the only appellation of the rural inhabitants of our country. It must take some time ere he can reconcile himself to our dictionary which is but short in words of dignity and names of honor. There, on a Sunday, he

sees a congregation of respectable farmers and their wives, all clad in neat homespun, well mounted, or riding in their own humble wagons. There is not among them an esquire, saving the unlettered magistrate. There he sees a parson as simple as his flock, a farmer who does not riot on the labor of others. We have no princes for whom we toil, starve and bleed; we are the most perfect society now existing in the world. Here man is free as he ought to be; nor is this pleasing equality so transitory as many others are. Many ages will not see the shores of our great lakes replenished with inland nations, nor the unknown bounds of North America entirely peopled. Who can tell how far it extends? Who can tell the millions of men whom it will feed and contain? for no European foot has as yet travelled half the extent of this mighty continent.

The next wish of this traveller will be to know whence come all these people? They are a mixture of English, Scotch, Irish, French, Dutch, Germans, and Swedes. From this promiscuous breed, that race now called Americans have arisen.

In this great American asylum the poor of Europe have by some means met together, and in consequence of various causes; to what purpose should they ask one another what countrymen they are? Alas, two-thirds of them had no country. Can a wretch who wanders about, who works and starves, whose life is a continual scene of sore affliction or pinching penury; can that man call England or any other kingdom his country? A country that had no bread for him, whose fields procured him no harvest, who met with nothing but the frowns of the rich, the severity of the laws, with jails and punishments; who owned not a single foot of the extensive surface of this planet? no! urged by a variety of motives, here they come. Everything has tended to regenerate them; new laws, a new mode of living, a new social system; here they are become men; in Europe they were so many useless plants, wanting vegetative mould and

refreshing showers; they withered and were mowed down by want, hunger and war; but now by the power of transplantation, like all other plants, they have taken root and flourished! Formerly they were not numbered in the civil lists of their country, except in those of the poor; here they rank as citizens. By what invisible power has this surprising metamorphosis been performed? By that of the laws and that of their industry. The laws, the indulgent laws, protect them as they arrive, stamping on them the symbol of adoption; they receive ample rewards for their labors; these accumulated rewards procure them lands; those lands confer on them the title of freemen, and to that title every benefit is affixed which men can possibly require. This is the great operation daily performed by our laws.—

What attachment can a poor European have for a country where he had nothing? The knowledge of the language, the love of a few kindred as poor as himself, were the only cords that tied him: his country is now that which gives him land, bread, protection, and consequence; *Ubi panis ibi patria* is the motto of all emigrants. What then is this American, this new man?—He is an American, who, leaving behind him all his ancient prejudices and manners, receives new ones from the new mode of life he has embraced, the new government he obeys, and the new rank he holds. He becomes an American by being received in the broad lap of our great *Alma Mater*. Here individuals of all nations are melted into a new race of men, whose labors and posterity will one day cause great changes in the world. Americans are the western pilgrims who are carrying along with them that great mass of arts, sciences, vigor, and industry which began long since in the east; they will finish the great circle. The Americans were once scattered all over Europe; here they are incorporated into one of the finest systems of population which has ever appeared, and which will hereafter become distinct by the power of the different climates they inhabit. The American ought therefore to love this coun-

try much better than that wherein either he or his forefathers were born. Here the rewards of his industry follow with equal steps the progress of his labor; his labor is founded on the basis of nature, *self-interest;* can it want a stronger allurement? Wives and children, who before in vain demanded of him a morsel of bread, now, fat and frolicsome, gladly help their father to clear those fields whence exuberant crops are to arise to feed and to clothe them all; without any part being claimed, either by a despotic prince, a rich abbot, or a mighty lord. Here religion demands but little of him; a small voluntary salary to the minister and gratitude to God; can he refuse these? The American is a new man, who acts upon new principles; he must therefore entertain new ideas and form new opinions. From involuntary idleness, servile dependence, penury, and useless labor, he has passed to toils of a very different nature, rewarded by ample subsistence.—This is an American.

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There is room for everybody in America; has he any particular talent or industry? he exerts it in order to procure a livelihood, and it succeeds. Is he a merchant? the avenues of trade are infinite; is he eminent in any respect? he will be employed and respected. Does he love a country life? pleasant farms present themselves; he may purchase what he wants, and thereby become an American farmer. Is he a laborer, sober and industrious? he need not go many miles, nor receive many informations before he will be hired, well fed at the table of his employer, and paid four or five times more than he can get in Europe. Does he want uncultivated lands? thousands of acres present themselves, which he may purchase cheap. Whatever be his talents or inclinations, if they are moderate, he may satisfy them. I do not mean that everyone who comes will grow rich in a little time; no, but he may procure an easy, decent maintenance by his industry. Instead of starving, he will be fed, instead of

being idle, he will have employment; and these are riches enough for such men as come over here. The rich stay in Europe, it is only the middling and the poor that emigrate. Would you wish to travel in independent idleness from north to south, you will find easy access and the most cheerful reception at every house; society without ostentation, good cheer without pride, and every decent diversion which the country affords, with little expense. It is no wonder that the European who has lived here a few years is desirous to remain; Europe with all its pomp is not to be compared to this continent, for men of middle station or laborers.

An European, when he first arrives, seems limited in his intentions, as well as in his views; but he very suddenly alters his scale; two hundred miles formerly appeared a very great distance, it is now but a trifle; he no sooner breathes our air than he forms schemes and embarks in designs he never would have thought of in his own country. There the plentitude of society confines many useful ideas, and often extinguishes the most laudable schemes which here ripen into maturity. Thus Europeans become Americans.

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Soap and Water and the Immigrant, by *Anzia Yezierska*

WHAT I so greatly feared, happened! Miss Whiteside, the dean of our college, withheld my diploma. When I came to her office and asked her why she did not pass me, she said that she could not recommend me as a teacher because of my personal appearance.

She told me that my skin looked oily, my hair unkempt, and my finger-nails sadly neglected. She told me that I was utterly unmindful of the little niceties of the well-

groomed lady. She pointed out that my collar did not set evenly, my belt was awry, and there was a lack of freshness in my dress. And she ended with: "Soap and water are cheap. Anyone can be clean."

In those four years while I was under her supervision, I was always timid and diffident. I shrank and trembled when I had to come near her. When I had something to say to her, I mumbled and stuttered, and grew red and white in the face with fear.

Every time I had to come to the dean's office for a private conference, I prepared for the ordeal of her cold scrutiny as a patient prepares for a surgical operation. I watched her gimlet eyes searching for a stray pin, for a spot on my dress, for my unpolished shoes, for my uncared-for fingernails, as one strapped on the operating table watches the surgeon approaching with his tray of sterilized knives.

She never looked into my eyes. She never perceived that I had a soul. She did not see how I longed for beauty and cleanliness. How I strained and struggled to lift myself from the dead toil and exhaustion that weighed me down. She could see nothing in people like me, except the dirt and the stains on the outside.

But this last time when she threatened to withhold my diploma because of my appearance, this last time when she reminded me that "Soap and water are cheap. Anyone can be clean," this last time, something burst within me.

I felt the suppressed wrath of all the unwashed of the earth break loose within me. My eyes blazed fire. I didn't care for myself, nor the dean, nor the whole laundered world. I had suffered the cruelty of their cleanliness and the tyranny of their culture to the breaking point. I was too frenzied to know what I said or did. But I saw clean, immaculate, spotless Miss Whiteside shrivel and tremble and cower before me, as I had shriveled and trembled and cowered before her for so many years.

Why did she give me my diploma? Was it pity? Or can

it be that in my outburst of fury at the climax of indignities that I had suffered, the barriers broke, and she saw into the world below from where I came?

Miss Whiteside had no particular reason for hounding and persecuting me. Personally, she didn't give a hang if I was clean or dirty. She was merely one of the agents of clean society, delegated to judge who is fit and who is unfit to teach.

While they condemned me as unfit to be a teacher because of my appearance, I was slaving to keep them clean. I was slaving in a laundry from five to eight in the morning before going to college, and from six to eleven at night, after coming from college. Eight hours of work a day, outside my studies. Where was the time and the strength for the "little niceties of the well-groomed lady"?

At the time when they rose and took their morning bath and put on their fresh-laundered linen that somebody had made ready for them, when they were being served with their breakfast, I had already toiled for three hours in a laundry.

When college hours were over, they went for a walk in the fresh air. They had time to rest, and bathe again, and put on fresh clothes for dinner. But I, after college hours, had only time to bolt a soggy meal and rush back to the grind of the laundry till eleven at night.

At the hour when they came from the theater or musicale, I came from the laundry. But I was so bathed in the sweat of exhaustion that I could not think of a bath of soap and water. I had only strength to drag myself home and fall down on the bed and sleep. Even if I had had the desire and the energy to take a bath, there were no such things as bathtubs in the house where I lived.

Often as I stood at my board at the laundry, I thought of Miss Whiteside and her clean world, clothed in the snowy shirt-waists I had ironed. I was thinking—I, soaking in the foul vapors of the steaming laundry, I, with my

dirty, tired hands, I am ironing the clean, immaculate shirt-waists of clean, immaculate society. I, the unclean one, am actually fashioning the pedestal of their cleanliness, from which they reach down, hoping to lift me to the height that I have created for them.

I look back at my sweatshop childhood. One day, when I was about sixteen, someone gave me Rosenfeld's poem, "The Machine," to read. Like a spark thrown among oily rags, it set my whole being aflame with longing for self-expression. But I was dumb. I had nothing but blind, aching feeling. For days I went about with agonies of feeling, yet utterly at sea how to fathom and voice those feelings—birth-throes of infinite worlds, and yet dumb.

Suddenly, there came upon me this inspiration. I can go to college! There I shall learn to express myself, to voice my thoughts. But I was not prepared to go to college. The girl in the cigar factory in the next block had gone first to a preparatory school. Why shouldn't I find a way, too?

Going to college seemed as impossible for me at that time as for an ignorant Russian shopgirl to attempt to write poetry in English. But I was sixteen then, and the impossible was a magnet to draw the dreams that had no outlet. Besides, the actual was so barren, so narrow, so strangling that the dream of the unattainable was the only air in which the soul could survive.

The ideal of going to college was like the birth of a new religion in my soul. It put new fire in my eyes and new strength in my tired arms and fingers.

For six years I worked daytimes and went at night to a preparatory school. For six years I went about nursing the illusion that college was a place where I should find self-expression, and vague pent-up feelings could live as thoughts and grow as ideas.

At last I came to college. I rushed for it with the outstretched arms of youth's aching hunger to give and take of life's deepest and highest, and I came against the solid

wall of the well-fed, well-dressed world—the frigid white-washed wall of cleanliness.

Until I came to college I had been unconscious of my clothes. Suddenly I felt people looking at me at arm's length, as if I were crooked or crippled, as if I had come to a place where I didn't belong, and would never be taken in.

How I pinched and scraped and starved myself to save enough to come to college! Every cent of the tuition fee I paid was drops of sweat and blood from underpaid laundry work. And what did I get for it? A crushed spirit, a broken heart, a stinging sense of poverty that I never felt before.

The courses of study I had to swallow to get my diploma were utterly barren of interest to me. I didn't come to college to get dull learning from dead books. I didn't come for that dry, inanimate stuff that can be hammered out in lectures. I came because I longed for the larger life, for the stimulus of intellectual associations. I came because my whole being clamored for more vision, more light. But everywhere I went I saw big fences put up against me, with the brutal signs: "No trespassing. Get off the grass."

I experienced at college the same feeling of years ago when I came to this country, when after months of shut-in-ness, in dark tenements and stifling sweatshops, I had come to Central Park for the first time. Like a bird just out from a cage, I stretched out my arms, and then flung myself in ecstatic abandon on the grass. Just as I began to breathe in the fresh-smelling earth, and lift up my eyes to the sky, a big, fat policeman with a club in his hand seized me, with: "Can't you read the sign? Get off the grass!" Miss Whiteside, the dean of the college, the representative of the clean, the educated world, for all her external refinement, was to me like that big, brutal policeman with the club in his hand that drove me off the grass.

The death-blows to all aspiration began when I graduated

from college and tried to get a start at the work for which I had struggled so hard to fit myself. I soon found other agents of clean society, who had the power of giving or withholding the positions I sought, judging me as Miss Whiteside judged me. One glance at my shabby clothes, the desperate anguish that glazed and dulled my eyes, and I felt myself condemned by them before I opened my lips to speak.

Starvation forced me to accept the lowest-paid substitute position. And because my wages were so low and so unsteady, I could never get the money for the clothes to make an appearance to secure a position with better pay. I was tricked and foiled. I was considered unfit to get decent pay for my work because of my appearance, and it was to the advantage of those who used me that my appearance should damn me, so as to get me to work for the low wages I was forced to accept. It seemed to me the whole vicious circle of Society's injustices was thrust like a noose around my neck to strangle me.

The insults and injuries I had suffered at college had so eaten into my flesh that I could not bear to get near it. I shuddered with horror whenever I had to pass the place blocks away. The hate which I felt for Miss Whiteside spread like poison within my soul, into hate for all clean society. The whole clean world was massed against me. Whenever I met a well-dressed person, I felt the secret stab of a hidden enemy.

I was so obsessed and consumed with my grievances that I could not get away from myself and think things out in the light. I was in the grip of that blinding, destructive, terrible thing—righteous indignation. I could not rest. I wanted the whole world to know that the college was against democracy in education, that clothes form the basis of class distinctions, that after graduation the opportunities for the best positions are passed out to those who are best-dressed, and the students too poor to put up a front

are pigeon-holed and marked unfit and abandoned to the mercy of the wind.

A wild desire raged in the corner of my brain. I knew that the dean gave dinners to the faculty at regular intervals. I longed to burst in at one of those feasts, in the midst of their grand speechmaking, and tear down the fine clothes from these well-groomed ladies and gentlemen, and trample them under my feet, and scream like a lunatic: "Soap and water are cheap! Soap and water are cheap! Look at me!—See how cheap it is!"

Inside the ruin of my thwarted life, the *unlived* visionary immigrant hungered and thirsted for America. I did not find America in the sweatshops, much less in the schools and colleges. But for hundreds of years the persecuted races all over the world were nurtured on hopes of America. When a little baby in my mother's arms, before I was old enough to speak, I saw all around me weary faces light up with thrilling tales of the far-off "golden country." And so, though my faith in this so-called America was shattered, yet underneath, in the sap and roots of my soul, burned the deathless faith that America is, must be, somehow, somewhere. In the midst of my bitterest hates and rebellions, visions of America rose over me, like songs of freedom of an oppressed people.

My body was worn to the bone from overwork, my footsteps dragged with exhaustion, but my eyes still sought the sky, praying, ceaselessly praying, the dumb, inarticulate prayer of the lost immigrant: "America! Ach, America! Where is America!"

It seemed to me if I could only find some human being to whom I could unburden my heart, I would have new strength to begin again my insatiable search for America.

But to whom could I speak? The people in the laundry? They never understood me. They had a grudge against me because I left them when I tried to work myself up. Could I speak to the college people? What did these ice-

bergs of convention know about the vital things of the heart?

And yet I remembered in the freshman year in one of the courses in chemistry, there was an instructor, a woman, who drew me strangely. I felt she was the only real teacher among all the teachers and professors I met. I didn't care for the chemistry, but I liked to look at her. She gave me life, air, the unconscious emanation of her beautiful spirit. I had not spoken a word to her, outside the experiments in chemistry, but I knew her more than the people around her who were of her own class. I felt in the throb of her voice, in the subtle shading around the corner of her eyes, the color and texture of her dreams.

Often in the midst of our work in chemistry, I felt like crying out to her: "Oh, please be my friend. I'm so lonely." But something choked me. I couldn't speak. The very intensity of my longing for her friendship made me run away from her in confusion the minute she approached me. I was so conscious of my shabbiness that I was afraid maybe she was only trying to be kind. I couldn't bear kindness. I wanted from her love, understanding, or nothing.

About ten years after I left college, as I walked the streets bowed and beaten with the shame of having to go around begging for work, I met Miss Van Ness. She not only recognized me, but stopped to ask how I was and what I was doing.

I had begun to think that my only comrades in this world were the homeless and abandoned cats and dogs of the street whom everybody gives another kick, as they slam the door on them. And here was one from the clean world human enough to be friendly. Here was one of the well-dressed, with a look in her eyes and a sound in her voice that was like healing oil over the bruises of my soul. The mere touch of that woman's hand in mine so overwhelmed me that I burst out crying in the street.

The next morning I came to Miss Van Ness at her office.

In those ten years she had risen to a professorship. But I was not in the least intimidated by her high office. I felt as natural in her presence as if she were my own sister. I heard myself telling her the whole story of my life, but I felt that even if I had not said a word she would have understood all I had to say as if I had spoken. It was all so unutterable, to find one from the other side of the world who was so simply and naturally that miraculous thing—a friend. Just as contact with Miss Whiteside had tied and bound all my thinking processes, so Miss Van Ness unbound and freed me and suffused me with light.

. . . . . .

I went out from Miss Van Ness's office, singing a song of new life: "America! I found America."

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IV

BIOGRAPHERS LOOK AT AMERICANS

Satan Among the Biographers, by *Samuel Crothers*

BY Satan I do not mean the evil spirit who goes about like a roaring lion. I have in mind the Satan who appears in the prologue to the Book of Job. He is the adversary, the one who presents the other side. When the sons of God came together, then came the adversary among them. He belonged to the assembly, but he sat on the opposition bench. He introduced questions which had occurred to him as he walked up and down upon the earth. His function was to challenge generally received opinions. There was Job. Everyone looked upon him as a man who was as righteous as he was prosperous. But was he? Satan suggested that his character should be analyzed. Take away Job's prosperity and let us see what becomes of his righteousness.

Now, that critical spirit has entered into the biographers and influenced their attitude toward what they used to call the subject of their sketch. It used to be taken for granted that the tone of biography should be eulogistic. "Let us praise famous men and the fathers who begat us." This indicates how closely biography is related to genealogy. The text is often transformed into "Let us praise the fathers who begat us, and if we have sufficient literary skill we may make them famous."

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A new school of biography has arisen, and it is of interest to compare it with the old. The great difference is in the attitude of the biographer toward his subject. The at-

titude of the old biographer was that of a painter who was commissioned to paint the portrait of a great man. He wished to make a likeness and to make it as lifelike as possible; but he had to recognize the proprieties. The painter is frankly on the outside, and can give only so much of character as is revealed in the countenance. So the biographer was dealing frankly with externals. What the great man did or said could be recorded, but what he meant could only be guessed. Every man's mind was his castle, and there were private rooms into which the public had no right to intrude. If a person were very inquisitive, he might, if he got the chance, peep in through the windows of the soul; but that was as far as he could go. He was necessarily an outsider.

But of late the biographer has become bolder and, instead of peeping in, has taken to breaking and entering. His method is described as "penetrating." We see him not only prowling in the consciousness, but penetrating into the most remote portions of the subconsciousness. We see him throwing his flashlight upon motives concealed from nearest friends. It is the era of the X-ray, and human character cannot escape the methods of research. The biographer attempts to show us a man's mind as viewed from the inside. How he gets inside is his business—not ours.

Let us compare John Morley's "Gladstone" with Mr. Strachey's "Queen Victoria." Morley takes his subject very seriously. Gladstone was a great man, and knew it, and so did everyone else. He lived in a great period and was an important part of it. Morley was a friend who followed his career with respectful but discriminating interest. He was in a position to know a great many facts. But he did not intrude. A vast number of details are given, but the result of it all is that we feel that we are looking *at* Gladstone and not through him. We know what he did and what he said, and we know what interpretations his friend Morley put upon his words and actions; but we can

only guess at his ulterior motives. We see the conclusions to which he came, but not all the mental processes by which they were reached. Mr. Gladstone always appears to us clothed and in his right mind. If he had any unlucid intervals, they are not a part of the record. As for exploring Gladstone's subconscious mind, his friend would as soon have thought of poking about in his host's pantry without leave. What did Gladstone think when he wasn't addressing the public or preparing to address it? The biographer would say, "That is none of your business, nor is it mine."

The same impression is made by Trevelyan's *John Bright*. We feel that we know John Bright as well as his constituents knew him. It never occurs to us that we know him better.

Turn to Mr. Strachey's delightful biography of Queen Victoria. We have a surprise. We are conscious of a new sensation. To say that the book is stimulating is faint praise. It is intoxicating. Here is biography with its crudenesses and irrelevancies distilled away. We get the essential spirit.

It is not that we are behind the scenes as an ordinary playgoer who is allowed this novel experience that he may see how things look on that side of the curtain. We are behind the scenes as a playwright who is also his own stage manager may be behind the scenes. We feel that somehow we have an intimate knowledge of how the lights should be arranged to produce the best effects. We have no illusions ourselves, but this allows us to watch the production of the play with keener intellectual interest.

We see Queen Victoria, not as her admiring subjects, with superstitious ideas about royalty, saw her, but as she would have seen herself, had she been as clever as we are. The revelation has all the charm that an autobiography would have if a person would speak about himself without vanity and without self-consciousness.

In reading the *Confessions* of Saint Augustine or Rous-

seau, we feel that they are trying to tell the whole truth about themselves, but we are not convinced that they have succeeded. They confess certain sins that attract their attentions; but what of those failings which Saint Paul describes as "the sins that so easily beset us"? Some of these beset a person so closely that he doesn't know that they are there. There are certain commonplace faults which are seldom confessed by the most conscientious. I have never come across an autobiography in which the writer drew attention to the fact that his friends often found him a little wearing.

Mr. Strachey gives us Victoria's autobiography written by somebody else who saw through her. There is an awareness of all her limitations and a cool appreciation of her middle-class virtues. We sympathize with her efforts to live up to her station in life. We see her successes and admire her pluck. When she makes mistakes, we recognize that she is thoroughly conscientious. Her judgments are often shrewd. She is rather muddle-headed in regard to the new problems of the day, but not more so than her constitutional advisers. She is a real character, and we know her in the same way that we know Becky Sharp and Mrs. Proudie. We feel that we not only know what she did, but we know the moving why she did it. We know also why she did not do more. It was because it wasn't in her to do more. And her environment was exactly suited to her personality. We feel that it was no mere coincidence that she lived in the Victorian Age.

In *Eminent Victorians,* Mr. Strachey reversed the methods practiced by writers like Walter Scott. They took some well-known historical character and allowed their imagination to play about it. The result was Historical Romance, or Romance founded on fact.

Mr. Strachey takes well-known historical characters of the last generation, like Arnold of Rugby, Cardinal Manning, Chinese Gordon, and Florence Nightingale, and shows

us that they have become in a short time little better than noted names of fiction. Every man is his own myth-maker and his friends and enemies collaborate in producing something quite different from the reality. The ordinary biography is, therefore, little more than a collection of facts founded on a fiction. The problem, then, is not simply to reëxamine the facts, but to rearrange them so that they will tell a true story and not a false. The biographer is like a typesetter. He must first distribute the type and then set it up again to form new words and sentences.

No saint in the calendar had a legend more firmly fixed and authenticated than Florence Nightingale. The public not only knew what she did, but was convinced that it knew what kind of a person she was. She was the lady with the lamp, the gentle ministering angel who went about through the hospitals in the Crimea. She was the one who brought the feminine touch to war.

Mr. Strachey does not change the outlines of her story. That is a matter of historical record. She did all and more than we have been taught to believe. But he shows Florence Nightingale as an altogether different kind of a person.

The feminine gives way to a masterful personality. Florence Nightingale was the stuff that successful politicians and captains of industry are made of. She appears as a formidable person, abrupt in manner, often bitter in speech, the terror of evil-doers, and still more the terror of incompetent well-doers. She was strong-minded, neurasthenic, intense in her antipathies, and not pleasant to live with; but she got things done.

She was born in a wealthy family. She wanted to have her own way, but was never quite sure what it was to be. This was an endless trouble to her family, who never knew what to do with Florence, or rather what Florence would let them do for her.

When marriage was suggested, she writes: "The thoughts and feelings I have now I can remember since I was six

years old. A profession, a trade, a necessary occupation, something to fill and employ all my faculties I have always felt essential to me. Everything has been tried—foreign travel, kind friends, everything. My God, what is to become of me?"

Then came the Crimean War with the breakdown of the hospital service. At last she had her own way, and it proved a gloriously right way. She won immortal fame.

The war ended, and Florence Nightingale had fifty years of invalidism. But she was the same energetic, pugnacious personality. Almost to the end she refused to wear the halo prepared for her by the public which she continued to serve faithfully and acrimoniously. We are made to feel that Florence Nightingale loved her fellow men, but not as an amiable person loves those friends whom he finds congenial. She loved mankind as a thoroughly conscientious person might love his enemies. "Sometimes," says Mr. Strachey, "her rages were terrible. The intolerable futility of mankind obsessed her, and she gnashed her teeth at it."

This is a triumph of biographical reconstruction. We see Florence Nightingale as great and good, though with a very different assortment of virtues.

Yet, after all, Mr. Strachey gives us no facts which Sir Edward Cook had not narrated in his two volume biography of Florence Nightingale. The only difference is that Sir Edward obscures the significance of many of the facts by his uniformly eulogistic comments. Thus he doesn't say that Florence in her girlhood must have been a difficult person to live with, but he says: "The companionship which Florence had at home was sometimes wearisome to her. . . . Mamma, we may suppose, was busy with housekeeping cares. Papa was fond of reading aloud, and in order to interest his daughters would take them through the whole of the *Times* with many a comment, no doubt, by the way. 'Now for Parthe,' Miss Nightingale used to say, 'the morning's reading did not matter; she went on with her drawing;

but for one who had no such cover, the thing was boring to desperation. To be read aloud to is the most miserable exercise of the human intellect. Or rather, is it any exercise at all? It is like lying on one's back with one's hands tied, and having liquid poured down one's throat. Worse than that, because suffocation would immediately ensue and put a stop to the operation. But no suffocation would stop the other."

The comment of Sir Edward on these revelations of the domestic side of his heroine is in the style of the old biography: "Florence was an affectionate and dutiful daughter. She obeyed and yielded for many years. She strove hard to think that her duty lay at home, and that the trivial round and common task would furnish all that she had any right before God or man to ask." There is something refreshing in Mr. Strachey's judgment on the facts. Florence Nightingale was not a very affectionate daughter or sister, but she was a glorious benefactor to suffering humanity.

When I turn to Arnold of Rugby and Chinese Gordon, I begin to have misgivings. Mr. Strachey's portraits are marvelously clear, but there is something lacking. Looking through the eyes of Thomas Hughes and Dean Stanley, we see Dr. Arnold as a great man. We cannot expect Mr. Strachey to share their awe, for Dr. Arnold was not his schoolmaster. But we do not feel that he accounts for the impression the Doctor made on those who knew him.

As for General Gordon, we see him not through the eyes of a hero-worshipper, but as he appeared to one who had no sympathy with his enthusiasms. That irony which is delightful when playing around the figure of Queen Victoria seems out of place when directed toward the hero of Khartum. There was a touch of fanaticism about Gordon, just as there was about Cromwell. But Carlyle's Cromwell stands out against the background of eternity and is justified. Strachey's Gordon stands condemned against a bleak background of common sense. Even the final tragedy is

told without any relenting admiration. The whole thing was so unnecessary. When all was over, we are told of the group of Arabs whom Slatin Pasha saw, one of whom was carrying something wrapped in a cloth. "Then the cloth was lifted and he saw before him Gordon's head. The trophy was taken to the Mahdi; at last the two fanatics met face to face."

Thirteen years after, Kitchener fearfully avenged his death at Omdurman, "after which it was thought proper that a religious ceremony in honor of Gordon should be held at the Palace in Khartum. The service was conducted by four chaplains and concluded with a performance of 'Abide with Me,' General Gordon's favorite hymn. General Gordon, fluttering in some remote Nirvana the pages of a phantasmal Bible, might have ventured a satirical remark. But General Gordon had always been a contradictious person, even a little off his head, perhaps—though a hero; and, besides, he was no longer there to contradict. At any rate, all ended happily in a glorious slaughter of twenty thousand Arabs, a vast addition to the British Empire, and a step in the peerage for Sir Evelyn Baring."

What is it that offends in this? It is the unfairness, not to Gordon, but to his contemporaries. Gordon represented an ideal that belonged to his generation. It was British imperialism touched with a sense of responsibility for the government of the world. We have broken with imperialism, but we ought to be touched by the heroism. In brushing aside the judgment of his contemporaries with a touch of scorn, we feel the kind of unfairness of which Cato complained when, after he had passed his eightieth year, he was compelled to defend himself in the Senate. "It is hard," he said, "to have lived with one generation, and to be tried by another."

Each generation takes itself seriously. It has its own ideals and its own standards of judgment. One who has made a great place for himself in the hearts of his contem-

poraries cannot be dismissed lightly because he does not conform to the standards of another period.

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Biography cannot be reduced to a science, but it may rise into the finest of the arts. It is the art of reproducing not merely the incidents of a great man's life, nor the mere elements of his character, but the impression he made on those who knew him best.

From *The Cheerful Giver* by Samuel Crothers, published by Houghton Mifflin Company. This material is used by permission of and by arrangement with Houghton Mifflin Company.

Psychoanalysis of a Puritan, by *Heywood Broun and Margaret Leech*

HE was eighteen when he raided a Connecticut saloon and spilled the liquor on the ground. At seventy-one he died as the result of "over-doing in a purity convention." Anthony Comstock led a life of eager adventure.

"It was but the work of a moment to break down these doors, and then get out of the hotel back window, run across the roofs of two houses and into a hotel—"

"As I came forward there were cries of 'Bring him out,' 'Shoot him!' 'Hang the—!'

"While he was talking, in most pathetic tones, he plunged his dirk into my face, severing four arteries.—Just here everybody asks: Did he get away? Did you shoot him? Neither. My orders were to take that man to jail. . . . I took him to jail."

The quotations, including the dashes which take the place of profanity, are from the works of Mr. Comstock. Somewhat after the manner of James Branch Cabell, Anthony Comstock in his narrative writing is often compelled to draw back from the very edge of some precipice and let it go as "a thing too vile to be mentioned." Occasionally his scruples may seem to some excessive, as when he writes, "Take

for instance a well-known book written by Boccaccio (which I do not propose to advertise by naming) . . ." But Mr. Comstock knew not only the name of that book, but also its contents. And he with his own eyes had seen other things most strange and unspeakable of which it is best to say nothing. He had to know. Duty commanded it. But was not that a lucky break for Anthony Comstock that almost alone out of all the world he could have his cake and suppress it, too?

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To examine closely into the life of Comstock is to be convinced of both his passion and his earnestness. In the little leather diary which he kept during the year 1871 he wrote:

> As for me I am resolved that I will not in God's strength yeild to other people's opinion but will if I feel and believe I am right stand firm. Jesus was never moved from the path of duty, however hard, by public opinion. Why should I be?

And when the old stamp collector set down his heavy-soled boots and braced the tree-like legs, he was firm set and few dislodged him. Dead, he has not utterly been shoved aside. He represented a solid and important block of public opinion in the United States, and exerted a considerable influence on American thought. He was one who led by repulsion as well as attraction. Those who hated him were no less shaped by his career than the many who respected his principles. It may be that he stood like a granite rock in the path of American art and literature. Certainly he sought to stymie the realists. Those who came through to the other side should pray in thankfulness to the fierce old prude who tried to set his heavy shoulders in the way of much truth and most beauty. But for the menace of Comstock they might never have learned to climb and blast and tunnel. In making the arts dangerous, he made them glamorous.

In strict justice to Anthony Comstock it must be said that his actual interference with books, plays and paintings of

sincere intent was slight. The scope of his censorship has grown vastly in the telling. That was inevitable. Long before his death Comstock was transformed into a symbol. Indeed it was by this process that he became a figure of national importance. In an interview which he gave to Nixola Greeley-Smith of the New York *Evening World* in 1913, two years before his death, Comstock said:

> In the forty-one years I have been here I have convicted persons enough to fill a passenger train of sixty-one coaches, sixty coaches containing sixty passengers each and the sixty-first almost full. I have destroyed 160 tons of obscene literature.

. . . . . .

It was Shaw who conferred on the Connecticut farmer boy his best chance for immortality. He took the very proper name of the vice-crusader and changed it into a common noun. And to this day you will find that essayists and editorial writers use this word "comstockery." Maybe the old man is not enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen, but he lives in their language.

And this is most extraordinary, for there was little about young Comstock, or middle-aged Comstock either, to suggest that he should some day be famous. He neither spoke nor wrote with conspicuous skill and he was a man of scanty education. The Civil War took him out of high school, and he had no opportunity to study later. Perhaps spelling is not altogether a fair test of anyone's intellectual fitness. Still anyone who has thumbed the Comstock diaries can hardly fail to be impressed with the world "yeild." Possibly this was a Freudian repugnance, and he messed the vowels about because this was a word with which he had no sympathy.—

Yet other Puritans with even less traditional schooling have made themselves powerful and important. The wonder of Comstock's life is wider than that. What Puritan between Cromwell and Comstock ever had an exciting time

almost every step of the hard climb up the straight and narrow path to the gates of Heaven?—

Indeed there is ground for the fantastic suspicion that, if one looks along the golden bar of Heaven, tomorrow or any day throughout eternity, he will see an Atlas-like figure somewhat beyond that spot which the Blessed Damozel has picked for pining. And this other also leans out and sighs. His broad back is turned upon the jasper spires of the city of the blessed dead. These are the pure in heart. Anthony Comstock, fighter, can find nothing here to which he may turn his hand. And within him is an itch to be up and doing—and just once more lead a foray against the evil men with books and picture postcards.

After all, in that mighty train which he peopled with his captives, he never did quite fill that sixty-first car.

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Comstock never outgrew a passion to play detective. The best setting for this rôle came in October, 1882, when he descended upon the establishment of Kelly and Bliss—a place which had been accorded full police protection. It was even said—and certainly believed by Comstock—that the district attorney was on friendly terms with the fraternity. Accordingly Anthony recruited his force of raiders from New York. Leading a band of twenty men, he set out to achieve a surprise attack. They went in carriages like mourners on their way to a funeral. Later the story was set in circulation that Comstock had hired a dummy hearse to deceive the watchers at the doors of the gambling places. In his own account of the raid, however, he mentions no such device. Possibly he thought of it later, for when he told the story to friends in his declining years the hearse became part of the yarn.

After some protest, the sheriff signed the commissions for Comstock's men and the funeral procession was off to track down the quarry. Even in the telling Anthony has

succeeded in recapturing a little of the rapture which was his upon that afternoon. Circumstances were happily combined to give him pleasure. He was doing the work of the Lord and thoroughly enjoying himself as well. One does not need to be a Puritan to delight in such a synthesis.

As our carriage slowed up in front of Lovell's place, the one assigned to me [says Comstock in his book], the four men with me and myself sprang out and made a dash through two liquor saloons to gain the entrance door to this place. We were seen by the lookout and he ran to give the alarm and close the door. We reached the door just as the gamblers within started to get out. There were about seventy-five men and youth present. We stopped their exit. Then they rushed for a back door. I started across the room to prevent their escape, when my eye caught the flash of two or three revolvers. I quickly drew mine, and with my warrants in one hand, revolver in the other, and my shield on my left breast, I announced my authority and commanded their peaceful surrender. At the same time I ordered those endeavoring to escape to halt and preserve order.

The others made a dash for the back windows, only to be checked in the same manner. We then arraigned the crowd in the center of the large hall, and selected our prisoners. Then I turned the balance into the streets.

The hall was about fifty by seventy-five feet, and lined on all sides with paraphernalia for registering bets and wagers and for gambling. We seized everything, leaving but bare floors and bare walls.

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And even yet there was more of the Lord's work to do. In front of the door of still another establishment marched a local city official, a coroner, who also owned the saloon through which entrance was to be had to the gambling rooms. The coroner took up his stand at a closed door and ordered Comstock not to enter. Once more the shield on Anthony's left breast shone in the light as he flipped back his coat. And still the coroner remained defiant.

Without further ado [continues Comstock] having complied with all the requirements of the law, I put my best foot forward and made, with the second advance of my foot, a hole large enough for my body to go through. [Apparently Comstock means to say that he kicked a hole in the door. He was not so portly then as later.] I jumped through, to be caught in the "loving" [?] arms of the coroner. It

was but an instant before he discovered he had something other than a dead body in charge, and suddenly moved off with a sort of centrifugul motion, toward the east fence of his beer garden. In other words, flinging him off, I made for the other door, and the same foot starting forward suddenly, the door went in, the locks giving way, and our little band of four had charge of a room containing, as it was estimated at the time by those present, about $15,000 worth of gambling materials.

The attack had been successful but not yet was the position consolidated and the counter-attack was still to come.

The crowd hung around for awhile, and then all of a sudden began to rush out again, amid considerable commotion.—

The commotion at the door increased, and with difficulty my men restrained the mob from entering. I hastened to their assistance, and as I did so I saw two men force them aside and enter. As I approached I discovered "mine host," the coroner.—He belched out like a mad bull. "I want you to arrest that man," said he to his companion. Then turning to me he said, "This is a sergeant of police."

The sergeant was about six feet two inches in height. They approached me. I hastened to greet them, not as long-lost brothers, but by taking them each by the arm, saying, "I am a peace officer of this county, and am in charge of this place with a search-warrant, and you will have to get out of here," and then I ejected them.

This was done calmly, but in a manner that comes from a consciousness of necessity and of duty. It was just that determination and promptness that was required to effectually check the mob.

It is not unjust, we think, to harp on the fact that Anthony Comstock, in the days of his youth and strength, delighted in physical encounter. Assuming that he was in many ways a repressed individual, an afternoon such as that which he spent smashing down doors in Long Island City must have been excellent for both his ego and his circulation. There were in his own mind locked compartments with which he did not dare to tamper. But almost it seemed to him that he was free and clear from every inhibition when he could swing his foot and hear the wood of alien doors give way. Primitive peoples have hit upon a not dissimilar trick, and burn their enemies in effigy. Comstock, angry all over at things in himself which he feared and hated, could hold up his head and swing his shoulders with new zest after

ejecting a coroner and a police sergeant six feet two inches in height. One has a right to doubt if everything was done as calmly as Comstock says. Possibly he maintained an outer show of dignified demeanor. Even that was not precisely characteristic of him. And in his heart all the while, we may imagine, he heard the call of trumpets and flashed his shield of office as if it were a knightly device and himself a sorely pressed crusader carving out victory with a battleax.

> As I look back over that day [wrote Anthony in summing up the afternoon's adventure] and consider the mob that were present, sustained, cheered, and encouraged by sympathizing officials, I can but bow my head to the One who surely on that day "led me on" and screened us from danger and harm. To His great Name be all the glory. We succeeded because we trusted in Him.

This seems a most estranging pious humility. We venture to doubt whether God was much in the mind of Comstock when he seized the coroner and threw him up against the wall of the beer-garden. And certainly it is fair to assume that it was Anthony's idea and not a direct command from Heaven which moved him to kick down the door.

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The Old Man was a public institution. He had always possessed a genius for attracting notice. But never in the days when his arm was strong for a lusty foray on the malefactors did he command the attention which was bestowed on him in the years of his decline. Comstock had become a name from which to weave headlines. In his own person he embodied many of those qualities of which his native land was accused. A gawky young democracy was dimly self-conscious, half-ashamed, desirous of sophistication. Under criticism, it flinched. Did someone cry Puritan, provincial, uncivilized? It was easy to compensate by railing at the Old Man. To his youthful countrymen, he had become a great tradition, a joke, a scapegoat.

For this they thought of him contemptuously, seeing in him the apotheosis, the exaggeration of all that they ob-

scurely desired to evade in themselves. They had stepped out of the nineties, they were making gigantic strides in the dawn of the new Twentieth Century. Anthony Comstock remained behind, to remind them, like a collarless papa by the fireside, of the unfashionable origins from which they had risen. In this man, as in the God he worshipped, there was no variableness, neither any shadow of turning. As he had lived, so he was to die—a four-square granite monument to the Puritan tradition, which all the slugs and missiles of forty years had been unable to chip.

Vigorous and energetic, he had yet been frequently indisposed. He suffered from the great American ailment, indigestion, and his irregular habits and choleric nature must have increased this unhappy tendency. Often his lunch consisted of a piece of apple-pie or a slice of fruit cake bolted at a lunch counter. In August of 1903, he was on the verge of nervous prostration—from overwork, according to the doctor's report. And so weakened, he made early in October a trip to New Haven to arrest a physician of that city who had been accused of sending improper matter through the mails. As he entered the house, the doctor ran upstairs. Like a flash, Anthony was after him. He grabbed his victim's leg. But, with a mighty kick, the doctor flung him back. Down he crashed, the stout heavy bulk of him. Three fractured ribs, contusions and serious internal injuries were the price of that performance of duty.

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At the funeral they called him "a soldier of righteousness," and spoke of his love for little children. . . . For whatever activities might consume his days—whether he had been pursuing the quack advertisements, the swindling schemes, lotteries, gambling saloons, the odious writings of the infidels—all these things he dramatized as a defense of little children. It was necessary to do so. Not only must others be impressed. There was also himself. So, to the very end, he saw his work in terms of theater. Fathers

were always shrinking back aghast. Mothers were crazed by anguish. Sons and daughters of the wealthiest families were incurring loathsome habits. Seminaries were in daily receipt of leprous matter. Despair—corruption—suicide—a trail of wasted lives—the hydra-headed monster, obscenity—this was his battle-cry, this his consecration, this, as the years passed, the fantasy which sustained him.

In all the intense activity of his long and busy life, he seems to have learned very little. Mentally he was always of the stature of that pious unlettered New England lad who had come to New York in the sixties. He had travelled widely in his own country, but of other countries he knew little, and it is doubtful if he cared to learn more. Paris and Rome and Berlin were cities that the dirty postcards came from.

What was this man? The ignorant foe of culture? The symbol of American provincialism and intolerance? The cruel and fanatical bigot? Or the defender of little children? The fearless witness for the right? God's soldier? Perhaps he was all these things, in that strange and fearful medley which makes up the human soul.

From *Anthony Comstock, Roundsman of the Lord,* by Heywood Broun and Margaret Leech, published by Albert and Charles Boni. Reprinted here by permission of the publishers.

Bryan, the Boy Orator, by *M. R. Werner*

THE seeds which gave life eventually to that phenomenon known finally as William Jennings Bryan were planted in England and Ireland, Virginia and Kentucky. In the preface to his *Memoirs* Bryan wrote: "I cannot trace my ancestors beyond the fourth generation and there is not among them, so far as I know, one of great wealth or great political or social prominence, but so far as I have been able to learn, they were honest, industrious, Christian, moral

religious people—not a black sheep in the flock, not a drunkard, not one for whose life I would have to utter an apology."

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Bryan was naïvely emphatic about the generally favorable circumstances of his advent into the world, and he was humbly grateful for all the blessings which, with an engaging humility, he felt that God had seen fit to bestow upon him. In the Preface to his *Memoirs* he expresses the opinion that he was born "in the greatest of all ages," "a member of the greatest of all races—the Caucasian race," and "a citizen of the greatest of all lands." He said—and he meant it—"My cup runneth over." Throughout his long career Bryan never for a moment doubted that a Christian American democrat was the greatest work of God. He once wrote this swollen sentence in defense of that view: "In that refinement which is a matter of manners rather than of heart; in that estheticism which prefers the form to the substance; in that learning which breeds vanity instead of breadth of vision—in these we may be inferior to those who have slumbered in the cold embrace of Eastern civilization, but in all that tends to enlarge life, infuse into it a throbbing earnestness and direct it in noble paths, I dare to believe America foremost, not only among the nations of today, but among the nations past as well." And early in his *Memoirs* he gave his readers this simple assurance: "In tracing my life from the beginning up to the time of the completion of this volume, I am simply showing what anyone, equally fortunate and with equal opportunities, can accomplish in this favored land of ours in this golden age." As he, an old man, sat writing this in his sunny home in Florida, he may have heard ever so faintly the hands of applauding thousands as they sat, bovine, rapt, under a tent.

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Until he was ten years old Bryan was taught at home by his mother, and among other things he was encouraged in

the art of standing on a chair and declaiming.—Both his parents joined in impressing upon their child's mind the importance of total abstinence from intoxicating liquor. "I do not know the day on which I first signed the pledge," Bryan once said, "but I guess it was the day when I first signed my name. I believe in signing the pledge; I am ready to sign one any time or anywhere if I can get a human being to sign it with me." It was only, however, after Bryan had heard a little girl recite "The lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine" that he joined his first temperance society.

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Lest the impression might be spread abroad that Bryan was the original of Little Rollo, he was careful to record in his *Memoirs* that, "according to family tradition, I was not a perfect child by any means, unless the word 'perfect' is used to describe a boy with all the natural inclinations to mischief. Tradition has it that I used to disobey the injunctions of my mother and slip away from home to play with other children." One of his Sunday-school mates has recorded for history that Bryan was "studious, active and respectable—a model boy. But he was fond of watermelons, just the same." This informant added: "Bryan would not go to the patch to steal them, but he would enjoy eating them when the boys had secured the booty." The newspaper which published this memory was unkind enough to remark that Bryan had never entirely lost this unsportsmanlike quality. His interest in watermelons was a part of the tremendous appetite for food which Bryan developed early and which remained with him throughout his lifetime. His wife later wrote of him as a child: "He was sturdy, round-limbed and fond of play. There is a tradition that his appetite, which has been a constant companion, developed very early. The pockets of his first trousers were always filled with bread, which he kept for an emergency."

After he was ten years old, Bryan was sent to school in Salem, Illinois, and then he went to Whipple Academy, a

preparatory department of the Illinois College at Jacksonville. When he was a student at Whipple Academy, Bryan entered all the available talking contests. In his first year he declaimed Patrick Henry's "Give me Liberty or Give me Death," but he got no prize. In his next year, however, he came in third with his oration entitled "The Palmetto and the Pine." Writing in his *Memoirs* of some of his first debates, Bryan said: "I do not remember the subjects debated, but I recall that in one debate in which the color question came up, I used a sentence which brought forth applause, when in the course of a brief speech I described something under consideration as 'the darkest picture ever painted upon the canvas of time.' This early success impressed his mind with the great importance of modeling his language after a not too rough ocean.

"When I left home for school," Bryan wrote in his *Memoirs,* "father told me that he was able to furnish me with the money that I actually needed but that he could not afford to have me waste money, and then he suggested what I have always believed to be a good rule, that I should keep an account and report to him the use I had already made of the money when I wrote for more. This I proceeded to do and I do not recall that he ever referred to the expenditures except in one case. I had spent ten cents for blacking, twenty cents for bay rum, and ten cents for candy. I entered the account as 'forty cents for blacking, bay rum, etc.,' the etc. covering the candy. It so happened that the next entry was 'to the church, five cents.' He sent me the money that I asked for, merely adding by way of comment, 'I notice that you spent forty cents for blacking and five cents for the church. It seems to me that that is travelling toward the Dead Sea pretty fast.' I can imagine that there was a smile upon his face when he wrote this reproof, but it answered the purpose. I never covered any expenditures thereafter with 'etc.,' and I never forgot the inference that he drew from the relative size of the amount spent for the

improvement of my appearance and the amount spent for the church." Once when he wrote home that his trousers were too short and that he needed money for a new pair, his father answered that as it was so near vacation time, he could wait till he reached home, and he added, "My son, you may as well learn now, that people will measure you by the length of your head, rather than by the length of your breeches."

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For his oration as valedictorian of the graduating class Bryan chose the subject "Character." In it he proclaimed that appearances were deceiving, that "brilliant wit," "pungent sarcasm," "pretended earnestness," were as nothing to a good character. Napoleon, young Bryan pointed out, "swept like a destroying angel over almost the entire eastern world," leaving "a path along whose length the widow's wail made music for his marching hosts," but alas, he failed: "Talent, genius, power, these he had—character he had none." Then the orator referred prettily to Demosthenes, Washington, and Lincoln. Youth was the time for the formation of character, he reminded the students, and the class instructors had not been remiss, he assured them. He ended with this complete sing-song, which even he never paralleled in a long career of oratorical endeavor: "However high our names may be inscribed upon the gilded scroll of fame, to thee we all the honor give, to thee all praises bring. And when in after years, we're wearied by the bustle of a busy world, our hearts will often long to turn and seek repose beneath thy sheltering shade."

During Bryan's youth the politics of the United States were recovering from long domination by the question of negro slavery, which had been killed as a political problem by the Civil War. While Bryan was growing up, there was a period of restless corruption, the usual political aftermath of war. Seeing their opportunities, men began to take them on a scale that knew no caution, and the result was a series

of careless and profligate Republican administrations, such as that of General Grant, accompanied by local activities such as those of the ribald Tweed Ring in New York. Soon men began to think of ways and means of bettering others and protecting themselves, for the railroads and other forms of monopoly were behaving in business without restraint and in politics with careful exercise of artificial and corrupt control. The farmers and small merchants of the West, through whose lands and property the railroads ran and whose businesses were dependent upon them, were disturbed by increasingly obvious financial disadvantages. In the effort to remedy the evils about them, men in the West began to experiment, and Bryan grew up in the very heart of these political experiment stations.

Outside the big cities there was a vague feeling of discontent. Men felt that in some mysterious way they were being cheated, and feeling uncomfortable, they began to brood and to grumble. For many years there had been plenty of free land for the restless and dissatisfied, so that men who were not supporting themselves as well as they wanted to could move to richer surroundings, but the frontier had been rapidly developed in the scramble of economic exploitation which followed the Civil War, and the restlessness of the impotent ambitious was turning to mental gall. Envy of those who were better off than themselves followed, and it was not long then before men began to question the manner in which the prosperous had acquired their prosperity. Politically the problem became a clear one, namely, whether the government should be controlled by private interests, or whether government should control the private interests. The control of the banks and the railroad, the relations of capital and labor, the distribution of public lands, the quality and quantity of the currency men used, were beginning to be discussed heatedly in the forty State legislatures and smaller civic bodies. And a man with a good voice and a modicum of economic and political in-

formation had valuable assets for a public career. Newspapers became more numerous, and books were cheaper. Men wanted someone to tell them what was wrong and how to set it right, and Bryan, among others, was ready to devote his energies day and night to that activity. There were no motion pictures, and the theater did not reach the small towns and country villages. The resplendent personalities of the time were the political orators and the religious preachers, and Bryan had inherited and developed extraordinary qualities in both these professions. In addition he was a lawyer, and a lawyer was considered something of a wise man in those days.

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The legend is that Bryan sprang into international prominence by firing off one shell of full-blown oratory, and it is true that his speech at the Democratic National Convention in 1896 won Bryan the nomination for President, but his success was not altogether a surprise for him, because he had planned it in advance.

As we have seen, Bryan had succeeded in making himself very well known in certain sections of the country where his party was powerful, and when he arrived in Chicago in July, 1896, he was determined to speak out loud, and he knew just what he was going to say. During the previous months he had been trying out his speech in the sticks. Going to the Bible for his inspiration, as usual, Bryan carefully fashioned a metaphor about a cross of gold and a crown of thorns. He himself wrote in his *Memoirs:* "In the debate with Irish I used the sentence with which I closed my Chicago speech—the sentence which refers to 'the cross of gold and the crown of thorns.' I had used it a few times before that time, recognizing its fitness for the conclusion of a climax, and had laid it away for a proper occasion." The proper occasion had arrived, and Bryan, carefully polishing his cross of gold and brushing off his crown of thorns, waited for the opportunity to use them.

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The setting as Bryan rose to speak was just the setting to put before an orator. Most of the inhabitants of the United States understood nothing of the complicated economic problems involved in the coinage of silver and gold, but many of them were sympathetic to what Henry George, reporting this convention for the New York *Journal,* described as "largely blind and extremely vague expression of bitter discontent." People did feel in their nerves a battle between the banker and industrialist on the one side and the farmer on the other.

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Mr. Bryan, tall, stocky, pale, with long black hair and beaked nose, sprang eagerly from his seat and hurried to the platform. The voices of the other speakers had not carried in the huge auditorium, but every one of the fifteen thousand in the audience heard Bryan's first words, beautifully modulated. "I would be presumptuous, indeed," he began, "to present myself against the distinguished gentlemen to whom you have listened, if this were a measuring of abilities; but this is not a contest between persons. The humblest citizen in the land, when clad in the armor of a righteous cause, is stronger than all the hosts of error. I come to speak to you in defense of a cause as holy as the cause of liberty—the cause of humanity."

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And then in mellow resounding tones he uttered his famous peroration:

"You come to us and tell us that the great cities are in favor of the gold standard; we reply that the great cities rest upon our broad and fertile prairies. Burn down your cities and leave our farms, and your cities will spring up again as if by magic; but destroy our farms and the grass will grow in the streets of every city in the country.

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Having behind us the producing masses of this nation and the world, supported by the commercial interests, the laboring interests, and the toilers everywhere, we will answer

their demand for a gold standard by saying to them: You shall not press down upon the brow of labor this crown of thorns, you shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold."

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The New York *Tribune* outdid even itself in sour indignation. In an editorial headed "Tonight's Show," the paper said: "It is not strange that there should be a large demand for tickets to the political show advertised to come off at the Madison Square Garden tonight.—Tonight's show is of a boy orator of such unusual gifts that he has been able with one outburst of what seemed to be—until it was touched up with quotation marks in the proofs—spontaneous and unpremeditated eloquence, to carry the National Convention of a great party off its feet and make himself the candidate of the party for the highest office in the Nation. He accomplished this solely by his eloquence. Neither he nor anybody else pretends that he has ever exhibited any other qualification for the office of President of the United States. He is the most successful boy orator the world has ever seen."

From *Bryan* by M. R. Werner. Copyright, 1929, by Harcourt, Brace & Company.

A Beloved Dean, by *Rollo Walter Brown*

LE BARON RUSSELL BRIGGS could not qualify as the hero of a typical biography. He was not born in a log cabin. He did not land on American shores as a penniless immigrant. He never attracted the favorable attention of a corporation president by any prophetic expertness in licking postage stamps. He was just a modest New England boy who early went to college in the town where he lived, and then settled down to almost a half-century of

pioneering within sight of the house of his youth, and in the very institution where he had received his higher education.

Nor is the official position which absorbed the best years of his life, and which gave him the one title he will always know, usually thought of as an opportunity for a picturesque career. He was a college dean. He punished the criminals of his academic domain; he resolutely prodded young men whose chief vice was that they failed to get up in the morning; he listened with patient amusement while the mothers of young culprits insisted with feminine powers of reiteration that their sons were the ultimate flowering of everything good in their families; he heard thousands of petitions for special dispensations of one kind or another; he prepared dozens of long reports to the president and the governing boards of Harvard University on such matters as admission, increases in enrollment, intercollegiate athletics, special students, and forgetful professors. He was endlessly occupied with all sorts of details which exacted time and energy and abundant good humor. How could there be any opportunity left for the development of a career?

Yet this man, before he retired from active official service in 1925, was called "the most romantic figure in higher education," "the Abraham Lincoln of the university world," "the greatest teacher in America," "the living patron saint of American college men," "the finest example of American civilization." When such estimates are borne in mind side by side with the prosaic externals of his official life, there can be little surprise that men have already begun to wonder if there is not a Dean Briggs myth. If some over-zealous historian five hundred years from now were to come upon the untouched fragmentary records of the Dean's life, he might well be excused for reaching the conclusion that no such person ever existed. Perhaps numerous dramatic incidents had been crudely wrought together round what was only a created name—a mediæval cycle in

Massachusetts! Or perhaps two or three men bearing the same name had lived as contemporaries! How could one man have done all the diverse things that this man supposedly did? How could any man with the least unity of character have any wish to do them all?

II

To this mythical view many of the facts of his life gave color. He always stood in contrast with something: with his academic position, with himself, with convention, with the world.

His position as dean of the oldest institution in America was looked upon by everyone as carrying great dignity. Yet he was so unobtrusive in appearance that men saw him casually on the street every day without surmising that he was a person of any importance. One morning as he walked along the street on Beacon Hill in Boston, a flashily dressed young man in a stylish carriage drew up at the curb and called to him: "Pardon me, my man, but I wonder if you'd mind holding my horse for me while I run into the State House for ten minutes." Dean Briggs expressed his pleasure at the prospect of being useful in such an important way. But the man, when he came back some time later, was perplexed that both his palmful of small coin and the extra-large cigar which he in turn proffered, should be declined with cheerful thanks.

Even in the vicinity of Harvard Square, where he spent virtually all of his life, he never experienced the popular notoriety of a distinguished citizen. "Say," asked the youth in charge of the soda fountain where Dean Briggs frequently stopped to have a glass of matzoon or some other fountain beverage, "some guy told me that's Dean Briggs. Is it?" And though three or four Harvard students—very evidently not undergraduates—were among those who gazed inquiringly after the man striding across the Avenue with his green

book-bag swung comfortably over his shoulder, no one was able to come forward with an unequivocal answer. Earnest student girls, who paid part of their expenses by helping the wives of modest professors, would exclaim when "the Briggses" were to come for dinner: "Oh, is it Dean Briggs? I'm so anxious to see what he'll be like!"

Carpenters, shopkeepers, teachers in the public schools, and retired citizens whose chief pride is in the extent of their Cambridge lore saw him going about pleasantly week after week and never once associated that youthful easy gait, and that boyish, finely wrinkled face with a certain name which they frequently mentioned with alert respect—or familiar ostentation. They had not thought of the dean of a venerable university as a man who wore high rubber boots and a slicker in bad weather, or negligee blue collar and storm-tested straw hat in the sunny days of early spring.

And his activities as well as his appearance contrasted with his position. When at Commencement, on the platform of Sanders Theater, hemmed in by such guests as the President of the United States, two or three justices of the Supreme Court, the Governor of Massachusetts, and by visiting or resident dignitaries in the brilliant academic plumage of a hundred universities, he stood to present the candidates for degrees, his unaffected earnestness, his clear voice, high-pitched with a strange emotional tension that cannot be forgotten, and his sure appropriateness of phrase seemed closely enough in keeping with his position to satisfy anyone. But he desires a dog for his summer retreat in the Plymouth woods. He goes to the dog pound in Boston and rescues a mammoth St. Bernard whose dignified humiliation at being locked up is profoundly impressive. At the South Station the baggage men refuse to take such a monster into their keeping unless he is properly crated. But crates are not built for such dogs. So the Dean climbs into the baggage car himself and rides with the dog from Boston to Plymouth. Even such an outdoor, animal-pursuing alum-

nus of Harvard as Theodore Roosevelt probably would have been obliged to take a second, identifying look, had he by any chance peered into that baggage car at some way station and discovered Dean Briggs and his dog happy in tranquil new friendship among the trunks, milk cans, and beer cases.

In like manner, it would be easy enough for anyone to believe that Dean Briggs was the author of numerous tables of statistics on how 3.7 per cent more freshmen had been dropped from college in one year than in the preceding year; or how the average age of freshmen entering Harvard had risen .2 of a year—let us say—between 1875 and 1900. Deans are supposed to busy themselves with such matters. But does a dean also write a book of charades so acceptable in the public's eyes that it goes through several editions? Or the libretto of a children's opera? Or numerous pages of Mr. Dooley's supposed comments upon what goes on in Harvard University?

His contrasts with his position, however, were no greater than his contrasts with himself. Suppose some freshman's father, who had caught a comforting breath from reading the Dean's book of essays when the son had brought them home with him, were to come to Cambridge in order to gain a little more spiritual poise by meeting the man himself. How much poise would he gain by a casual meeting with a man of sixty-five who raced up and down the granite stairways of University Hall two or three steps at a leap; or who sat nervously first on one foot and then on the other as he signed diplomas and carried on a conversation at the same time; or who climbed into a chair with both knees and, resting his elbows on the back of the chair, gazed out of the window with an earnestness akin to pain while he talked haltingly to the man in conference with him?

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His contrast with convention affected his reputation singularly. The world is so much accustomed to living by

convention—and artifice—that when any man tries only to do what a reasonably intelligent, unhardened being would regard as genuine, he must be looked upon with curiosity. But Dean Briggs' little concern for the niceties of convention not only gave the impression that he was something of a character, a variant, but—by men's inability to see the difference between the commonplace and the sublimely simple—gave some men the impression that he had no important positive virtues at all. If one wishes to impress the less discerning, the thing to do is to exhibit some highly organized, noisily running system of wholesale righteousness. Dean Briggs had none. His "method" was quiet penetration—a penetration comparable to the unnoticed but powerful action of soft rootlets.

He sits intent at his desk in the corner by the south window of his office—not a thin figure, but not sturdy—his clear, wrinkled face and his sparse, unruly light hair brightened by the sunshine. Someone enters. He looks up, hooking off his glasses with his thumb as he does so. For an instant his blue eyes are inquiring; then there is the smile of recognition, the spring from the chair with a half-crouching lope, and the radiant, "Oh, how do you do!" or the familiar "Hello there! I'm glad to see you back. Sit down—at least for a minute." And he buries himself in the perplexing concerns of a young man who is very foreign to the pile of official "paper work" on his desk. What does it matter if an occasional colleague sarcastically observes that if the Dean were to give less time to visiting with college boys, he would not be so much pressed for time by the "important" official duties of his office? This young man goes away heartened to the exactions of his life and moved by a strange new sympathy for his kind.

Sometimes, even with all the work done late at night and over week-ends, the accumulations on the desk become too great, and then he puts the well-known "will-be-grateful"

card on his door—a card different in the quality of its prohibition from any other "no-office-hours" sign ever written:

Dean Briggs will be grateful if no one tries to see him this afternoon before five o'clock.

All afternoon men stalk boldly up the stairs, read the sign and reread it, and then tiptoe away. The Dean, after the luxury of such a period of deep seclusion, emerges once again ready to look sympathetically into every problem brought through the wide door of his office.

. . . . . .

Now what could this sensitive, nervously vigorous man, so little concerned with living according to the tradition of the hour, do that would make him a national figure? In the opinion of many, it must be remembered, his time was not an unusually easy one to influence. The Civil War was over, and politically the country had settled down to the business of electing Republican Presidents. From the older parts of the country most of the pioneer spirits were pushing into the great trans-Mississippi West and leaving their native haunts to the less adventurous. In the realm of letters, the New England writers—Longfellow, Emerson, Holmes, Whittier, and Lowell—were white-haired gods who still walked the earth in full view; and such a ruddy barbarian as Whitman was not yet a wholly acceptable subject for polite discussion. Criticism consisted chiefly in doing obeisance to those who had brought recognition to poetry in America—that is, to certain ones who had brought such recognition. The drama, so far as the writing of drama was concerned, was in a state of absolute lifelessness. Architecture had reached that lowest depth of degradation known as the President Grant style. Even Harvard, with all of her supposed worship of tradition, and with her possession of such beautiful traditions as Massachusetts Hall, had given herself to monstrosities of architecture that reflected painfully on the supposed beauty of

the human spirit; the return to the Colonial style had not yet been thought of. In education, the elective system had not yet broken—for good or for ill—the rigid prescribed curriculum. Few women were in college, and many highly respectable persons deemed it improper that more should be there. Matthew Arnold, when he ventured to peep into a country in which other Englishmen had found so little of either sweetness or light, was received in docile awe—or in ignorance. America was not in a lively state of mind.

How, then, could this slender, uneasy young man, in whose life there were so many striking contrasts that it seemed to possess a strong element of unreality, come to such a place of power in the minds of his fellow-beings that his career should be worthy of commemoration?

. . . . . .

It is not possible to think of this New Englander at grips for nearly a half-century with a body of interesting specific problems without thinking also of another New Englander of the same period—so great is the contrast. While Dean Briggs was an undergraduate at Harvard, and for a time afterward, Henry Adams was a young assistant professor of mediæval history in the same institution. Both were children of a long line of New England ancestors; both had attended Harvard College because Harvard College was taken for granted; and both possessed a power of interesting young men. But here the parallel ends. Adams, in the interesting volume in which he commemorates his own inactivity, said that "he could never get his work done to please him for he could never satisfy himself what to do." Anyhow, he mused, why should anybody "train an active mind to waste its energy"? Always he seems to have found himself in the wrong spot—too early or too late to learn anything. He lost himself—as he believed most of the highest intelligence known to history had done—in introspection. His own community baffled him; national politics

baffled him; fashion was amusing but chaotic and complex; the public press had no ultimate significance; everybody misunderstood the American woman! Other terrors were more appalling. Karl Pearson had declared that apart from the mind of man, one logically could find only chaos. How could one move when stared at by so many question marks? And what would be the use of moving if one should decide to do so?

Compared with this brilliant thinker who stopped his own circulation by trying to swallow the universe whole, Dean Briggs seems like a child. He did have a child's wonder, directness of sight, and eagerness to be active. Henry Adams saw in Harvard College only the least harmful institution in America, and turned away despairing. Dean Briggs, not in the least suffering from the blindness of an optimist, found in the same institution the opportunity of a lifetime. Many things in the world merited reflection and merciless criticism. But here were a few things that could be done at once if only one went about it. The reflection and criticism could be taken up between times. Young men everywhere about him wanted to learn how to do something interesting, how to climb to a position a little less stuffy, a little more illuminated, than the one occupied by their elders. These he could work with. Perhaps Karl Pearson was right; perhaps there was chaos outside the human mind. But might we not have a little less inside?

Adams sat in the evening sunlight on the steps of Santa Maria in Aracœli and wondered what the decline of Rome meant—if anything; or what life anywhere meant—if anything. Dean Briggs walked through Church Street and Brattle in his modest New England city, the full evening sun in his face, a great weariness upon him, but in his heart the satisfaction of having that day quickened a lazy youth to responsibility, helped another to see the honesty and joy of thinking as straight as possible, and convinced another of the importance of more than fairness in play. Perhaps the

world might some day mean something if only there were in it enough individuals who meant something.

Compared with Henry Adams' elevated disquisitions on politics, on the origin of social movements, on dynamic theories of history, the Dean's daily routine seems humble enough. But his humility was that of the prophet. For after we have put all flummery aside, all our modern suspicion that anything simple must be too utopian for use, who dares to rise up and say that anything will help more to make the future intelligible than a greater clarity in men's seeing, thinking, and speaking, a more respectful cordiality in their association together at work, and a more chivalrous regard for one another at play? Or who can conscientiously take issue with him in his stout maintenance that the way to have men and women "equal" is not by bringing the best women down to the level of the worst men, but by bringing the worst men up to the level of the best women? It may seem remote; he may be a hundred or a thousand years ahead of his time. But in our undegraded moments we know that his contention is sound. And it might bear some remote relation to the problems of civilization which baffled Henry Adams.

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PART II

HISTORY

INTRODUCTION

"ALL history," wrote Emerson, "is but the lengthened shadows of great men."

"The hands of forgotten brave men," wrote Carlyle, "have made it a world for us."

Between these two sentences lies a revolution in the conception of history. It is of this revolution that Guedalla ironically writes in his *Footnote on Greatness.*

When we conceived of history as the lengthened shadows of the great and near-great, history was written in terms of battles and elections, tariffs and treaties.

Now that we think of history as the slow accumulation of the work of forgotten men, we are rewriting history in terms of the average man and what he lived by,—his painful plodding into new lands to stake out his claim to a home, his initial clumsy attempts at community control, his silos and his skyscrapers, his Rotaries and revivals,—all that makes up the social and economic and mental mores of the people as a whole.

The new historical fashion is particularly apparent in American history. Professor Turner's monograph on "The Significance of the Frontier" directed the attention of American scholars from presidential campaigns and constitutional conventions to that which is really distinctive in our history,—the recurrence of the frontier with its challenge of opportunity. Neihardt sees in this westering movement the stuff of an American saga, a heroic impulse to migration akin to the great westward urges by which the Aryan surged over Europe. And now that the free lands have gone and the frontier has vanished, American writers are beginning to evaluate the worth of the industrial cities that have arisen in its place. Have we really done so well in Ohio or anywhere else when we have "progressed" from the open

country to the factory town? We have tamed the frontier; but what have we put in its place?

If the new history makes a new emphasis in subject matter, it also takes a new tone in style. When history was dimmed to a religious light by the protracted shadows of great men, and "there used to be so many of them," it was only fitting that the illustrious careers of these statuesque figures should be recorded in the grand style. Now, as Meredith Phyffe points out to the "supercilious detractors of America," American claimants are brusquely shoving aside the time-honored occupants of the chapter headings. Brigham Young demands a place in history beside Henry VIII, John Brown beside Peter the Hermit. But somehow these newly hatched heroes do not seem to require quite the same scrupulous dignity of treatment that was awarded their imposing predecessors. Shall we call the resultant process the jazzing of history, or the translation of history into journalese? When Minnigerode writes of the campaigns of the Fabulous Forties, or Dibble of the wicked old Puritan days, or Beard of the Argonauts, or Lindsay of Bryan, the picturesque, bizarre, dramatic elements are played up,—the situation is syncopated. Van Loon's *America* is not Mather's *Magnalia Christi Americana* in style any more than it is in substance.

As we seek the new America through the breezy chronicles of contemporary American historians, we find a romantic glamor given to the bygone days of the frontier, a racy appreciation of frontier characters; along with this idealization of the past, we find a tendency toward depreciation of the present, a skepticism of progress. But even with the current cynicism as to the worth of much that passes for "civilization" we find a deep-rooted faith in the ability of the forgotten brave men of the present to make a still better world, a sense that America is still in the making, that it rests with the coming Americans to determine how it shall be made.

I

CHANGING FASHIONS IN HISTORY

A Footnote on Greatness, by *Philip Guedalla*

AND after a few years of writing and a few more of reading, one is left wondering, a little sadly, about Great Men. There used to be so many of them. . . . One met them in bronze, in marble, in public speeches, in large octavo volumes, in rather trying epic poems. Some helped to complicate the traffic at congested crossings. Others, more benign, were fitted with drinking fountains in public parks. But all, whether they leaned on pillars, read from scrolls, controlled incredibly restive chargers with a twitch of bronze reins, or merely served to round off a sentence on someone else's anniversary address, seemed equally to obstruct reflection. A bare mention of them was the invariable signal for a prompt and total cessation of thought, a joyful excuse for all the most riotous forms of intellectual disorder. They were as welcome as a *deus ex machina* to an incompetent dramatist. Tired historians, bowed in enquiry over the causes of events, invoked their names and cheered. Now the cheer is a friendly sound; but it explains nothing. Citizens, gravely exercised in pursuit of solutions for their public problems, murmured the great names of their party; and the cheers broke out again, swelled to a roar, and stifled thought. Great Men seemed, somehow, to have become a sort of bromide, a deadly narcotic that arrested all mental processes, sent public speakers straight to their perorations, drugged historical enquiry with a whiff of hero-worship.

There used to be so many of them. . . . This irritating

profusion produced a brisk reaction; and we were promptly favoured with that busy school of biographers who achieve a precarious distinction by crying down what the world has once cried up. Their method has the faint charm of perversity; and it is, oh! so modern. But the lampoon has always seemed an ignoble instrument; and what can be more ignoble than a posthumous lampoon? Besides, if whitewash is an indifferent medium for the portrait-painter, the same is no less true of lampblack; and in the chilly pursuit of truth (for truth, alas! is the historian's goal) hero-worship by detraction gets one no further than hero-worship by excessive praise. So one is touched with a mild distaste for our painstaking legion of inverted Carlyles. These ingenious specialists in irreverence are very far, one feels, from the hidden causes. For you will never explain the riddle of the universe by making noises in church.

There used to be so many of them. . . . They stood splendidly erect and looked out so proudly above the silent files of worshippers. But reverence is not always right, and after a few years of writing and a few more of reading one is left wondering about Great Men. Reading was always dangerous to faith; and as one read, one fatally began to doubt. Dubious in the study, the Great Man seems to become still more dubious if one watches him in action. Emerging, as incautious historians sometimes emerge, into contemporary life, one doubts him harder still. The very briefest spell in politics will generally suffice to leave one doubting the greatness of Great Men. For politics in Anglo-Saxon countries abound in Great Men, in figures of super-human wisdom and prescience almost divine, which issue their opposing (but uniformly inspired) commandments in the competing thunders of their rival Sinais. Men, otherwise sane, will abdicate all judgment in their favour and murmur their names for comfort at grave moments of their country's fortune. These magic effigies command frenzies of enthusiasm, as they confront vast crowds from political

platforms. They are made for such spectacular encounters, designed, as it were, to be seen from the front, sculptured in relief rather than in the round. Now reliefs are strikingly unimpressive from behind. That is, perhaps, the reason why a brief course of politics is somehow unfriendly to a burning faith in Great Men. This, one feels at a friendly memory of some familiar figure, is a shrine where demented historians will twirl like dervishes, a name with which orators will calm the fears of multitudes. Here, in an armchair, is the raw material of some splendid myth. For this delightful, inadequate person is an authentic Great Man, bound for the Abbey, safe for Valhalla, sure of his statue and his *cliché*.

So, after a few years of writing and a few more of reading and a spell of politics, one is left wondering about Great Men. There used to be so many of them. . . .

Historians, even married historians, keep queer company. Mild in appearance, they seem to elude those more damaging speculations as to their habitual associates, which assail pugilists and ballet-masters. Yet they keep, beyond all doubt, queer company. Their fellow-men too rarely notice the strange piquancy of those careers, the odd contact of those unassuming figures with their splendid subjects. Meek, suburban scholars rotate habitually with ministers of state; possibly they sustain the tone by the daring expedient of Stendhal's indomitable Marquis, who always changed into Court dress and decorations before writing to Vienna. Retiring persons, who shun the drawing-room at tea-time if stray sounds betray a caller, maintain behind their study doors the oddest familiarity with impassioned blonds of the Renaissance. Blameless (and frequently short-sighted), they bravely parade a professional intimacy with the more pictorial forms of sin; whilst colleagues, only slightly ruffled by research, are on easy terms with Kings. These unimpressive forms walk, unannounced, through palaces, haunt throne-rooms, or sit without invitation at long council tables

under painted ceilings; and some, by a supreme absurdity, professing military history, adjust their spectacles and spend half a lifetime in crashing cavalry charges, like those men of letters once evoked by the wicked eye of M. Anatole France plunging, pen behind ear, into the thick of the English arrows beside the Maid.

One may sometimes picture strange encounters of historians with their history. It is delightful to contemplate a mediævalist projected into the Middle Ages or an *amateur* of revolutions adrift in a bread-riot. It is even tempting to set a shadowy scene behind the big windows of the Tuileries under the First Empire, fling back the double doors at the head of the great staircase, and let the liveries bawl the name of Dr. A. (or is it Dr. B.?), to whose unremitting labours all students of the period are irredeemably indebted. One can almost catch the buzz of sudden talk, the quick turn of heads above tall, braided collars, Ney's big laugh and a titter of high-sleeved ladies as M. de Talleyrand, Prince of Benevento and Arch-Chancellor of the Empire, says something cruel behind his hand. Then, in the sudden silence, a drab figure moves uncertainly down the long avenue of watching faces towards the throne where, white-breeched, green-coated, and slashed with a broad, red ribbon, a familiar figure waits.

For some of us a visit to the Second Empire has almost equal terrors. The lights would be so bright, the *Cent-gards* on the stairs so tall, the music so loud. One could never hope to stroll as airily as M. de Morny, to laugh as loud as Madame de Metternich. But perhaps a sad-eyed lady would smile her fixed Chinese smile; and a head might graciously incline beside her, as the dull eye became almost kind and a slow hand went up to the big moustache.

Only faintly entertaining for the Emperors concerned, such encounters would be highly salutary for the historians. It might amuse their subjects to see the strange, inquisitive caller from the present; and the visit would certainly im-

prove his vision of the past. All realists would be the better for an occasional touch of reality. A modern, just for once in waiting on his Queen, might droop along the tartan wall of Osbourne and learn not to patronize his betters. Some lecture-room diplomatist would derive considerable benefit from a silent hour spent sitting in a deep window to watch a still mask bowed above a littered table, where a lean hand wrote long despatches; he might even feel the first uneasy dawn of doubt as to his own prim catalogue of the statesman's motives.

But as the murmur of the anteroom dies beyond the big doors and the little visitor is left with his hero, one is still wondering about Great Men. The past writes steadily at the littered table; the present shuffles uneasily and tries to fathom the tall figure with a star on its coat. And as they sit, one studies the queer contrast and wonders about Great Men. Is the familiar figure (there are statues of him in the square outside, and he gets a chapter in the history books) something quite different from his little student? Is he not a Great Man? Yet greatness is so often a courteous synonym for great success. And success, bright goal of Emperors and correspondence courses, is little more than a chemical compound of man with moment. Combined, they are irresistible. But the man without the moment is as futile as the moment without the man is pathetic, an empty pause in history. Born twenty years before a revolution, Napoleon matured precisely with his moment. The stage was waiting; and he took the centre of it, a Great Man beyond denial. But deprive him of his moment, postpone him by a century, and produce him with identical endowments in 1869. He will reach the age of Montenotte in 1896, may even, if foreign adventure is irresistible, fight in a slouch-hat and a bandolier behind the *laager* of a Boer republic against the riding braves of Dr. Jameson. With a few years of Tonkin and Madagascar to his credit, he will emerge into the sunshine of 1914 in a General's *képi,* stem

the German rush, incur republican suspicions, endure the mild exile of eloquent missions to the United States, and die in 1921, a harmless High Commissioner of some mandated territory in the tropics. Such are the mild careers of Great Men who miss their moments.

Our own time has even seen a vivid instance of such failure, a German Emperor who, born two centuries earlier, might have secured his niche. He had the gifts which pass for ability in monarchs; and in an age of monarchy that accomplished mediocrity might have scaled the heights. Those manners, which strike a later generation as merely bad, would have impressed the age of Louis XIV as regal; those parts, which exasperate us by their shabby versatility, must have compelled the awe of courtiers in the *Grand Siècle;* and in a time of suitable confusion laurels might have crowned that brow, where an unsympathetic age has set the hat, the unimpressive Homburg hat of exile.

Such speculations leave one with awkward doubts of greatness. Given a slightly exceptional equipment (and which of us is not exceptional?), is any man at a great moment a potential Great Man? Are we all, if the times favour it, ripe for a statue and a two-volume biography? One drifts more rapidly towards that uneasy suspicion after a slight study of the remarkable processes by which Great Men are manufactured. The primary ingredient is so often a quite ordinary person. But the pot is stirred by greater forces; and as the broth swirls round, he emerges looking strangely different, an unchallengeable Great Man.

The normal impetus towards this form of secular canonisation is national and local pride. The patriot with his insatiable demand for anniversaries, for statues, for inspiring examples in all materials and on every hand is the most prolific creator of Great Men. After all, a *Sieges-Allee* has got to be filled somehow; a patriotic banquet must be kept supplied with the requisite quantity of toasts; art galleries yawn for suitable representations of the national vir-

tues. The available supplies of normal men, who figured honourably at significant moments of national history, are hastily looked over and redressed to play a more impressive part. Memories are ransacked for dim recollections of their early promise. Unsuspected gleams are seen to play about their schooldays. They commonly develop Roman symptoms. With emphatic unanimity they devote themselves to the service of their country, and from these striking beginnings they walk (almost in step) down the long avenue of greatness, where every milestone is an anniversary and the larger landmarks are centenaries. Thus, under the powerful and transforming touch of patriotic mythology, a human being vanishes into the awful draperies of a Great Man.

The transformation is sometimes aided by a more timid class. At moments historians incline to solve their difficulties by attributing unexpected results to personal miracles. A hero is often a rare saving of thought; and one Great Man is sometimes worth a page of economic explanation. This human weakness of our chilly instructors has done something to multiply the pale effigies of the marmoreal Great, which gleam along the path of history. Since they are easy to remember, they are believed to have an educational value; and they afford rare opportunities for a measured eloquence, which frequently reminds the writers of Gibbon. The patriot erects such images as an admirable example to rebellious youth; the historian inclines himself before them, because he often finds that they make an excellent ending for a chapter.

So the strange distortion proceeds with the blessing of Governments and academies. There is a liberal manufacture of Great Men; and their graves, once located with precision, are saluted with impressive salvos. One little group assists the singular process with rare alacrity—the next-of-kin, who stand with gratified smiles to watch the halo being fitted to a relative's brow, provide the necessary

birthplace, relics, reminiscences, and final scene, and do their best to look like him on public occasions. But a more powerful impulse aids these singular apotheoses. The human heart conceals a craving to admire, a rare aptitude for worship. In its higher form this feeling has been shamefully exploited by the most unlikely gods. Improbable deities bask in its sunshine on their unconvincing thrones. But an unexpended surplus of adoration remains available for terrestrial objects, and a large range of human figures is selected for devotional treatment. Custom dictates a uniform glorification of their personal attributes. Their beauty dazzles; their deeds, if they did anything, border upon the miraculous; and the spoken word reflects their unearthly wisdom. Their life, appearance, mannerisms, tricks of speech, and personal habits are studied with incredible minuteness. Of common men we know little more than the simple fact that they climbed a mountain or saved life from drowning. But of the Great we learn how they pinch sergeants by the ear, fear cats, and take their porridge. In life their slightest tasks and most inconsiderable actions are recorded, after death their most trivial relics are patiently collected; until a grateful world can reconstruct their whole existence from these accumulated *personalia*. This impulse piles the strangest rubbish-heaps round human reputations. Sometimes we may seem in our eagerness for personal *minutiæ*, to honour the Great with a cairn of their cast-off collar studs. Yet somewhere in these odd proceedings there is a motive. Perhaps the strangest desire to reconstruct a selected life in intimate detail conceals a friendly wish to know someone really well. Most intercourse springs from an attempt to pierce the prison walls, to discover what life is like in the next cell; and the source of curiosity about the Great may be the same—with the pretence that they are Great as a polite excuse for the intrusion. Life is a lonely business and most human achievement—art, the family, the

tribe, the state, the drama, letters, music—springs from an effort to relieve the solitude.

However explained, the detached appreciation of the Great is strangely universal. The true religion of mankind is man. On every hand we are invited to admire unheard-of talents, parts without precedent, gifts beyond parallel. The manufacture proceeds unceasing. The stamp and thunder of its plant is always audible, as it produces with the alarming volume of a great industry; and, like a great industry, it has its strict departments. The hagiologist makes saints; Carlyle makes heroes; the press-agent, with a simpler apparatus for his astrology, makes stars. But the aggregate of these admirations makes, if one may hazard the comment, most indifferent history. For great events have an awkward fashion of being totally independent of Great Men. True history is rarely anthropomorphic. Of the facts that shaped the world we live in, two—the fall of the Roman Empire and the Reformation—are almost anonymous. It is, of course, possible to attach personal labels to them after the event, to find a hero for the play and give him all the choicest lines to speak. But there was no hero in that vague flow of tribes, that incoherent drift of many minds, which made the modern world. Where, looking closer, is the man to take the credit of the French, the American, the Russian Revolution? There were so many of him. He stood about the streets; he stoned the soldiers; he put the leaders up and pulled them down; he died at Valmy, at Saratoga, behind Archangel. He is an elusive hero with far too many names. How much easier to select one figure, cast him in bronze, frame suitable inscriptions, collect his sayings, honour his birthday and make an end of it. Yet even Governments, one feels, must have their moments of uncertainty, when they elbow aside the eager claimants for Valhalla and bury an Unknown Soldier. The wise historian will search history for its Unknown Soldiers. For though there is

never, perhaps, a Great Man, there is sometimes a great age.

So one is left still wondering about Great Men. There used to be so many of them. . . .

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The Significance of the Frontier, by *Frederick J. Turner*

IN a recent bulletin of the Superintendent of the Census for 1890 appear these significant words: "Up to and including 1880 the country had a frontier of settlement, but at present the unsettled area has been so broken into by isolated bodies of settlement that there can hardly be said to be a frontier line. In the discussion of its extent, its westward movement, etc., it can not, therefore, any longer have a place in the census reports." This brief official statement marks the closing of a great historic movement. Up to our own day American history has been in a large degree the history of the colonization of the Great West. The existence of an area of free land, its continuous recession, and the advance of American settlement westward, explain American development.

Behind institutions, behind constitutional forms and modifications, lie the vital forces that call these organs into life and shape them to meet changing conditions. The peculiarity of American institutions is, the fact that they have been compelled to adapt themselves to the changes of an expanding people—to the changes involved in crossing a continent, in winning a wilderness, and in developing at each area of this progress out of the primitive economic and political conditions of the frontier into the complexity of city life. Said Calhoun in 1817, "We are great, and rapidly—I was about to say fearfully—growing!" So saying, he touched the distinguishing feature of American life. All peoples show

development; the germ theory of politics has been sufficiently emphasized. In the case of most nations, however, the development has occurred in a limited area; and if the nation has expanded, it has met other growing peoples whom it has conquered. But in the case of the United States we have a different phenomenon. Limiting our attention to the Atlantic coast, we have the familiar phenomenon of the evolution of institutions in a limited area, such as the rise of representative government; the differentiation of simple colonial governments into complex organs; the progress from primitive industrial society, without division of labor, up to manufacturing civilization. But we have in addition to this a recurrence of the process of evolution in each western area reached in the process of expansion. Thus American development has exhibited not merely advance along a single line, but a return to primitive conditions on a continually advancing frontier line, and a new development for that area. American social development has been continually beginning over again on the frontier. This perennial rebirth, this fluidity of American life, this expansion westward with its new opportunities, its continuous touch with the simplicity of primitive society, furnish the forces dominating American character. The true point of view in the history of this nation is not the Atlantic coast, it is the Great West. Even the slavery struggle, which is made so exclusive an object of attention by writers like Professor von Holst, occupies its important place in American history because of its relation to westward expansion.

In this advance, the frontier is the outer edge of the wave —the meeting point between savagery and civilization. Much has been written about the frontier from the point of view of border warfare and the chase, but as a field for the serious study of the economist and the historian it has been neglected.

The American frontier is sharply distinguished from the European frontier—a fortified boundary line running

through dense populations. The most significant thing about the American frontier is, that it lies at the hither edge of free land. In the census reports it is treated as the margin of that settlement which has a density of two or more to the square mile. The term is an elastic one, and for our purposes does not need sharp definition. We shall consider the whole frontier belt, including the Indian country and the outer margin of the "settled area" of the census reports.

In the settlement of America we have to observe how European life entered the continent, and how America modified and developed that life and reacted on Europe. Our early history is the study of European germs developing in an American environment. Too exclusive attention has been paid by institutional students to the Germanic origins, too little to the American factors. The frontier is the line of most rapid and effective Americanization. The wilderness masters the colonist. It finds him a European in dress, industries, tools, modes of travel and thought. It takes him from the railroad car and puts him in the birch canoe. It strips off the garments of civilization and arrays him in the hunting shirt and the moccasin. It puts him in the log cabin of the Cherokee and Iroquois and runs an Indian palisade around him. Before long he has gone to planting Indian corn and plowing with a sharp stick; he shouts the war cry and takes the scalp in orthodox Indian fashion. In short, at the frontier the environment is at first too strong for the man. He must accept the conditions which it furnishes, or perish, and so he fits himself into the Indian clearings and follows the Indian trails. Little by little he transforms the wilderness, but the outcome is not the old Europe, not simply the development of Germanic germs, any more than the first phenomenon was a case of reversion to the Germanic mark. The fact is, that here is a new product that is American. At first, the frontier was the Atlantic coast. It was the frontier of Europe in a very

real sense. Moving westward, the frontier became more and more American. As successive terminal moraines result from successive glaciations, so each frontier leaves its traces behind it, and when it becomes a settled area the region still partakes of the frontier characteristics. Thus the advance of the frontier has meant a steady movement away from the influence of Europe, a steady growth of independence on American lines. And to study this advance, the men who grew up under these conditions, and the political, economic, and social results of it, is to study the really American part of our history.

. . . . . .

At the Atlantic frontier one can study the germs of processes repeated at each successive frontier. We have the complex European life sharply precipitated by the wilderness into the simplicity of primitive conditions. The first frontier had to meet its Indian question, its question of the disposition of the public domain, of the means of intercourse with older settlements, of the extension of political organization of religious and educational activity. And the settlement of these and similar questions for one frontier served as a guide for the next. Each tier of new States has found in the older ones material for its constitutions. Each frontier has made similar contributions to American character, as will be discussed farther on.

But with all these similarities there are essential differences, due to the place element and the time element. It is evident that the farming frontier of the Mississippi Valley presents different conditions from the mining frontier of the Rocky Mountains. The frontier reached by the Pacific Railroad, surveyed into rectangles, guarded by the United States Army, and recruited by the daily immigrant ship, moves forward at a swifter pace and in a different way than the frontier reached by the birch canoe or the pack horse. The geologist traces patiently the shores of ancient seas, maps their areas, and compares the older and the newer.

It would be a work worth the historian's labors to mark these various frontiers and in detail compare one with another. Not only would there result a more adequate conception of American development and characteristics, but invaluable additions would be made to the history of society.

Loria, the Italian economist, has urged the study of colonial life as an aid in understanding the stages of European development, affirming that colonial settlement is for economic science what the mountain is for geology, bringing to light primitive stratifications. "America," he says, "has the key to the historical enigma which Europe has sought for centuries in vain, and the land which has no history reveals luminously the course of universal history." There is much truth in this. The United States lies like a huge page in the history of society. Line by line as we read this continental page from West to East we find the record of social evolution. It begins with the Indian and the hunter; it goes on to tell of the disintegration of savagery by the entrance of the trader, the pathfinder of civilization; we read the annals of the pastoral stage in ranch life; the exploitation of the soil by the raising of unrotated crops of corn and wheat in sparsely settled farming communities; the intensive culture of the denser farm settlement; and finally the manufacturing organization with city and factory system. This page is familiar to the student of census statistics, but how little of it has been used by our historians. Particularly in eastern States this page is a palimpsest. What is now a manufacturing State was in an earlier decade an area of intensive farming. Earlier yet it had been a wheat area, and still earlier the "range" had attracted the cattle-herder. Thus Wisconsin, now developing manufacture, is a State with varied agricultural interests. But earlier it was given over to almost exclusive grain-raising, like North Dakota at the present time.

Each of these areas has had an influence in our economic and political history; the evolution of each into a higher

stage has worked political transformations. But what constitutional historian has made any adequate attempt to interpret political facts by the light of these social areas and changes?

The Atlantic frontier was compounded of fisherman, fur-trader, miner, cattle-raiser, and farmer. Excepting the fisherman, each type of industry was on the march toward the West, impelled by an irresistible attraction. Each passed in successive waves across the continent. Stand at Cumberland Gap and watch the procession of civilization, marching single file—the buffalo following the trail to the salt springs, the Indian, the fur-trader and hunter, the cattle-raiser, the pioneer farmer—and the frontier has passed by. Stand at South Pass in the Rockies a century later and see the same procession with wider intervals between. The unequal rate of advance compels us to distinguish the frontier into the trader's frontier, the rancher's frontier, or the miner's frontier, and the farmer's frontier. When the mines and the cow pens were still near the fall line the traders' pack trains were tinkling across the Alleghanies, and the French on the Great Lakes were fortifying their posts, alarmed by the British trader's birch canoe. When the trappers scaled the Rockies, the farmer was still near the mouth of the Missouri.

Why was it that the Indian trader passed so rapidly across the continent? What effects followed from the trader's frontier? The trade was coeval with American discovery. The Norsemen, Vespucius, Verrazani, Hudson, John Smith, all trafficked for furs. The Plymouth pilgrims settled in Indian cornfields, and their first return cargo was of beaver and lumber. The records of the various New England colonies show how steadily exploration was carried into the wilderness by this trade. What is true for New England is, as would be expected, even plainer for the rest of the colonies. All along the coast from Maine to Georgia the Indian trade opened up the river courses. Steadily the

trader passed westward, utilizing the older lines of French trade. The Ohio, the Great Lakes, the Mississippi, the Missouri, and the Platte, the lines of western advance, were ascended by traders. They found the passes in the Rocky Mountains and guided Lewis and Clark, Frémont, and Bidwell. The explanation of the rapidity of this advance is connected with the effects of the trader on the Indian. The trading post left the unarmed tribes at the mercy of those that had purchased fire-arms, a truth which the Iroquois Indians wrote in blood, and so the remote and unvisited tribes gave eager welcome to the trader. "The savages," wrote La Salle, "take better care of us French than of their own children; from us only can they get guns and goods." This accounts for the trader's power and the rapidity of his advance. Thus the disintegrating forces of civilization entered the wilderness. Every river valley and Indian trail became a fissure in Indian society, and so that society became honeycombed. Long before the pioneer farmer appeared on the scene, primitive Indian life had passed away. The farmers met Indians armed with guns. The trading frontier, while steadily undermining Indian power by making the tribes ultimately dependent on the whites, yet, through its sale of guns, gave to the Indian increased power of resistance to the farming frontier. French colonization was dominated by its trading frontier; English colonization by its farming frontier. There was an antagonism between the two frontiers as between the two nations. Said Duquesne to the Iroquois, "Are you ignorant of the difference between the king of England and the king of France? Go see the forts that our king has established and you will see that you can still hunt under their very walls. They have been placed for your advantage in places which you frequent. The English, on the contrary, are no sooner in possession of a place than the game is driven away. The forest falls before them as they advance, and the soil

is laid bare so that you can scarce find the wherewithal to erect a shelter for the night.

And yet, in spite of this opposition of the interests of the trader and the farmer, and Indian trade pioneered the way for civilization. The buffalo trail became the Indian trail, and this became the trader's "trace"; the trails widened into roads, and the roads into turnpikes, and these in turn were transformed into railroads. The same origin can be shown for the railroads of the South, the Far West, and the Dominion of Canada. The trading posts reached by these trails were on the sites of Indian villages which had been placed in position suggested by nature; and these trading posts, situated so as to command the water systems of the country, have grown into such cities as Albany, Pittsburgh, Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis, Council Bluffs, and Kansas City. Thus civilization in America has followed the arteries made by geology, pouring an ever richer tide through them, until at last the slender paths of aboriginal intercourse have been broadened and interwoven into the complex mazes of modern commercial lines; the wilderness has been interpenetrated by lines of civilization growing ever more numerous. It is like the steady growth of a complex nervous system for the originally simple, inert continent. If one would understand why we are today one nation, rather than a collection of isolated states, he must study this economic and social consolidation of the country. In this progress from savage conditions lie topics for the evolutionist.

The effect of the Indian frontier as a consolidating agent in our history is important. From the close of the seventeenth century various intercolonial congresses have been called to treat with Indians and establish common measures of defense. Particularism was strongest in colonies with no Indian frontier. This frontier stretched along the western border like a cord of union. The Indian was a common danger, demanding united action. Most celebrated

of these conferences was the Albany congress of 1754, called to treat with the Six Nations, and to consider plans of action. Even a cursory reading of the plan proposed by the congress reveals the importance of the frontier. The powers of the general council and the officers were, chiefly, the determination of peace and war with the Indians, the regulation of Indian trade, and purchase of Indian lands, and the creation and government of new settlements as a security against the Indians. It is evident that the unifying tendencies of the Revolutionary period were facilitated by the previous cooperation in the regulation of the frontier. In this connection may be mentioned the importance of the frontier, from that day to this, as a military training school, keeping alive the power of resistance to aggression, and developing the stalwart and rugged qualities of the frontiersman.

It would not be possible in the limits of this paper to trace the other frontiers across the continent. Travelers of the eighteenth century found the "cowpens" among the canebrakes and peavine pastures of the South, and the "cow drivers" took their droves to Charleston, Philadelphia and New York. Travelers at the close of the War of 1812 met droves of more than a thousand cattle and swine from the interior of Ohio going to Pennsylvania to fatten for the Philadelphia market. The rangers of the great plains, with ranch and cowboy and nomadic life, are things of yesterday and of today. The experience of the Carolina cowpens guided the ranchers of Texas. One element favoring the rapid extension of the rancher's frontier is the fact that in a remote country lacking transportation facilities the product must be in small bulk, or must be able to transport itself, and the cattle raiser could easily drive his product to market. The effect of these great ranches on the subsequent agrarian history of the localities in which they existed should be studied.

The maps of the census reports show an uneven advance of the farmer's frontier with tongues of settlement pushed

forward and with indentations of wilderness. In part this is due to Indian resistance, in part to the location of river valleys and passes, in part to the unequal force of the centers of frontier attraction. Among the important centers of attraction may be mentioned the following: fertile and favorably situated soils, salt springs, mines and army posts.

The frontier army post, serving to protect the settlers from the Indians, has also acted as a wedge to open the Indian country, and has been a nucleus for settlement. In this connection mention should also be made of the government military and exploring expeditions in determining the lines of settlement. But all the more important expeditions were greatly indebted to the earliest pathmakers, the Indian guides, the traders and trappers, and the French voyageurs, who were inevitable parts of governmental expeditions from the days of Lewis and Clark. Each expedition was an epitome of the previous factors in western advance.

From the time the mountains rose between the pioneer and the seaboard, a new order of Americanism arose. The West and the East began to get out of touch with each other. The settlements from the sea to the mountains kept connections with the rear and had a certain solidarity. But the over-mountain men grew more and more independent. The East took a narrow view of American advance, and nearly lost these men. Kentucky and Tennessee history bears abundant witness to the truth of this statement. The East began to try to hedge and limit westward expansion. Though Webster could declare that there were no Alleghanies in his politics, yet in politics in general they were a very solid factor.

The exploitation of the beasts took hunter and trader to the west, and the exploitation of the grasses took the rancher west; the exploitation of the virgin soil of the rivers and prairies attracted the farmer. Good soils have been the most important attraction to the farmer's frontier. The land hunger of the Virginians drew them down the rivers

into Carolina, in early colonial days; the search for soils took the Massachusetts men to Pennsylvania and to New York. As the eastern lands were taken up migration flowed across them to the west. Daniel Boone, the great backwoodsman, who combined the occupations of hunter, trader, cattle-raiser, farmer and surveyor—learning, probably from the traders, of the fertility of the lands of the upper Yadkin, where the traders were wont to rest as they took their way to the Indians, left his Pennsylvania home with his father, and passed down the Great Valley road to that stream. Learning from a trader of the game and rich pastures of Kentucky, he pioneered the way for the farmers to that region. Thence he passed to the frontier of Missouri, where his settlement was long a landmark on the frontier. Here again he helped to open the way for civilization, finding salt licks, and trails, and land. His son was among the earliest trappers in the passes of the Rocky Mountains, and his party are said to have been the first to camp on the present site of Denver. His grandson, Col. A. J. Boone, of Colorado, was a power among the Indians of the Rocky Mountains, and was appointed an agent by the government. Kit Carson's mother was a Boone. Thus this family epitomizes the backwoodsman's advance across the continent.

The farmer's advance came in a distinct series of waves. In Peck's *New Guide to the West,* published in Boston in 1837, occurs this suggestive passage:

> Generally, in all the western settlements, three classes, like the waves of the ocean, have rolled one after the other. First comes the pioneer, who depends for the subsistence of his family chiefly upon the natural growth of vegetation, called the "range," and the proceeds of hunting. His implements of agriculture are rude, chiefly of his own make, and his efforts directed mainly to a crop of corn and a "truck patch." The last is a rude garden for growing cabbage, beans, corn for roasting ears, cucumbers, and potatoes. A log cabin, and, occasionally, a stable and corn-crib, and a field of a dozen acres, the timber girdled or "dead," and fenced, are enough for his occupancy. It is quite immaterial whether he ever becomes the owner of the soil. He

is the occupant for the time being, pays no rent, and feels as independent as the "lord of the manor." With a horse, cow, and one or two breeders of swine, he strikes into the woods with his family, and becomes the founder of a new county, or perhaps state. He builds his cabin, gathers around him a few other families of similar tastes and habits, and occupies till the range is somewhat subdued, and hunting a little precarious, or, which is more frequently the case, till the neighbors crowd around, roads, bridges and the fields annoy him, and he lacks elbow room. The preemption law enables him to dispose of his cabin and cornfield to the next class of emigrants; and, to employ his own figures, he "breaks for the high timber," "clears out for the New Purchase," or migrates to Arkansas or Texas, to work the same process over.

The next class of emigrants purchase the lands, add field to field, clear out the roads, throw rough bridges over the streams, put up hewn log houses with glass windows and brick or stone chimneys, occasionally plant orchards, build mills, schoolhouses, court-houses, etc., and exhibit the picture and forms of plain, frugal, civilized life.

Another wave rolls on. The men of capital and enterprise come. The settler is ready to sell out and take the advantage of the rise in property, push farther into the interior and become, himself, a man of capital and enterprise in turn. The small village rises to a spacious town or city; substantial edifices of brick, extensive fields, orchards, gardens, colleges and churches are seen. Broadcloths, silks, leghorns, crapes, and all the refinements, luxuries, elegancies, frivolities, and fashions are in vogue. Thus wave after wave is rolling westward; the real Eldorado is still farther on.

A portion of the two first classes remain stationary amidst the general movement, improve their habits and condition, and rise in the scale of society.

The writer has traveled much amongst the first class, the real pioneers. He has lived many years in connection with the second grade; and now the third wave is sweeping over large districts of Indiana, Illinois and Missouri. Migration has become almost a habit in the West. Hundreds of men can be found, not over fifty years of age, who have settled for the fourth, fifth, or sixth time on a new spot. To sell out and remove only a few hundred miles make up a portion of the variety of backwoods life and manners.

Omitting those of the pioneer farmers who move from the love of adventure, the advance of the more steady farmer is easy to understand. Obviously the immigrant was attracted by the cheap lands of the frontier, and even the native farmer felt their influence strongly. Year by year the farmers who lived on soil whose returns were diminished

by unrotated crops were offered the virgin soil of the frontier at nominal prices. Their growing families demanded more lands, and these were dear. The competition of the unexhausted, cheap, and easily tilled prairie lands compelled the farmer either to go west and continue the exhaustion of the soil on a new frontier, or to adopt intensive culture. Thus the census of 1890 shows, in the Northwest, many counties in which there is an absolute or a relative decrease of population. These States have been sending farmers to advance the frontier on the plains, and have themselves begun to turn to intensive farming and to manufacture. A decade before this, Ohio had shown the same transition stage. Thus the demand for land and the love of wilderness freedom drew the frontier ever onward.

. . . . . .

From the conditions of frontier life came intellectual traits of profound importance. The works of travelers along each frontier from colonial days onward describe certain common traits, and these traits have, while softening down, still persisted as survivals in the place of their origin, even when a higher social organization succeeded. The result is that to the frontier the American intellect owes its striking characteristics. That coarseness and strength combined with acuteness and inquisitiveness; that practical, inventive turn of mind, quick to find expedients; that masterful grasp of material things, lacking in the artistic but powerful to effect great ends; that restless, nervous energy; that dominant individualism, working for good and for evil, and withal that buoyancy and exuberance which comes with freedom—these are traits of the frontier, or traits called out elsewhere because of the existence of the frontier. Since the days when the fleet of Columbus sailed into the waters of the New World, America has been another name for opportunity, and the people of the United States have taken their tone from the incessant expansion which has not only been open but has even been forced upon them. He would

be a rash prophet who should assert that the expansive character of American life has now entirely ceased. Movement has been its dominant fact, and, unless this training has no effect upon a people, the American energy will continually demand a wider field for its exercise. But never again will such gifts of free land offer themselves. For a moment at the frontier, the bonds of custom are broken and unrestraint is triumphant. There is not *tabula rasa.* The stubborn American environment is there with its imperious summons to accept its conditions; the inherited ways of doing things are also there; and yet, in spite of environment and in spite of custom, each frontier did indeed furnish a new field of opportunity, a gate of escape from the bondage of the past; and freshness and confidence, and scorn of older society, impatience of its restraints and its ideas, and indifference to its lessons, have accompanied the frontier. What the Mediterranean Sea was to the Greeks, breaking the bond of custom, offering new experiences, calling out new institutions and activities, that, and more, the ever-retreating frontier has been to the United States directly, and to the nations of Europe more remotely. And now, four centuries from the discovery of America, at the end of a hundred years of life under the Constitution, the frontier has gone, and with its going has closed the first period of American history.

From *The Frontier in American History* by Frederick J. Turner, published by Henry Holt & Company. Reprinted here by permission of the publishers.

The Once Open Road, by *Charles Merz*

THIS is a good life we lead. It has plenty of bath-tubs, open forums, good roads, laundries, high schools, and department stores, but by comparison with its own romantic past it is admittedly short on sheer adventure. There are no trails uncharted, no corners of the country unexplored,

no valleys to be linked with highways. We have all that is best and biggest in grand opera, rapid transit, hospitals, wheat fields, skyscrapers, and extension courses, but this is not the country it used to be—not when all of us talk the same language, read the same news, and laugh at the same jokes in the same syndicated cartoons every morning. We have the fastest trains that run on tracks, but they take us through a series of Grand Union Stations. We are rich in ferries, but we have no boat-songs. We have the greatest highways in the world, but we have lost our frontiers.

. . . . . .

John Smith stood on the steps of his farmhouse in the hills of Connecticut in 1791, and watched his son load a wife, two barrels of flour, a Bible, three muskets, a Governor Winthrop desk, six volumes of Jonathan Edwards, and a cask of rum into a wagon certain to break its axles, said the father, before it crossed the state line after some days' travel into far-away New York.

Washington was President, but a Cabinet of the best minds had failed to measure up to expectations and the country was plainly going to the dogs. Franklin had died the year before. Prices were high. Coal had been discovered in Pennsylvania, but as a dependable fuel could never take the place of wood. Whitney was toying with the cotton-gin. Another wave of crime had swept New York. Manners and morals weren't what they used to be. There was no telling what to expect of the younger generation. Here was John Smith, Jr., scorning the hard-won acres wrested by his father from a stony soil and proposing to turn his back on all that was safe and sane and respectable, for a wilderness filled with Indians on the fresh-water lakes, and the impossible name, Ohio.

John Smith, Jr., slapped the reins on the backs of two willing horses which were never to see their journey's end. And into the West, not guessing the test of patience and courage and ingenuity that lay ahead of them, not guessing

the breadth of valley or the height of hill, stopping at the end of an hour to wrap more carefully the pewter dishes destined to be melted into home-made bullets, rode two pioneers.

. . . . . .

John Smith, Jr., had never been a reading man, and the pages of Jonathan Edwards were still uncut when John Smith, 3rd, took them west with him. This was 1822. Ohio had been a state for almost twenty years, and for half that time, said John Smith, 3rd, it was no place for an up-and-coming man. Iowa beckoned glowingly. What was the use of staying in Ohio, when it had plainly reached its saturation point, when farmhands wanted robbers' wages out of all proportion to their work and the best land had been gobbled up by profiteers who asked $7 to the acre?

John Smith, 3rd, went west in a prairie schooner six years after the first steamboat sailed the Lakes and in the same year that gas-lights first lit Boston, back in the land of his grandsire. There was no Governor Winthrop desk to weight his wagon for him: his father had scorned the useless little drawers and the gadgets with brass knobs, and sawed the whole top off, one rainy afternoon, to make a carpenter's bench with which he could not bear to part, even to equip a well-loved son on a stubborn journey of adventure. The desk stayed home, to be done over in a brighter colour by a later generation. But John Smith, 3rd, had a Boston rocker with a Turkey-work seat of Perry's victory and the latest thing in eight-day clocks. It was a Terry clock; and Terry had sold the patent rights for a thousand dollars cash, to launch America's first mass production.

Lafayette was coming back to the United States, and was suspected of wishing to profit from a lecture tour. Andrew Jackson had just been appointed Governor of Florida. Daniel Webster was denouncing blocs in Congress. Nobody could remember the second verse of the "Star-Spangled Banner." And in the spring of the year that

James Monroe, indifferent to the just demands for adequate legislation to protect the interests of the farmer, promulgated a little-read doctrine concerning distant South America, John Smith, 3rd, lost his Terry clock crossing the swollen waters of the Mississippi.

. . . . . .

John Smith, 4th, had no clock, no desk, and no Boston rocker when he left home for a land still closer to the setting sun. He had been down at the Buckboard Tavern, tippling —for John Smith, 4th, was a wayward son—when word came from a merry neighbour that gold had been struck near a town named Coloma, California.

John Smith, 4th, came home to tell his father he was going west that evening with two cheerful friends who were certain they could find their way to California. His father told him he was mad. The Smith family, said his father, had managed to amount to something in the world by keeping out of taverns, staying put and not jumping the fence at every wild idea.

John Smith, 4th, started west to California. He pushed his trunk to Council Bluffs in a wheel-barrow borrowed from a neighbour—for this John Smith had shaken his fist in his father's face and left home without a dowry—to join a wagon-caravan that was bound for El Dorado. A strange crew they were, twenty pious men and twenty rascals who quarrelled and swore and froze their way up the North Platte Valley till it lost itself in the Rocky Mountains of Wyoming. John Smith, 4th, never saw the far side of those mountains and never won the fortune he had planned to flaunt in his father's face. A few miles east of the Great Divide, on a spot now marked by a Socony filling-station, this John Smith died of cholera.

. . . . . .

Nevertheless, the family lived on. For a John Smith, 5th, remained. He had been a boy of ten when his father started west in 1849, and he had been left behind with a useless

mother because there was nothing else to do with either of them. He had been twenty-two in '61. He had gone to the war and been shot once in the leg at Chickamauga and twice in the leg at Nashville, and gone back home in '65 to settle on the Iowa farm his grandfather had willed him.

Iowa land went up in value. Grant succeeded Johnson. Custer made war on Sitting Bull. Edison played "Turkey in the Straw" on a crazy little phonograph. Iowa land kept gaining value. The Union Pacific built a railway across Wyoming hills where the ashes of John Smith, 4th, lay mouldering in peace. Prosperity followed the hard times of '93. The whole world bought American wheat. And in 1910 Iowa land touched $180 to the acre.

John Smith, 5th, sold out in 1912, when he was seventy-three. He had no Governor Winthrop desk, no Terry clock and no barrels of flour to take west with him. But he had a block of stock, a six-cylinder coupé and a barrel of phonograph records for his daughters.

In 1912 the Smith family finished its trek across the country and found a home in Pasadena.

. . . . . .

It was a long haul from the trim Colonial towns of the Atlantic seaboard to the California coast. A restless, eager people who never wearied of the open road achieved it in a few short generations. Tirelessly the caravans crawled across the hills and valleys, spanning the country with new highways and turning the prairies under to plant wheat. First there was the settlement of the plains; then the push to the mountains; then the fresh impulse of immigration; then the doubling back of those who could not find what they sought beyond the hills and looked for it again in the haunts of their forefathers. Wherever rumour whispered that ore lay hidden in the hills or a kind sun baked a loamy soil or the coast-line threw its arms around a harbour, there went the multitude with its bedsteads packed in burlap on a covered wagon.

No-Parking signs line the highways now. The white bones bleaching by the road are the carcasses of cast-off Fords. The Indians shoot glass balls in the three-ring circus and iron cities have been hammered from the little towns with trading posts and forts. Skyscrapers stand on the river's edge and the West is a settled land of farms. This is a day of macadam highways, golf links, lodges, drug-store bars, Spanish suburbs, non-stop flights and six-tube sets. But we are not static and we do not rest. Show us something that everybody else is doing, and we are off again—on our way to a ringside seat or a college degree, a church drive or a murder trial.

When the Bandwagon lumbers down the street we hop aboard it.

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II

THE STUFF OF THE AMERICAN SAGA

MEREDITH PHYFFE, by *Edgar Lee Masters*

COME now! You supercilious detractors of America
As a land of aridity, without stories and myths,
Without romance, without epic material:
Did not Brigham Young found as good a religion as Henry VIII,
And build a greater city than Henry VIII ever built?
Are not the Forty-niners, the Oregon Trailers,
The Daniel Boones and the Sam Houstons
As full of pictures as the Crusaders?
Did not the Fathers, so called,
Accomplish as much as the knights of the Table Round?
Are not Carrie Nation and Mary Ellen Lease
As mad and significant as Joan of Arc?
Was any war of Europe
Bloodier or more momentous than the Revolution,
Or the Civil War?
And why dream about Peter the Hermit
With John Brown under your nose?
Is Robin Hood a fitter subject for ballads
Than Jesse James?
And have we not Dowies and Schlatterys and Bryans
By the score,
With every variety of religionists
From Shakers to Holy Rollers?
What do you want for irony, satire or pathos?
Is there not everything here, grotesque,
Absurd, tragic and heroic?

Have you not seen in your own life
More than twenty states acquire more than two million people
And several cities acquire more than that number of souls,
And dozens of cities acquire a half million or more?
Have you not seen mountains climbed, railroads built,
Iron and coal mastered,
Over this vast stretch of restless, crazy humanity?
Is the Woolworth building nothing,
And St. Peter's everything?
Think it over,
You supercilious dreamers of dead days.

From *The New Spoon River* by Edgar Lee Masters, published by Boni & Liveright. Reprinted here by permission from Edgar Lee Masters.

Hills of Silver, by *Walter Noble Burns*

At the old Brunckow mine, Al Sieber riding up with a party of scouts found Schieffelin sitting on a pile of rock on guard with his rifle across his lap.

"What're you doin', Ed?" asked Sieber.

"Prospecting, mostly," Schieffelin drawled.

"Whar?"

"Over yonder." Schieffelin waved his hand eastward toward the hills.

"Them hills?" scoffed Sieber. "Thar ain't nothin' thar."

"I've picked up some mighty nice-looking stones."

"All you'll ever find in them hills'll be your tombstone," warned the scout. "Geronimo'll git you ef you don't watch out, and leave your bones fer the buzzards to pick."

"I'll take a chance," Schieffelin replied.

His life against a million dollars. That was his chance.

From the yellow, shadowy ramparts of the Dragoons nine miles across the mesquite mesa, a tall slender column of smoke, shimmering darkly in the sun, rose straight into

the sky. It broke from its base and drawing slowly upward into space melted from view. A quick, ball-like puff of smoke shot upward like a bursting bomb. Again a slim spiral shorter than the first. Another explosive puff. Another. Once more a brief pillar. Dash. . . . Dot. . . . Dash. . . . Two dots. . . . Dash. Up there somewhere on the mountain wall a half-naked Apache, manipulating a deerskin over a brush fire, was telegraphing a code message to some war party in the valley. A queer little smile twisted the corner of Schieffelin's mouth. What was that fellow saying? Humph! He tightened a bit his grip on his rifle and went on looking for stones. Find his tombstone? Well, maybe.

He turned a corner of the wash. His mule halted abruptly, ears pricked, forelegs stiffly braced. What was that that gleamed so snowy white among the clumps of bear grass? An outcropping of white rock, perhaps. Or the mouldering skull of some long-dead, crow-bait pony. But no. Schieffelin dismounted. A step forward and there before him lay a human skeleton. Just beyond it another. The sparse grass had laid green tendrils across the glistening shanks. Weeds had shot up between the ribs. A prickly pear was crawling greenly across a disarticulated spinal column. The disjointed bones, bleached to ghastly whiteness by the suns and rains of years, were only slightly out of place here and there, and the two dead men seemed to have lain undisturbed since the moment of sudden tragedy that had overwhelmed them.

The skeletons lay at full length, breast downward, head to head, with the finger bones of the long out-reaching arms almost touching. Between them stood a pile of silver ore perhaps a foot high, the dissevered arm bones almost enclosing it in a glimmering, broken circle. One skull lay turned on its side; the other was firmly imbedded upon its base in the earth, but the dark, hollow eye-sockets of both were trained, as if with conscious intensity, on the little

heap of stones that suggested some idol's shrine before which these ghastly spectres bowed to the ground in unending worship. High above them, on a single stem, a yucca lifted a great cluster of drooping lily-white blossoms that swayed gently in the breeze like a swung censer.

The story of the tragedy that had left these bones to bleach on the desert was as clear as if the skeletons themselves suddenly had sat upright and unfolded every vivid detail. Picture two prospectors beside their camp fire. Rugged men they are, bearded, clear-eyed, ruddy with health. Luck has been with them. They have located a rich ledge of silver during their day's wanderings. They pour their specimens of ore on the ground. In the red glow of the firelight they gloat over their treasure. Wonderful ore. What will it run? Twenty thousand to the ton? These questions can wait. The assay in Tuscon will tell. They pick up the stones, scrutinize them, weigh them in their palms. They are like misers threading fingers joyously through gold. They laugh exultant laughter. But it is growing late. They roll themselves in their blankets and go to sleep under the stars to dream of riches.

But out in the darkness, a devil's ring has closed around them. While they are slumbering peacefully, fierce eyes keep them all night under baleful surveillance. Apache gods forbid a night attack; the night is sacred to ancestral ghosts. Rosy dawn is a choice time for murder. When morning breaks in rose and gold over the Dragoons, the two men tumble out of bed. For a happy moment they stand facing each other above their pile of ore. They stretch out comradely hands. "Put her there, pardner." Their fortune's made. Good-bye to desert hardships. They have struck it rich at last . . . Apache rifles spit fire. Snaky wisps of blue powder smoke wriggle off across the mesquite. . . .

Schieffelin climbed down off his mule, and stepping gingerly among the bones, examined the pieces of ore one by

one. Quick certainty flashed upon him. This ore had come from the same source as the float he had found while scouting with Sieber. He was near the treasure for which he had hunted so long. Possibly this spot of dreams was now within the sweep of his vision. But where? He replaced the rocks as he had found them in the half-formed circle between the skeleton arms and rode away, leaving the dead at their eternal salaam before the tiny altar on which they had poured the oblation of their life blood.

At sunset, Schieffelin, several miles farther up the wash, prepared to camp. He picketed his mule in good grass in a secluded hollow and threw down his blankets on top of a hill a mile away. This was good strategy; a man will lie silent at night in Indian country but a mule may burst into song at any moment. The conical hill on which he made camp extended out into the wash in promontory wise and was thickly strewn with broken, gigantic fragments of rock. Just east of it was a fine spring in a clump of cottonwoods.

It was twilight when Schieffelin started for the spring to fill his canteen. As he turned a point of rock, he saw on the brow of the hill scarcely twenty yards from him an Apache warrior standing in fine, bold silhouette against the golden pallor of the sky, every detail delicately outlined—the dingy white turban, the single eagle's feather in the hair, the necklace of bear's claws, loincloth, high boot-moccasins. A rifle rested in the crook of the Indian's arm; beneath his cupped palm, he was peering into the shadows beginning to veil the mesa. A noble picture, but appealing to Schieffelin more poignantly as a noble target. He dropped abruptly behind a rock and drew a careful bead.

As he was about to pull the trigger, a second savage, emerging noiselessly from behind the hilltop, seemed to float up against the sky like a manikin manipulated against a lighted screen by strings. Well! A third mysteriously materialized. The tragic situation was achieving a certain comic relief. Two more Indians rose ghostlike against the

sky from the nether shadows. Five! It began to look as if Sieber's prophecy might come true, after all. A tombstone for the cornered prospector loomed just then as a not improbable tailpiece for his adventure. Schieffelin lowered his rifle. This thing was being overdone. He had had enough. Threading his way among the towering rocks, bent on stealthy flight in the gathering dusk, he espied from the verge of the crest twenty more Indians down by the spring.

But they were mounting their ponies. Schieffelin realized with a surge of relief that they were making ready to go away. The five that had floated up against the sky floated down again. Digging their heels into their ponies' sides, the band got under way. Hoo-hoo-hoo-ah-hoo! Their chanted grunting came to Schieffelin's ears in jolting rhythms as they rode off in the thickening darkness. But there was still danger. They were heading in the direction of Schieffelin's mule. Would that fool beast have sense enough to stick to cropping grass or, under sudden lyric urge, would it intone a hymn to the evening star? An aria at this crisis would be fatal. Or would those desert bloodhounds pick up Schieffelin's own trail in the wash and come back to lift his hair? Hoo-hoo-hoo-ah-hoo! The muffled cadence was growing fainter. With straining eyes, Schieffelin watched the huddle of jostling forms dwindle in the distance. It faded into a formless blur, winked out at last in blank darkness. They were gone. Still from far off the rhythmic whisper throbbed through the night. Hoo-hoo-hoo-ah-hoo!

Sweet music to Schieffelin's ears after a night of sleepless vigilance was the hee-haw of his mule uplifted in joyous salute to the morning. When the sun again shone serenely over the familiar landscape, exercising the lurking terrors of darkness, he felt the happy elation of one who has awakened in the nick of time to escape the hobgoblins of a nightmare. Three miles beyond him rose the hills that had so

long intrigued and baffled him. He had had his first glimpse of them in April; this was the middle of August. Before him the wash led upward to the sunlit heights. Once more astride his mule, he set off on the day's adventures.

Float was plentiful. The fragments scattered along the sides of the wash were like markers left to guide him. He entered the vestibule of the hills; the wash divided. Which branch should he take? One possibly led to poverty; the other to wealth. While he paused in momentary quandary, a cottontail rabbit darted from a covert, scurried across the wash from the left, and disappeared up the right-hand gulch, leaving a trail of tiny footprints in the sand. It seemed an augury. Schieffelin staked his mule in the brush and on foot followed the cottontail. Destiny at the crossroads was determined by a trifle.

He worked up the draw to its head far back in the range. The barren hills swept down in flowing curves that flattened into tables and dipped into hollows and saddles and were cut deeply by innumerable ravines. Far up toward the summit he spied an irregular ledge of grayish rock marbled with black and reddish-yellow splotches; he estimated its length at fifty feet and its width at six or eight inches. There were other ledges in plain view striping the hills. But this ledge stretching its undulant length along the dark slant of mountain stirred him like a battle flag. Toward it, as if drawn by a magnet, he laid his course, never swerving or turning aside as, labouring upward, he stumbled across arroyos and crashed through thickets of cat-claw and pear.

Breathless, wet with sweat, his heart pounding, he stood before the ledge at last. He sank his prospector's pick into the rock; it came crumbling down in a heap of brittle lumps. In a hand that trembled as with an ague, he picked up a fragment; he examined it with feverish eyes. It was streaked and veined and stained with silver. His brain reeled with the richness of it.

No one was there to see the climax of this one-man drama staged on the bleak hillside. No one but Schieffelin knew the thrill and romance of it. He was alone with his mountain, alone with his dreams come true, alone with his achievement, alone in the glory of it. For this he had wandered in poverty for years through mountains and deserts, starved, suffered, braved death. Here was the goal of his life, his ultimate destination. This desolate spot was the end of the rainbow.

He fished from his pants pocket a silver twenty-five-cent piece and pressed it against a slab of ore. In the soft, rich, metal content of the rock, the coin left an imprint so clearly defined that in it Schieffelin was able to decipher the national motto. Beneath his feet was a hill crammed as full of silver as was ever pirate treasure chest with doubloons and pieces-of-eight, but this quarter of a dollar was all the money he had in the world. With it, later on, he bought a plug of tobacco in Globe.

As Schieffelin leaned on his pick and in a brief moment of reverie gazed over the San Pedro Valley shimmering under a blazing sun, Al Sieber's warning at the old Brunckow house came back to him: "All you'll ever find in them hills'll be your tombstone." It flashed upon him now that, as a prophet, old Sieber was a great Indian fighter. Shieffelin grinned at the merry conceit. Instead of a tombstone, he had discovered a silver mine—a million-dollar silver mine, perhaps. But if those Indians had caught him last night . . . After all, he had missed a tombstone—or death, at least—only by an inch or two. Tombstone. Not such a bad name for his mine considering his close squeak and Sieber's fool prediction. Well, what was the matter with that name, anyway? Why not? The mine might be his tombstone some day—or his monument. So he made his decision. His mine was the Tombstone . . . now . . . for all time. That was settled on the spot. The name was coloured with a little irony, a little cynicism, a little drama,

a little romance, a little fun, a little seriousness. Unconsciously, with an unuttered word, Schieffelin had christened not only the mine but the hills, a whole silver field, and an unborn town whose story was to develop into one of the most picturesque and dramatic chronicles of the Southwest.

From *Tombstone* by Walter Noble Burns. Copyright, 1927 and 1929, by Doubleday, Doran & Company, Inc.

THE EPIC OF THE TEAM HAND TRIBE, by *James Stevens*

PADDY leaned over and tapped Gager on the knee with a thick finger.

"You talk, Gager," he said. "You tell him jest what it means to be a team hand right. You con-*vince* him."

Gager tilted the bottle up and took another long drink.—"Listen, little one, and I'll sing the epic of the team hand tribe.

"The god of adventure survived long after his race was gone," said Gager then, in a singing voice. "My day is late, but I have seen his altars in the West. Aye, he passed over from wars and explorations and found his own in the pioneers of the industrial age. In the winning of the West, smoke ascended to him from a thousand campfires each night, and each day dust rolled up to him in a thousand clouds from the pioneer trail.

"Farmers and freighters and fighters. Plows and shovels and arms. The driver with his wagon and team. The rider with his tough, lean horse. The Oregon Trail, deep-rutted and wide. Men who lived by their muscle made it so. They made ranches and towns and mines. Adventure ruled all, the god of the pioneer right-of-way.

"You know the lore of the Indian Wars. You have heard the tales of the one-time trips made over the plains by bands of farmseekers. You know the stories of the cattle and mining towns, of stations and posts and forts;

but what of the toil of the trail, the commerce on the right-of-way?

"Sahara has her caravans; we know that commerce of the sands, have heard the tinkle of the camel's bell. The ox-teams of the Veldt, the elephant trains of Bengal, aye, even the dog-sleds of Alaska—all such commerce has been bravely sung. But the toil of this Empire is out of mind.

"True enough, we know the stage-driver, the hauler of passengers and mail on the old frontier. Riders for cattle, Indian-chasers, the diggers in the mining-towns—these have been sung. The pioneer farmers who made one drive over the trail to the West are not forgotten. But forgotten is the old team hand tribe whose day's work was back and forth over this trail, the year around; forgotten are the men who toiled year after year through the worst of peril and hardship, the men who handled the slashers and lines over the long teams of the supply trains. Who knows Jim Bridger now? Jim Bridger, the Old Man of the Mountains, the king of Western explorers, hunters, trappers, and scouts, but above all, the First Freighter, the maker of the Oregon Trail? Jim Bridger, who showed the way to the pioneers. Jim Bridger, whose freighted supplies let the emigrant trains move on. The first of the Western team hands was the Old Man of the Mountains, but he is forgotten now, like the other freighters of the old days; and we are asked to admire the fame of the meat contractor who butchered buffaloes along the U. P. right-of-way.

"And so it was with the dirt-moving team hand who toiled his twelve hours a day in the cuts and borrow pits of Western railroads. The freighter passed, a forgotten pioneer; the railroad-builder is passing now, forgotten, too. They died on the job, the old-timers did, and they were buried at the place of their toil. Soon forgotten. Adventurers all, unloved, unknown—why should anyone care to remember their kind? But every freight station

had its yards of graves in the old times. And every railroad had many burials along its right-of-ways; burials of lone, obscure laborers, soon forgotten. Well, they wouldn't be wanting glory, I allow; they ended on the big, far job, and that was enough. The old-time team hands had what they wanted, and that is more than the tribe can say now. The big jobs have about seen their day. The West is won. Where'll we find our god of adventure, you great dark devil, you? Where'll we go? There's a dam in Arizona, a canal in Panama, and in the Andes Mountains—but what am I sayin' and singin'? There are mists about. I must—be—drunk."

"Buck up, Gager," said Paddy. "We got to con-*vince* him, you know."

"I want to know about these big jobs," I said.

Gager sighed and wiped his forehead with the back of his hand. Then he took another swig from the bottle.—His gaze got misty and far-away, and his face positively glowed.

"The big job," his singing voice said. "There is a magic in it that nets us all. What do we care for our fate, we of the last tribe of adventurers? We are working fools, and like fools we sing; for there is a secret in our lives which all of us know, but few can say. The talking and singing of bunkhouse nights, the fighting and drinking and woman-chasing of blow-ins, and the reckless roving on the road—these all men can enjoy and understand. But why will we go out from the safe and soft life of cities and towns to live the bitter hardships of toil in the desolate mountains and desert lands?

"It's the big job, Appanoose Jim; it's the big job all the time. If you are a team hand right, no matter where you are, when you hear of a big job opening up, there's where you get a hankering to go. I was in Baltimore when the Milwaukee began to build. I'd been teaming in town for the winter. I was housed, happy and snug, with a little

French widow. I met Yam Morgan. "The big job," was all he needed to say. Farewell, little woman; farewell, little work; Gager goes out on a manifest freight. There was talk all over the country about the Milwaukee; thousands and thousands of workingmen were hoboing it from everywhere to the Dakota prairie and the Montana mountains; and what to Gager then was small work in Baltimore? He was on his way.

"Out from Mandan, North Dakota, then, to toil in the choking dust of the Milwaukee right-of-way. From St. Paul to Seattle the camps were stretched along. The big job. And we were there, we old-time team hands with the record of other big jobs behind us, old campaigners showing the new lads the glory that was back of our hardships and loneliness and mean labor, in the talk of bunkhouse nights. Tales were told of the levee camps, and the history of the long fight against the flood waters of the Mississip' shone in these tales. The damming of rivers, the reclaiming of deserts, the making of high bridges, long, long tunnels and tremendous cuts away up in the Rockies—they were all told about as soldiers tell of grand battles. The days of big wars were over, but the days of big jobs were not yet past. It was war once for the adventurers; it was work now. It was the custom of our time. Thus the West was won, oh, little one, by workingmen who had the old fire in their souls, who toiled in camps on the line of the frontier, pushing it on and on with their efforts, their sweat and their blood. Thus the team hand dirt movers, the heirs of the freighters, pushed out the old freight trails."

"And now," said Paddy, "what is it to be a team hand right? You got to con*vince* him."

"That—oh, what does it matter?—But if he must know, it is quickly said. It simply means to go out for your labor in the kind of camps you know; to team ten hours a day from the cut to the fill and back again, with salt sweat to sting your eyes and hot dust to choke your breath; to leather

your mules along, for there is always the gaffer with his crooked-arm; to go to a tent at night that is far from the homes of women and all the soft and lovely things of life, to know salt pork, sour bread, tin plates on a bare board; to hear a story told around the fire. Toil hard and suffer loneliness in the camps; battle with yeggs and johns and shacks on the road; and then be put down for a john or a yegg by the scissorbills of the towns that have grown by the roads your labor built. Live so and be despised. Die so and be forgotten. Your sermon, Paddy. I am done. It is time for sleep."

"There," said Paddy to me. "Now if you ain't con*vinced,* you ought to be."

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Tippecanoe and Tyler Too, by *Meade Minnigerode*

I

HEAVEN, and historians, alone know, now, what it was all about.

There had recently been a panic—two panics in fact, one in 1837 and another in 1839. Commercial houses on all sides were failing; banks were suspending; the States were rushing into bankruptcy; rent riots were occurring in New York; there was something deplorably wrong with the currency of the republic; the country was quite obviously going to the dogs. It was, at the time, all enormously alarming and vital. That no one, today, gives two pins about it is cause, perhaps, for optimism when present-time problems boil over onto the national carpet.

Writing in his diary on January 1, 1840, Mr. Philip Hone found nothing better to say than that another year had passed, and that it would be well if black lines could be

drawn around 1839 in the calendar. The year had been marked, it seemed to him, by individual and national distress in an unprecedented degree, "the effect of improvidence and a want of sound moral and political principles on the part of the mass of the people, and bad government and a crushing down of everything good and great to subserve party objects on the part of the rulers."

To make matters worse, the Democratic President—Mr. Martin Van Buren—sat calmly, it seems, in his gilded palace in Washington throughout these calamities, eating expensive soup from a silver tureen with a gold spoon, and driving haughtily in between times through the streets of the capital in his maroon coach with outriders. Yes, sir. And not only that, but, would you believe it, there were Royal Wilton carpets on the floor, and chairs costing $600 a set, and gilded mirrors the size of barn doors in his Blue Elliptical Saloon.

Congressman Ogle, of Pennsylvania, knew all about it. On April 14, 1840, in a speech which reads like a house decorator's catalog, he put it to the free citizens of this country to say whether they were disposed to maintain for the President's private accommodation A Royal Establishment at the cost of the nation. Would they—when it came to voting on the Appropriation Bill in a presidential year—longer feel inclined to support their chief servant in a Palace as splendid as that of the Cæsars and as richly adorned as the proudest Asiatic mansion? Would they? The Whigs thought it highly improbable, and Congressman Ogle took out his notes.

"Let us," he suggested to the Democratic congressmen who had not thought so before, and showed very little inclination to do so then, "let us survey its spacious courts, its gorgeous banqueting halls, its sumptuous drawing rooms, its glittering and dazzling salons, with all their magnificent and sumptuous array of gold and silver, crimson and orange, blue and violet, screens of Ionic columns, marble mantels

. . . gilt eagle cornices, rich cut glass and gilt chandeliers . . . French bronze gilt lamps, gilt framed mirrors of prodigious size . . . mahogany gilt mounted and rosewood pianofortes . . . mahogany gilt bronze mounted secretaries, damask, satin and double silk window curtains"—Mr. Ogle had hardly begun—"Royal Wilton, and Imperial Brussels, and Saxon carpets, gilt and satin settees, sofas, bergères, divans, tabourets and French comfortables, elegant mahogany gilt eagle-mounted French bedsteads, gilt plateaus, gaudy artificial flowers, rich blue-and-gold bonbons, tambours, compotiers, ice cream vases, splendid French china vases, olive boats, octagonal bowls, silver tureens, boats and baskets of every rich work, golden goblets, table spoons, knives and forks. . . ."

Mr. Ogle talked for several hours, in a manner highly diverting to the Whigs and increasingly depressing to the Democrats, although at the moment probably neither group realised the effect which his oration was to have on the presidential contest then already under way. He had set out to make a party speech, he ended by issuing the one great Whig document of the campaign. In the meantime, "How do you relish," he appealed to his delighted colleagues, "the notion of voting away the hard cash of your constituents for silk tassels, galloon, gimp and satin medallion to beautify and adorn the Blue Elliptical Saloon?"

Before the day was over, and long before the speech was over, Mr. Ogle had put the Blue Elliptical Saloon irrevocably into national politics. He concluded on a note of high congressional oratory with the statement that if Mr. Van Buren chose to lay out hundreds of dollars in supplying his toilet with Double Extract of Queen Victoria, Corinthian Oil of Cream, Concentrated Persian Essence and Extract of Eglantine, it could constitute no valid reason for charging the farmers, laborers and mechanics of the country with bills for hemming his dish rags, for his larding needles, liquor stands and foreign-cut wine coolers.

Mr. Ogle went home, feeling a trifle hoarse, no doubt, and Mr. Van Buren went to bed with the realisation that he had been made to appear somewhat ridiculous. Everybody laughed for a week. Double Extract of Queen Victoria!

Such a condition of affairs, even before Mr. Ogle had revealed it in all its sumptuous effrontery, had been intolerable. Down with the aristocratic, Anglo-maniac Locofocos —so named from the time of their famous meeting when, the Whig landlord having turned off the gas, they were obliged to write their resolutions by the light of Locofoco friction matches. And down, particularly, with the despot Van Buren. In that clatterwhacking presidential campaign of 1840 the bulk of the nation was determined to vote for anybody—except Mr. Van Buren. The state of mind has been manifest more than once in American politics.

The anybody in 1840 turned out to be General William Henry Harrison—the defeated candidate of 1836—a gentleman from Ohio who had once won a battle. The Whigs, for their part, were determined to unite all factions—all the anti-renters, anti-slavers, abolitionists, conservatives, Webster-Whigs, Clay-Whigs, and all the other varieties of Whigs—and to win the election with a candidate who would satisfy all the groups, or at least antagonise as few of them as possible. Mr. Clay, the party favorite, the logical choice of Whiggery, had all the abolitionists and conservatives against him. Mr. Webster never had a chance, and knew it. After a round or two of complimentary ballots for Mr. Clay, the Whig convention at Harrisburg nominated General Harrison and Mr. Tyler, and then listened to a portfolio full of speeches from the Clay men in which they explained at great length why they were in favor of Mr. Clay, but had decided not to vote for him. It was a splendid moral victory for Mr. Clay, but the hero of Tippecanoe, and Tyler too, became the candidates of the Whig party.

II

The only thing which the Whig convention had neglected to do was to formulate a platform. In the midst of the general speech-making there had been no time for, and, apparently, not the slightest preoccupation over, so insignificant a feature of the campaign. The deficiency was almost immediately supplied, however, by the Locofoco press itself, much to its subsequent dismay and mortification. The, as it turned out, fatal blunder was committed by a Baltimore paper which, having had its attention drawn to a remark concerning General Harrison made by a friend of Mr. Clay, decided that it would be the best joke in the world to publish the entertaining statement. Unfortunately the joke, while an excellent one, was on the Democratic party.

What Mr. Clay's friend had said, on hearing of the nomination, was that if General Harrison were given a pension of $2000 a year and a barrel of hard cider he would be perfectly content to spend the rest of his days in his log cabin, studying moral philosophy.

This appraisal of the Whig candidate, enlarged upon and sneeringly reproduced by the Democratic press, elected him. What the Blue Elliptical Saloon might not have achieved, the log cabin accomplished. The inevitable interpretation attached to the Locofoco guffaws over this personal item was that General Harrison, because he was a plain man, and a poor man, and a plebeian, was not fitted to be President of the United States. All of the plain, poor plebeians in America immediately became extremely indignant. As in the case of the "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion" episode, the damage was done. In vain the Democrats pointed out that the statement had emanated, not from them, but from the most select Whig circles. In vain they protested that, far from sneering at the General, or at any quality which he might represent, they had merely repeated

his own party's estimate of him. The country would have none of their belated excuses.

What? Sneer at the General because he was willing to live in a log cabin; because he was satisfied to partake of simple fare, as symbolised by hard cider in contrast to Mr. Van Buren's imported wines; because he was man enough to toil on his farm with his own hands; because he was a poor but honest citizen and not one of the "fawning minions of power"—well, the country guessed not! As well sneer at the Liberty Bell or the Pilgrim Fathers. A log cabin—and why not? Hundreds of Americans lived in log cabins, thousands of Americans had been born in log cabins, millions of Americans who had done neither had no trouble whatever in becoming patriotically sentimental over log cabins. Log Cabins—Home, Sweet Home—The Old Oaken Bucket—these things were sacred. The nation was mortally offended. The Democrats had trodden on America's most cherished corn, attacked America's most precious illusion, namely, that one man is as good as another.

In vain, once more, the Democrats pointed out that General Harrison was not a poor man, that he seldom if ever drank hard cider, that he had no occasion to toil on a farm, that not by any stretch of the imagination could he be said to live in a log cabin, since, quite evidently to anyone who cared to look, he lived in a fine residence surrounded by a two-thousand-acre estate—

"Fiddledeedee!" the country replied to the Democrats, and believed all these things of its hero all the more firmly.

The Whig Log Cabin, Hard Cider campaign was under way, with a makeshift ticket, a fortuitous issue, and no platform whatever—but a contagious slogan was spreading throughout the land, and when America falls ill of a slogan nothing else matters.

III

The uproar began in the West. There were, of course, more log cabins in the West. At all events the West began to parade, and rally, and convene. In Columbus, Ohio, some twenty thousand people assembled from all over the State and marched eight abreast in a procession two miles long, carrying banners and transparencies—The Hero of Tippecanoe—The Farmer's President. Many of them had come in canoes and log cabins, mounted on wheels, and drawn by three and four pairs of horses. While the cabins trundled along the roads their escorts sat on the roof and drank hard cider. It must all have been extremely convivial and slightly befuddled. In Dayton, one hundred thousand came rolling in, and, after the cider had all been consumed, went rolling out again, looking for the next convention.

The contagion soon spread to the East. Rallies were held everywhere, attracting thousands of citizens who might better have been attending to their own affairs. Sixty thousand paraded in Boston, sixty thousand more in Syracuse. The nearer the date of election approached the greater the rallies became, the more people abandoned their work entirely in order to take part in these perambulating demonstrations of Whig enthusiasm. In New York the call went out for a:

"Great Moral Meeting in the Park this afternoon. A mighty, multitudinous, moral meeting will be held in the Park this evening of all the people in this city who are in favor of political morality in the use of the ballot box at elections. It will probably be the greatest meeting ever held in New York. All the virtuous, moral, honest friends of General Harrison ought to attend, and join in sentiment with every party in preserving the purity of the electoral franchise sacred from the atrocious demoralisation of Wall Street. Meet—meet—meet, friends of the old honest

hero of Tippecanoe, and declare that you are not implicated, nor will defend the horrible morals of the Wall Street cliques. Come forth—come forth."

Wall Street, Wall Street—horrible morals, atrocious demoralisation—what a familiar sound, away back there already in 1840!

In Baltimore, delegates from every State in the Union came together at the Young Men's Whig Convention, and paraded themselves dizzy, dragging log cabins through the streets and pushing "Harrison balls" before them. One of these was eventually rolled to Philadelphia, where, most unfortunately for those concerned, it collapsed ignominiously in the midst of the procession, to the huge delight of on-looking Locofocos. Other Harrison balls were not so ill fated, however, and were rolled along the roads from town to town with a success presumably commensurate with the labor involved.

The feature of all these parades, of course, was the canoes and log cabins on wheels, but principally the log cabins. Tremendous affairs, some of them, with smoke issuing from a real chimney, and a coon-skin on the wall, and a barrel of cider beside the door, and always the latchstring hanging out. Aside from these traveling cabins, these itinerant emblems on wheels, every town, every village, had its Log Cabin headquarters for its Tippecanoe Club, in which loyal Whigs wearing wide-awake hats and Tippecanoe badges and handkerchiefs convened to sing Tippecanoe songs and peruse Tippecanoe literature—the Tippecanoe Text Book, the Log Cabin Song Book, the Harrison Eagle, and in particular a certain Mr. Horace Greeley's Log Cabin newspaper. In some of the city cabins, they also convened for the purpose of imbibing large quantities of Tippecanoe "cider," so that the Whig party found it necessary to remind its followers that Log Cabin Clubs must not be converted into "rum holes."

Throughout the country the cry was "Tippecanoe, and Tyler too!" and "Harrison, two dollars a day, and roast

beef!"—a sequence of somewhat heterogeneous wishes showing the simplicity of human desires in the Forties. Cider was the chosen beverage, the log cabin the cherished emblem, Tippecanoe the favorite name. Children screeched it over back fences and were christened with it, men swallowed it with their afternoon meal, women scrubbed it into their washing, darned it into their hose, rocked their cradles to its rhythm. Church bells chimed it, the wind rustled it in the leaves, birds sang it at sunrise. Out in the fields farmers cried "Go it, Tip, Go it, Ty" to their horses.

> "Tippecanoe—Tippecanoe—
> Tippecanoe, and Tyler too,
> Tippecanoe, and Tyler too,
> And with them we'll beat little Van, little Van,
> And with them we'll beat little Van . . ."

Who could resist such a battle cry! Even in New York Mr. Philip Hone—watching the Whig processions parade the streets at night with music, and banners and torches, and commenting on the manner in which his party, "with more adroitness than they usually display," had appropriated to its own use the famous Locofoco taunt—remarks that on all the transparencies the Temple of Liberty is transformed into a hovel of unhewn logs, and the military garb of the General into the frock coat and shirtsleeves of a gentleman farmer.

"The American eagle has taken his flight which is supplied by a cider barrel, and the long-established emblem of the ship has given place to the plough. Hurrah for Tippecanoe is heard more frequently than Hurrah for the Constitution, and whatever may be the result of the election, the Hurrah is heard and felt in every part of the United States."

IV

The Locofocos, for their part, did not parade, or only very seldom, and then in a supremely dignified, silk-hatted manner. As one would expect from aristocrats who rode

in maroon coaches and ate *pâté de foie gras* off gold plates —the fawning minions! It would obviously have been ill advised of them to cart replicas of Mr. Van Buren's gilded palace around the country, or brandish champagne bottles before the proletariat. And other guerdons had they none. What amusement they may have derived from the affair was obtained in solemn conclaves, in which earnest speeches were made about pressing affairs of state, to the accompaniment of Whig brass bands outside.

There is something immeasurably pathetic about those long-faced, whiskered Democrats of 1840. They were ready to compete at the old stand, with issues, and platforms, and everything, while all their opponents thought of was to ride on top of log cabins and throw empty cider barrels around. They issued controversial propaganda, but their rivals merely set up theatrical props. They insisted on conducting a political campaign, when what the country was doing was following a traveling circus. Throughout the year, the zeal of the Democrats burned while Whiggery fiddled.

"Look here!" the Democrats cried, "the Whig candidate is a clodpoll, a dunderpate, and a ninny-hammer—he ought to be called General Mum—he sits all day like a squash—he hasn't any platform—he doesn't know B from a bull's foot!"

"What do we care!" the Whigs replied. "Tippecanoe, and Tyler too—

> "The people are coming from plain and from mountain,
> To join the brave band of the honest and free,
> Which grows as the stream from the leaf-sheltered fountain,
> Spreads broad and more broad till it reaches the sea.
> No strength can restrain it, no force can retain it,
> Whate'er may resist, it breaks gallantly through,
> And borne by its motion, as a ship on the ocean,
> Speeds on in his glory
> Old Tippecanoe!
> The iron-armed soldier, the true-hearted soldier,
> The gallant old soldier of Tippecanoe!"

"Very well—what are you going to do about the currency?" the Democrats kept roaring. "What are you going to do about the national bank? What are you going to do about the panic?"

"Do?" the Whigs retorted. "*PARADE*—Tippecanoe, and Tyler too—

"Oh know ye the farmer of Tippecanoe?
The gallant old farmer of Tippecanoe?
With an arm that is strong and a heart that is true,
The man of the people is Tippecanoe. . . ."

"But, but—hey, come back here a minute—he isn't a farmer at all!" the breathless Democrats pointed out.

"Do tell!" the Whigs exclaimed, and were off again with the left foot—

"Let Van from his coolers of silver drink wine,
And lounge on his cushioned settee,
Our man on his buckeye bench can recline,
Content with hard cider is he.
Then a shout for each freeman, a shout for each State,
To the plain, honest husbandman true,
And this be our motto, the motto of fate,
Hurrah for old Tippecanoe!"

The Democrats tried a new tack.

"Keep it before the people," they thundered, "that General Harrison was a Federalist—that he approved of selling white men into slavery—"

"What's that to us?" the Whigs hardly paused to enquire, before intoning:

"What though the Hero's hard, 'huge paws'
Were wont to plow and sow?
Does that disgrace our sacred cause?
Does that degrade him? *NO!*
Whig farmers are our nation's nerve,
Its bone, its very spine,
They'll never swerve, they did not swerve,
In days of old lang syne.

"No ruffled shirt, no silken hose,
No airs does Tup display:

But like 'the pith of worth' he goes
In homespun 'hoddin-gray.'
Upon his board there ne'er appeared
The costly sparkling wine,
But plain hard cider such as cheered,
In days of old lang syne."

"Keep it before the people," the Democrats had to shout to make themselves heard above the racket, "that General Harrison is an abolitionist—keep it before the people that as a soldier he was a coward—"

"Bah!" the Whigs countered. "Keep it before the people that Mr. Van Buren lives in a Blue Elliptical Saloon surrounded by flunkies—keep it before the people that he perfumes himself with Double Extract of Queen Victoria—keep it before the people that he has French tabourets in his parlor—step aside now and—

"Make way for old Tip, turn out, turn out,
Make way for old Tip, turn out!
'Tis the people's decree,
Their choice he shall be,
So Martin Van Buren, turn out, turn out,
So Martin Van Buren, turn out!"

It was not a presidential campaign, it was a contest between two modes of dress, two varieties of beverage, two styles of architecture. It was lost by an inch or two of type in a newspaper, won by miles of parades. It was a jubilee of popular prejudice on wheels, set to the music of atrocious ballads. It was preposterous, and it was glorious sport. It was the Forties.

From *The Fabulous Forties* by Meade Minnigerode. New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons. Used by permission from the publishers.

Bryan, Bryan, Bryan, Bryan, by *Vachel Lindsay*

THE CAMPAIGN OF EIGHTEEN NINETY-SIX, AS VIEWED AT THE TIME BY A SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD

IN a nation of one hundred fine, mob-hearted, lynching, relenting, repenting millions,
There are plenty of sweeping, swinging, stinging, gorgeous things to shout about,
And knock your old blue devils out.

I brag and chant of Bryan, Bryan, Bryan,
Candidate for president who sketched a silver Zion,
The one American Poet who could sing out doors.
He brought in tides of wonder, of unprecedented splendor,
Wild roses from the plains that made hearts tender,
All the funny circus silks
Of politics unfurled,
Bartlett pears of romance that were honey at the cores,
And torchlights down the street, to the end of the world.

There were truths eternal in the gab and tittle-tattle.
There were real heads broken in the fustian and the rattle.
There were real lines drawn:
Not the silver and the gold,
But Nebraska's cry went eastward against the dour and old,
The mean and cold.

It was eighteen ninety-six, and I was just sixteen
And Altgeld ruled in Springfield, Illinois,
When there came from the sunset Nebraska's shout of joy:—
In a coat like a deacon, in a black Stetson hat
He scourged the elephant plutocrats
With barbed wire from the Platte.
The scales dropped from their mighty eyes.
They saw that summer's noon

A tribe of wonders coming
To a marching tune.

Oh, the long horns from Texas,
The jay hawks from Kansas,
The plop-eyed bungaroo and giant giassicus,
The varmint, chipmunk, bugaboo,
The horned-toad, prairie-dog and ballyhoo,
From all the newborn states arow,
Bidding the eagles of the West fly on,
Bidding the eagles of the West fly on.

The fawn, prodactyl and thing-a-ma-jig,
The rakaboor, the hellangone,
The whangdoodle, batfowl and pig,
The coyote, wild-cat and grizzly in a glow,
In a miracle of health and speed, the whole breed abreast,
They leaped the Mississippi, blue border of the West,
From the Gulf to Canada, two thousand miles long:—
Against the towns of Tubal Cain,
Ah, sharp was their song.
Against the ways of Tubal Cain, too cunning for the young,
The long-horn calf, the buffalo and wampus gave tongue.

These creatures were defending things Mark Hanna never dreamed:
The moods of airy childhood that in desert dews gleamed,
The gossamers and whimsies,
The monkeyshines and didos
Rank and strange
Of the canyons and the range,
The ultimate fantastics
Of the far western slope,
And of prairie schooner children
Born beneath the stars,
Beneath falling snows,

Of the babies born at midnight
In the sod huts of lost hope,
With no physician there,
Except a Kansas prayer,
With the Indian raid a-howling through the air.

By the dour East oppressed,
And all these in their helpless days
Mean paternalism
Making their mistakes for them,
Crucifying half the West,
Till the whole Atlantic coast
Seemed a giant spiders' nest.

And these children and their sons
At last rode through the cactus,
A cliff of mighty cowboys
On the lope,
With gun and rope.
And all the way to frightened Maine the old East heard them call,
And saw our Bryan by a mile lead the wall
Of men and whirling flowers and beasts,
The bard and the prophet of them all.
Prairie avenger, mountain lion,
Bryan, Bryan, Bryan, Bryan,
Gigantic troubadour, speaking like a siege gun,
Smashing Plymouth Rock with his boulders from the West,
And just a hundred miles behind, tornadoes piled across the sky,
Blotting out sun and moon,
A sign on high.
Headlong, dazed and blinking in the weird green light,
The scalawags made moan,
Afraid to fight.

II

When Bryan came to Springfield, and Altgeld gave him greeting,
Rochester was deserted, Divernon was deserted,
Mechanicsburg, Riverton, Chickenbristle, Cotton Hill,
Empty: for all Sangamon drove to the meeting—
In silver-decked racing cart,
Buggy, buckboard, carryall,
Carriage, phaëton, whatever would haul,
And silver-decked farm-wagons gritted, banged and rolled,
With the new tale of Bryan by the iron tires told.

The State House loomed afar,
A speck, a hive, a football,
A captive balloon!
And the town was all one spreading wing of bunting, plumes, and sunshine,
Every rag and flag, and Bryan picture sold,
When the rigs in many a dusty line
Jammed our streets at noon,
And joined the wild parade against the power of gold.

We roamed, we boys from High School
With mankind,
While Springfield gleamed,
Silk-lined.
Oh, Tom Dines, and Art Fitzgerald,
And the gangs that they could get!
I can hear them yelling yet.
Helping the incantation,
Defying aristocracy,
With every bridle gone,
Ridding the world of the low down mean,
Bidding the eagles of the West fly on,
Bidding the eagles of the West fly on,

We were bully, wild and wooly,
Never yet curried below the knees.
We saw flowers in the air,
Fair as the Pleiades, bright as Orion,
Hopes of all mankind,
Made rare, resistless, thrice refined.
Oh, we bucks from every Springfield ward!
Colts of democracy—
Yet time-winds out of Chaos from the star-fields of the Lord.

The long parade rolled on. I stood by my best girl.
She was a cool young citizen, with wise and laughing eyes.
With my necktie by my ear, I was stepping on my dear,
But she kept like a pattern, without a shaken curl.
She wore in her hair a brave prairie rose.
Her gold chums cut her, for that was not the pose.
No Gibson girl would wear it in that fresh way.
But we were fairy Democrats, and this was our day.

The earth rocked like the ocean, the sidewalk was a deck.
The houses for the moment were lost in that wide wreck.
And the bands played strange and stranger music as they trailed along.
Against the ways of Tubal Cain,
Ah, sharp was their song!
The demons in the bricks, the demons in the grass,
The demons in the bank-vaults peered out to see us pass,
And the angels in the trees, the angels in the grass,
The angels in the flags peered out to see us pass.
And the sidewalk was our chariot, and the flowers bloomed higher,
And the street turned to silver and the grass turned to fire,
And then it was but grass, and the town was there again,
A place for women and for men.

III

Then we stood where we could see
Every band,
And the speaker's stand.
And Bryan took the platform.
And he was introduced.
And he lifted his hand
And cast a new spell.
Progressive silence fell
In Springfield,
In Illinois,
Around the world.
Then we heard these glacial boulders across the prairie rolled:
"The people have a right to make their own mistakes . . .
You shall not crucify mankind
Upon a cross of gold."

And everybody heard him—
In the streets and State House yard.
And everybody heard him
In Springfield,
In Illinois,
Around and around and around the world.
That danced upon its axis
And like a daring broncho whirled.

IV

July, August, suspense.
Wall Street lost to sense.
August, September, October,
More suspense,
And the whole East down like a wind-smashed fence.

Then Hanna to the rescue,
Hanna of Ohio,
Rallying the roller-tops,
Rallying the bucket-shops,
Threatening drouth and death,
Promising manna,
Rallying the trusts against the bawling flannelmouth;
Invading misers' cellars,
Tin-cans, socks,
Melting down the rocks,
Pouring out the long-green to a million workers,
Spondulix by the mountain-load, to stop each new tornado,
And beat the cheapskate, blatherskite,
Populistic, anarchistic,
Deacon—desperado.

V

Election night at midnight:
Boy Bryan's defeat.
Defeat of western silver.
Defeat of the wheat.
Victory of letterfiles
And plutocrats in miles
With dollar signs upon their coats,
Diamond watchchains on their vests
And spats on their feet.
Victory of custodians,
Plymouth Rock,
And all that inbred landlord stock.
Victory of the neat.
Defeat of the aspen groves of Colorado valleys,
The blue bells of the Rockies,
And blue bonnets of old Texas,
By the Pittsburg alleys.
Defeat of alfalfa and the Mariposa lily.

Defeat of the Pacific and the long Mississippi.
Defeat of the young by the old and the silly.
Defeat of tornadoes by the poison vats supreme.
Defeat of my boyhood, defeat of my dream.

VI

Where is McKinley, that respectable McKinley,
The man without an angle or a tangle,
Who soothed down the city man and soothed down the farmer,
The German, the Irish, the Southerner, the Northerner,
Who climbed every greasy pole, and slipped through every crack;
Who soothed down the gambling hall, the bar-room, the church,
The devil vote, the angel vote, the neutral vote,
The desperately wicked, and their victims on the rack,
The gold vote, the silver vote, the brass vote, the lead vote,
Every vote. . . .

Where is McKinley, Mark Hanna's McKinley,
His slave, his echo, his suit of clothes?
Gone to join the shadows with the pomps of that time,
And the flame of the summer's prairie rose.

Where is Cleveland whom the Democratic platform
Read from the party in a glorious hour?
Gone to join the shadows with pitchfork Tillman,
And sledge hammer Altgeld who wrecked his power.

Where is Hanna, bulldog Hanna,
Low-browed Hanna who said "Stand pat"?
Gone to his place with old Pierpont Morgan.
Gone somewhere . . . with lean rat Platt.

Where is Roosevelt, the young dude cowboy,
Who hated Bryan, then aped his way?
Gone to join the shadows with mighty Cromwell
And tall King Saul till the Judgment Day.

Where is Altgeld, brave as the truth,
Whose name the few still say with tears?
Gone to join the ironies with Old John Brown,
Whose fame rings loud for a thousand years.

Where is that boy, that Heaven-born Bryan,
That Homer Bryan, who sang from the West?
Gone to join the shadows with Altgeld the Eagle,
Where the kings and the slaves and the troubadours rest.

From *The Golden Whales of California* by Vachel Lindsay, published by the Macmillan Company. Reprinted here by permission of the publishers.

III

THE AMERICAN SCENE

Los Angeles: Ballyhooers in Heaven, by *Paul Jordan-Smith*

THE Pueblo del Rio de Nuestra Señora La Reina de Los Angeles de Portiuncula, known to winter pilgrims as Los Angeles, and to the local inhabitants as Los, is, in reality, less a city of angels than a paradise of realtors and a refuge for the rheumatic. It bears, however, a much worse name, in the literary journals of this country, than it deserves. San Francisco, its bitter rival, receives to this day the polite huzzas of the elect, who are yet misled by a fiction. For the New Yorker, reading his history of American letters, is convinced that the northern city is still the Bohemian, pagan, intellectual metropolis of the far West. He is apparently unaware that the earthquake and prohibition have transformed the town of Mark Twain and Bret Harte into a fair likeness of Kansas City and Peoria. Such is the vitality of tradition. For Los Angeles the same gentleman reserves the epithet,—"The soul of Iowa."

Perhaps the fault lies in the ironic power of a name, for, if its history is to be credited, the place has never been angelic. For almost one hundred years after its founding in 1781, it was a town of rough-and-ready, draw-yer-gun-and-be-damned-to-yuh westerners, as independent in their ways and as true in their aims as the gold-seeking gentry who made San Francisco famous.

From the city of narrow, motor-crowded streets, anæmic mid-westerners, and sappy "metaphysicians" back to the days when swarthy dons stalked about the Plaza in tight green jackets trimmed with gold; when the caballeros came

thundering by, gleaming with silver; when cafeterias were gay drinking places, and when a mild city ordinance suggested that white men should avoid consummating their amours with Indian lasses in the public streets, is a far-off shout. Yet once upon a time this Mecca of the middle classes was dominated by such gentlemen as Nasario Dominguez, Bernardo Yorba, José Sepulveda and Don José Maria Verdugo, who, in their picturesque serapes and wide sombreros, made this southern town a place of vivid distinction. Early of a spring morning one might see the haughty Don Antonio Maria Lugo come prancing by on his jet black steed, followed by a mounted procession of sixteen sons, all well over six feet in height and arrayed, each of them, in finery that exceeded by far the value of a modern flivver.

Gone are the favorite sports of the Latin civilization that enlivened this southern Pacific coast. Once men shouted at bull fights, within a stone's throw of the Plaza; once the streets were strewn with the carcasses of heroic cocks; once the gay balls and fandangos and feasts lasted for half a week; once the streets resounded till midnight with the laughter of tipsy revellers and the playful shots of care-free worshippers of Chance. Now all, all is still save the rattle of Fords and the clatter of thick plates in the steaming cafeterias.

Once the populace of Nigger Alley so resented convention that when Henry Allen in deed and truth did lawfully take and marry Dona Concha, it vented its righteous indignation, celebrated its disgrace by mobbing the hapless bridegroom with old eggs and empty bottles. Now it brays with the Rotarians and joins the Eastern Star.

Once the hills were clad with vines and the presses were hard put in the service of parched throats; once the lights were never dimmed in the Bella Union, and the El Dorado flowed with golden liquors. Now the Bella Union is no more and the El Dorado long ago bore a steeple and was

transformed into a Methodist chapel by Parson Bland. All is deadly, dumb and democratic.

But these later consummations were a long and a furious time coming.

. . . . . .

One must, in fairness, say this much: The early American pioneers were not responsible for the present state of things.

They were upstanding, fearless men who, seeing the tremendous opportunities that were here in the Fifties, and sensing a larger freedom than prevailed in New England, came to this spot to raise sheep, cattle and oranges for the good of their own souls and the greater advantage of their families. They dwelt in large, thick-walled, wide-doored comfortable quarters, and exercised a generous hospitality; and, within the limits of decency, were men of their own opinions. They did not stampede nor snivel. Most of their descendants have shriveled down to dull conformity, or gone to the devil from too great a prosperity.

The stranger, however, will find at least this remnant of the ancient ways: a normal and wholesome lack of suspicion. The Westerner going East finds that his Traveller's check is more often than not suspected of being counterfeit, and at the bank to which he has been directed he will be treated as a possible thief. Here the Easterner is astounded to find his practically unidentified check accepted with careless ease, his good standing assumed, and his person uninsulted. His only devil is the realtor.

It is more than possible that the downfall of Los Angeles came about through the following sequence of events: The years 1863-64 were the rainless years, and during the severe and unexpected drought cattle perished by the thousands. The ranchers were desperate: many were utterly ruined. One ranch of 27,000 acres was offered for the price of taxes —one hundred and fifty dollars—, and city lots, now worth hundreds of thousands, were refused at a dollar and a half apiece. Then it was that the ranchers opened great sections

of their land to colonists from the Middle West. At about this time the news had gone abroad that the now vaunted climate was inimical to the consumption germ. And then came the railroads. In 1877 the Southern Pacific ran down from the north, and in the early eighties it was joined by the Santa Fe. These two railway companies flew at one another's throats in deadly competition. During the rate war that followed, the price of a ticket from the Mississippi Valley to the land of health and open spaces fell to the round sum of one hundred cents. Who could resist? The diseased poured in and spread their tents upon a thousand hills. The rheumatics were next, and they signalled to their neighbors, the retired farmers from the chilly corn belt. Tuberculars, rheumatics and retired farmers! A susceptible crew—easy pickin's for the Boston mind-healers and the preachers of spiritual uplift. The parasites swarmed in droves to the feast. Out of this mess there grew and fattened the livest and most persistent gang of land pirates that the world has ever known. It became a crime to criticize California; a felony to whisper of an earthquake; to frown upon the climate was equivalent to committing rape. The old timers, filled with nausea, sought their graves.

Yet even while they still invigorated the earth with the glamor of their haleness, the suggestion of a certain ill fame in the city's officially angelic title was, as we have seen, already historic. And even this year of grace and puritanism (1925) the same suggestion is frequently noticeable. This is partly owing to the influx of eastern criminals who, because of the inconvenient migration of millionaires from New York and Chicago, and because of the rigors of a severe climate, elect to spend their winters in Southern California: owing, also, to the alleged immoralities of the moving picture kings and queens: owing, finally, to the grasping nature of the aforementioned realtors, who operate without regard to season.

On the other hand, the ill repute of the city may arise

from the disappointment of the expectant tourist, who, having read of the above recited delinquencies, hopes to find the place an American Port Said, reeking with wine and the hootchee-kootchee. He arrives to discover a population of Iowa farmers and sun-burned old maids in an endless chain of cafeterias, movie palaces and state picnics. He bursts over a whole column of some obscure eastern magazinelet, and declares that the city of the angels is just as dull as the traditional kingdom of heaven.

And he is exactly right; for Los Angeles is a wholly typical, post-Volsteadian, American big town. Its charms are matters of climate and outlying scenery, things that most of our other cities do not have in such abundance. The buildings, streets and people might well be the buildings, streets and people of Dallas, Cleveland or Des Moines.

Apart from the climate and scenery, the sole things that stand out are glittering sedans of European make, owned by ex-farm hands and café wenches, who, because of a dimple or a wart, have been enthroned in the gaudy kingdom of the screen. These vacant-eyed children of the back alleys provide thrills for retired Iowans, whilst they themselves seek new sensations in ancient vices imported from the sea ports of the Mediterranean.

The people who thus decorate themselves may have no genuine culture; may, indeed, be addicted to the secret use of chewing gum, and be furtive admirers of Mary Pickford: but these are national crimes and are not to be attributed to a local weakness. I repeat, therefore, that the citizens of Los Angeles may have the vices of the Middle West, but they also have its redeeming virtue, a fevered yearning for vaster mental horizons.

Tame? Certainly. The people who daily flivver from Hill Street to Hollywood do the goose step to perfect time. They will stand for anything, vote for anything, believe anything that appears in public print. They will permit themselves to live under more nonsensical ordinances than any

people on earth. A suburban example of this mania may be cited as fairly typical. The Long Beach fathers declared as follows:

"No person shall indulge in caresses, hugging, fondling, embracing, spooning, kissing or wrestling with any person or persons of the opposite sex in or upon or near any public park, avenue, street, court, way alley or place, or on the beach, or any other public place . . . and no person shall sit or lie with his or her head, or any other portion of his or her person upon any portion of a person or persons of the opposite sex upon or near any of the said public places."

. . . . . .

But the town is not devoid of amusement, if one knows where to find it. There is the big Methodist powwow at Trinity Auditorium, with an athletic champion of the Ku Klux Klan before its footlights,—a person with loud voice and enough absurdity to move the profoundest pessimist to immoderate laughter. The Baptist clown does stunts at the Philharmonic Theatre that cause the local shoe clerks and janitors to jam the doors, and give the cafeteria hounds hoochless heebie-jeebies. The "Four Square" gospeller—a screeching lady parsonette—does a one-act that brings joy to thousands. Any one of these three popular fundamentalists is sufficient to insure this city of the seraphim against the arrival of Dr. Billy Sunday. We simply do not need him: our three-ring circus is enough.

Also there are the cults. It is beyond question that there are more nonsense cults in the environs of this city than anywhere else on earth.

They were emptied here out of Boston by way of Chicago. The milder climate enables them to keep the illusion that they have conquered disease through spiritual power. They are the sick survivors of New England transcendentalism, and while they are no more native than eucalyptus trees, they provide a sort of comedy that is not without its merits.

All are here, from the venerable and materially respec-

table Christian Scientists on down to the followers of Frater Aleister Crowley, with their illuminating rites of black, black magic. Some of these fakirs have handsome lodges erected at the expense of gullible millionaires whose intellectual culture had hitherto been confined to the higher realms of swine breeding. Many a broken movie queen finds solace in these palaces of opulent optimism.

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Well, there you have it. A rare mixture—of evangelical mountebanks, new thoughters, swamis, popular novelists, movie persons, solemn pamphleteers, realtors, Ku-Kluxers, joiners of the thousand-and-one fraternal orders of good will and everlasting sunshine, artists, consumptives, music lovers, cripples, retired farmers, ex-beer magnates—mostly American to the core, and as typical as sign boards and peanut stands. There is the old Plaza, the most interesting bit remaining, swarming with impoverished Mexicans and thrifty Japanese; towering hills in the mid-city, still bearing the decaying houses of the old pioneers: the shifting business district, looking, for all the world, like St. Louis or Milwaukee: and on the outlying heights, stretching toward Hollywood or the sea, and covered now with new palaces in Italian villa, French Renaissance, or Hopi Indian architecture for the pleasuring of the plutocrats. In the midst of this strange hish-hash is the largest woman's club in America, and the greatest number of God-fearing Puritans.

A few rebels look on and sneer, but their sneers are unobserved. The crowd surges by, seizing frantically at the uplift pamphlets handed out by fagged and sad-eyed women for the enhancement of the town-boomers: "Take a free ride to Eve's Garden, the Gigantic new subdivision planned for you by Fawn and Leach, the Realty Kings. Absolutely Free!"

And yet, the bug of optimism seizes me; I succumb. It is now my firm conviction, Mencken notwithstanding, that out of this motley throng of goose-steppers and propagan-

dists there will grow the most splendid center of genuine culture and enlightenment on this continent. For, with all its uncouthness, the place is alive with illusions, and illusions are the stuff of art.

From *The Taming of the Frontier* by Paul Jordan-Smith, edited by Duncan Aikman, and published by Minton, Balch & Company, New York. Reprinted here by permission of the publishers.

Ohio; I'll Say We've Done Well, by *Sherwood Anderson*

I AM compelled to write of the State of Ohio reminiscently and from flashing impressions got during these last ten years, although I was born there, my young manhood was spent within its borders, and later I went back and spent another five or six years as a manufacturer in the State. And so I have always thought of myself as an Ohioan and no doubt shall always remain, inside myself, an Ohioan. Very well, then, it is my State and there are a thousand things within it I love and as many things I do not like much at all.

Ohio is a big State. It is strong. It is the State of Harding and McKinley. I am told that my own father once played in the Silver Cornet Band at Caledonia, Ohio. Warren G. may remember him as Teddy, sometimes called Major Anderson. He ran a small harness shop at Caledonia. Just why he was called Major I never knew. Perhaps because his people came from the South. Anyway, I ought to have a job at Washington. Everyone else from that county has one.

And now Ohio has got very big and very strong and its Youngstown, Cincinnati, Akron, Cleveland, Toledo, and perhaps a dozen other prosperous industrial cities, can put themselves forward as being as ugly, as noisy, as dirty, and as mean in their civic spirit as any American industrial cities anywhere. "Come, you men of 'these States,' " as old Walt

Whitman was so fond of saying, in his windier moods, "trot out your cities." Have you a city that smells worse than Akron, that is a worse junk-heap of ugliness than Youngstown, that is more smugly self-satisfied than Cleveland, or that has missed as unbelievably great an opportunity to be one of the lovely cities of the world as has the city of Cincinnati? I'll warrant you have not. In this modern pushing American civilization of ours you other States have nothing on our Ohio. Credit where credit is due, citizens. I claim that we Ohio men have taken as lovely a land as ever lay outdoors and that we have, in our towns and cities, put the old stamp of ourselves on it for keeps.

Of course, you understand that to do this we have had to work. Take for example a city like Cincinnati. There it sits on its hills, the lovely southern Ohio and northern Kentucky hills, and a poet coming there might have gone into the neighboring hills and looked down on the site of the great city; well, what I say is that such a poet might have dreamed of a white and golden city nestling there with the beautiful Ohio at its feet. And that city might, you understand, have crept off into the green hills, that the poet might have compared to the breasts of goddesses, and in the morning when the sun came out and the men, women, and children of the city came out of their houses and looking abroad over their sweet land of Ohio—

But pshaw, let's cut that bunk.

We Ohioans tackled the job and we put the kibosh on that poet tribe for keeps. If you don't believe it, go down and look at our city of Cincinnati now. We have done something against great odds down there. First we had to lick the poet out of our own hearts and then we had to lick nature herself, but we did it. Today our river front in Cincinnati is as mean-looking a place as the lake front in Chicago or Cleveland, and you please bear in mind that down there in Cincinnati we had less money to work with than they did up in Chicago or even in Cleveland.

Well, we did it. We have ripped up those hills and cut out all that breasts-of-goddesses stuff and we've got a whanging big Rotary Club and a couple of years ago we won the World Series, or bought it, and we've got some nice rotten old boats in the river and some old sheds on the waterfront where, but for us, there might not have been anything but water.

And now let's move about the State a little while I point out to you a few more things we have done. Of course, we haven't any Henry Ford over there, but just bear in mind that John D. Rockefeller and Mark Hanna and Harvey Firestone and Willys up at Toledo and a lot of other live ones are Ohio men, and what I claim is—they have done well.

Look at what we had to buck up against. You go back into American history a little and you'll see for yourself what I mean. Do you remember when La Salle was working his way westward, up there in Canada, and he kept hearing about a country to the south and a river called the Ohio? The rest of his crowd didn't want to go down that way and so, being a modest man and not wanting to set himself up against public opinion, he pretended to be down of a bad sickness. So the rest of the bunch, priests and Indians and others, went on out West and he just took a couple of years off and cut out southward alone, with a few Indians. And even afoot and through the thick woods a man can cover quite a considerable amount of territory in two years. My notion is he probably saw it all.

I remember that an old man I knew when I was a boy told me about seeing the Ohio River in the early days, when the rolling hills along its banks were still covered with great trees, and what he said I can't remember exactly, but anyway, he gave me the impression of a sweet, clear, and majestic stream, in which one could swim and see the sand of the bottom far below, through the sparkling water. The impression I got from the old man was of boys swimming

on their backs, and white clouds floating overhead, and the hills running away, and the branches of trees tossed by the wind like the waves of a vast green sea.

It may be that La Salle went there and did that. It wouldn't surprise me if some such scandal should creep out about him. And then, maybe, after he got down to where Louisville, Kentucky, now stands, and he found he couldn't get any further with his boats because of the falls in the river—or pretended he couldn't because he was so stuck on the fine Ohio country up above—it may be, I say, that he turned back and went northward along eastern Ohio and into a land of even more majestic hills and finer forests and got finally into that country of soft-stepping little hills, up there facing Lake Erie.

I say maybe he did and I have my own reasons. You see this fellow La Salle wasn't much of a one to talk. He didn't advertise very well. What I mean is he was an uncommunicative man. But you go look him up in the books and you will see that later he was always being condemned, after that trip, and that he was always afterward accused of being a visionary and a dreamer.

From all I've ever been able to hear about Ohio, as it was before we white men and New Englanders got in there and went to work, the land might have done that to La Salle, and for that matter to our own sons, too, if we God-fearing men hadn't got in there just when we did, and rolled up our sleeves, and got right down to the business of making a good, up-and-coming, Middle-Western, American State out of it. And, thank goodness, we had the old pep in us to do it. We original northern Ohio men were mostly New Englanders and we came out of cold stony New England and over the rocky hills of northern New York State to get into Ohio.

I suppose the hardship we endured before we got to Ohio was what helped us to bang right ahead and cut down trees and build railroads and whang the Indians over the heads with our picks and shovels and put up churches and later

start the Anti-Saloon League and all the other splendid things we have done. I'll tell you that the country makes no mistake when it comes to our State for Presidents. We train our sons up right over there.

Why, I can remember myself, when I was a boy, and how I once got out of a job and went one fall with a string of race horses all over our State. I found out then what La Salle was up against when our State was what you might call new, in a way of speaking. Why, I got as dreamy and mopy, drifting along through the beautiful Ohio country that fall, as any no-account you ever saw. I fooled along until I got fired. That's how I came out.

Then of course I had to go into the cities and get a job in a factory and the better way of life got in its chance at me, so that for years I had as good a bringing up and knew as much about hustling and pushing myself forward and advertising and not getting dreamy or visionary as any American there is. What I mean is that if I had slipped any since I do not blame the modern Ohio people for it. It's my own fault. You can't blame a town like Toledo or Cleveland or Akron or any of our up-and-coming Ohio cities if a man turns out to be a bum American and doesn't care about driving a motor at fifty miles an hour or doesn't go to the movies much evenings.

What I mean to say is that this business of writing up States in the pages of *The Nation* is, I'll bet anything, going to turn out just as I expected. There'll be a lot of knocking, that's what I'll bet. But I'm not going to do that. I live in Chicago now and our motto here is, "Put away your hammer and get out your horn." Mayor Thompson of Chicago got that up. And, anyway, I think it is pretty much all silliness, this knocking and this carping criticism of everything American and splendid I hear going on nowadays. I'm that way myself sometimes and I'm ashamed of it.

The trouble with me is that I once had a perfectly good

little factory over in Ohio, and there was a nice ash-heap in a vacant lot beside it, and it was on a nice stream, and I dumped stuff out of my factory and killed the fish in it and spoiled it just splendid for a while. What I think now is that I would have been all right and a good man, too, but on summer afternoons I got to moping about the Ohio hills alone, instead of going over to the Elks Club and playing pool where I might have got in with some of the boys and picked up some good points. There were a lot of good bang-up Ohio pushers over in that Ohio town I had my factory in and I neglected them. So of course I went broke and I'll admit I've been rather a sorehead ever since. But when I come down to admit the honest truth I'll have to say it wasn't Ohio's fault at all.

Why, do you know, I've had times when I thought I'd like to see that strip of country we call Ohio, just as that Frenchman La Salle must have seen it. What I mean is with nothing over there but the dear, green hills and the clear, sweet rivers and nobody around but a few Indians and all the whites and the splendid modern cities all gone to —I won't say where, because it's a thought I don't have very often and I'm ashamed of it.

What I suppose gets me yet is what got me when I stayed away from the Elks Club and went walking in the hills when I was trying to be a manufacturer, and what got me fired when I was a race-track swipe. I get to thinking of what that darned old man once told me. I'll bet he was a Bolshevik. What he told me set me dreaming about swimming in clear streams, and seeing white cities sitting on hills, and of other cities up along the northern end of my State, facing Lake Erie, where in the evening canoes and maybe even gondolas would drift in and out of the lake and among the stone houses, whose color was slowly changing and growing richer with the passage of time.

But, as I say, that's all poet stuff and bunk. Having such pipe dreams is just what put the old kibosh on my factory,

I'll bet anything. What I think is that a man should be glad it's getting harder and harder for any of our sons to make the same mistakes I did. For, as I figure it out, things are going just splendidly over in Ohio now. Why, nearly every town is a factory town now and some of them have got streets in them that would make New York or London or Chicago sit up and take notice. What I mean is, almost as many people to every square foot of ground and just as jammed up and dirty and smoky.

To be sure, the job isn't all done yet. There are lots of places where you can still see the green hills and every once in a while a citizen of a city like Cleveland, for example, gets a kind of accidental glimpse at the lake, but even in a big town like Chicago, where they have a lot of money and a large police force, a thing like that will happen now and then. You can't do everything all at once. But things are getting better all the time. A little more push, a little more old zip and go, and a man over in Ohio can lead a decent life.

He can get up in the morning and go through a street where all the houses are nicely blacked up with coal soot, and into a factory where all he has to do all day long is to drill a hole in a piece of iron. It's fine the way Ford and Willys and all such fellows have made factory work so nice. Nowadays all you have to do, if you live in an up-to-date Ohio town, is to make, say, twenty-three million holes in pieces of iron, all just alike, in a lifetime. Isn't that fine? And at night a fellow can go home thanking God, and he can walk right past the finest cinder piles and places where they dump old tin cans and everything without paying a cent.

And so I don't see why what such cities as Cleveland and Cincinnati have done to knock dreaminess and natural beauty of scene galley-west can't be done also by all the smaller towns and cities pretty fast now. What I'm sure is they can do it if the old New England stock hasn't worn

out and if they keep out foreign influences all they can. And even the farmers can make their places out in the country look more modern and like the slums of a good live city like Chicago or Cleveland if they'll only pep up and work a little harder this fall when the crops are laid by.

And so, as far as I can see, what I say is, Ohio is O. K.

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PART III

FOLK SONG AND STORY

INTRODUCTION

JUST as America's Coming of Age expressed itself in conscious appreciation of the unique quality of her pioneer history, so also it manifested an awakening interest in pioneer literature,—the literature of the people which we call folklore. Investigations of this type lead us to consider the contributions of other races involved with us on American soil. In the primitive poetry of the American Indian, Mrs. Austin finds the genuine American rhythm. In the blues and spirituals and workaday songs of the negro we find an art expression of a so-called "inferior" race which has subtly permeated and influenced the musical forms of "superior" white culture. Or, if we wish to confine our search for American primitives to those of Anglo-Saxon origin, we find the closest link with Old England in the songs and stories of the isolated Southern Mountaineers, who have been happily called "our contemporary ancestors." Some of these songs of the Kentucky mountaineers are variants on old English ballads; others are verse narratives of similar type evolved under American conditions; here, too, belong the "tall tales" spun by the exuberant imagination of some "King Solomon" and retold from fathers to children around the evening hearth. Modern utilizations of this folk material are found in Professor Koch's collections of Carolina Folk Plays.

Much of this literature of the primitive associates itself closely with frontier occupations. From the lumber camps come Paul Bunyan and Tony Beaver; Jesse James, Billy the Kid, and Calamity Jane bring with them the wild days of the outlaw; songs of the old Yankee clipper ships, songs of the cattle trail and cow camp, songs of the shanty boys, mingle in an all-American medley.

To study this literature of the people is to be aware of the processes by which all literature comes into being: the desire to escape from the crushing pressure of the actual by conceiving life poetically, the alleviation of work by rhythm, the exaltation of the strong man into a gigantic folk-hero. Cowboy and bandit, lumberjack and miner, sailor and mountaineer,—all played their part in the development of America, all have left something of what was distinctive in their environment and attitude, handed down to us in folk song and folk story. To listen to them is to be able to say with Walt Whitman: "I hear America singing, the varied carols I hear."

I

THE INDIAN

The Forgotten City, by *Willa Cather*

FAR up above me, a thousand feet or so, set in a great cavern in the face of the cliff, I saw a little city of stone, asleep. It was as still as sculpture—and something like that. It all hung together, seemed to have a kind of composition: pale little houses of stone nestling close to one another, perched on top of each other, with flat roofs, narrow windows, straight walls, and in the middle of the group, a round tower.

It was beautifully proportioned, that tower, swelling out to a larger girth a little above the base, then growing slender again. There was something symmetrical and powerful about the swell of the masonry. The tower was the fine thing that held all the jumble of houses together and made them mean something. It was red in color, even on that gray day. In sunlight it was the color of winter oak-leaves. A fringe of cedars grew along the edge of the cavern, like a garden. They were the only living things. Such silence and stillness and repose—immortal repose. That village sat looking down into the canyon with the calmness of eternity. The falling snow-flakes, sprinkling the piñons, gave it a special kind of solemnity. I can't describe it. It was more like sculpture than anything else. I knew at once that I had come upon the city of some extinct civilization, hidden away in this inaccessible mesa for centuries, preserved in the dry air and almost perpetual sunlight like a fly in amber, guarded by the cliffs and the river and the desert.

As I stood looking up at it, I wondered whether I ought to tell even Blake about it; whether I ought not to go back across the river and keep that secret as the mesa had kept it. When I at last turned away, I saw still another canyon branching out of this one, and in its wall still another arch, with another group of buildings. The notion struck me like a rifle ball that this mesa had once been like a bee-hive; it was full of little cliff-hung villages, it had been the home of a powerful tribe, a particular civilization.

. . . . . .

After supper when we had lit our pipes, I told Blake and Henry as clearly as I could what it was like over there, and we talked it over. The town in the cliffs explained the irrigation ditches. Like all pueblo Indians, these people had had their farms away from their dwellings. For a stronghold they needed rock, and for farming, soft earth and a water main.

"And this proves," said Roddy, "that there must have been a trail into the mesa at the north end, and that they carried their harvest over by the ford. If this Cow Canyon was the only entrance, they could never have farmed down here." We agreed that he should go over on the first warm day and try to find a trail up to the Cliff City, as we already called it.

We talked and speculated until after midnight. It was Christmas Eve, and Henry said it was but right we should do something out of the ordinary. But after we went to bed, tired as I was, I was unable to sleep. I got up and dressed and put on my overcoat and slipped outside to get sight of the mesa. The wind had come up and was blowing the squall clouds over the sky. The moon was almost full, hanging directly over the mesa, which had never looked so solemn and silent to me before. I wondered how many Christmases had come and gone since that round tower was built. I had been to Acoma and the Hopi villages, but I'd never seen a tower like that one. It seemed to me to mark

a difference. I felt that only a strong and aspiring people would have built it, and a people with a feeling for design. That cluster of buildings, in its arch, with the dizzy drop into empty air from its doorways and the wall of cliff above, was as clear in my mind as a picture. By closing my eyes I could see it against the dark, like a magic-lantern slide.

Blake got over the river before New Year's day, but he didn't find any way of getting from the bottom of the box canyon up into the Cliff City. He felt sure that the inhabitants of that sky village had reached it by a trail from the top of the mesa down, not from the bottom of the canyon up. He explored the branch canyons a little, and found four other villages, smaller than the first, placed in similar arches.

These arches we had often seen in other canyons. You can find them in the Grand Canyon, and all along the Rio Grande. Whenever the surface rock is much harder than the rock beneath it, the softer stone begins to crack and crumble with weather just at the line where it meets the hard rim rock. It goes on crumbling and washing away, and in time this wash-out grows to be a spacious cavern. The Cliff City sat in an unusually large cavern. We afterward found that it was three hundred and sixty feet long and seventy feet high in the center. The red tower was fifty feet in height.

. . . . . .

One thing we knew about these people: they hadn't built their town in a hurry. Everything proved their patience and deliberation. The cedar joists had been felled with stone axes and rubbed smooth with sand. The little poles that lay across them and held up the clay floor of the chamber above were smoothly polished. The door lintels were carefully fitted (the doors were stone slabs held in place by wooden bars fitted into hasps). The clay dressing that covered the stone walls was tinted, and some of the chambers were frescoed in geometrical patterns, one color laid

on another. In one room was a painted border, little tents, like Indian tepees, in brilliant red.

But the really splendid thing about our city, the thing that made it delightful to work there, and must have made it delightful to live there, was the setting. The town hung like a bird's nest in the cliff, looking off into the box canyon below, and beyond into the wide valley we called Cow Canyon, facing an ocean of clear air. A people who had the hardihood to build there, and who lived day after day looking down upon such grandeur, who came and went by those hazardous trails, must have been, as we often told each other, a fine people. But what had become of them? What catastrophe had overwhelmed them?

. . . . . .

Father Duchesne suggested what Dr. Ripley in Washington afterward surmised: that the tribe had been exterminated, not here in their stronghold, but in their summer camp, down among the farms across the river. Father Duchesne had been among the Indians nearly twenty years then, he had seventeen Indian pueblos in his parish, and he spoke several Indian dialects. He was able to explain the use of many of the implements we found, especially those used in religious ceremonies. The night before he left us, he summed up the results of his week's study, something like this:

"The two square towers on the mesa top, to which you have given little attention, were unquestionably granaries. Under the stones and earth fallen from the walls, there is a quantity of dried corn on the ear. Not a great harvest, for life must have come to an end here in the summer, when the new crop was not yet garnered and the last year's grain was getting low. The semicircular ridge on the mesa top, which you can see distinctly among the piñons when the sun is low and brings it into high relief, is the buried wall of an amphitheater, where probably religious exercises and games took

place. I advise you not to dig into it. It is probably the most important thing here, and should be left for scholars to excavate.

"The tower you so much admire in the cliff village may have been a watch tower, as you think, but from the curious placing of those narrow slits, like windows, I believe it was used for astronomical observations. I am inclined to think that your tribe were a superior people. Perhaps they were not so when they first came upon this mesa, but in an orderly and secure life they developed considerably the arts of peace. There is evidence on every hand that they lived for something more than food and shelter. They had an appreciation of comfort, and went even further than that. Their life, compared to that of our roving Navajos, must have been quite complex. There is unquestionably a feeling for design in what you call the Cliff City. Buildings are not grouped like that by pure accident, though convenience probably had much to do with it. Convenience often dictates very sound design.

"The workmanship on both the wood and stone of the dwellings is good. The shapes and decoration of the water jars and food bowls is better than in any of the existing pueblos I know, better even than the pottery made at Acoma. I have seen a collection of early pottery from the island of Crete. Many of the geometrical decorations on these jars are not only similar, but if my memory is trustworthy, identical.

"I see your tribe as a provident, rather thoughtful people, who made their livelihood secure by raising crops and fowl—the great number of turkey bones and feathers are evidence that they had domesticated the wild turkey. With grain in their store-rooms, and mountain sheep and deer for their quarry, they rose gradually from the condition of savagery. With the proper variation of meat and vegetable diet, they developed physically and improved in the

primitive arts. They had looms and mills, and experimented with dyes. At the same time, they possibly declined in the arts of war, in brute strength and ferocity.

"I see them here, isolated, cut off from other tribes, working out their destiny, making their mesa more and more worthy to be a home for man, purifying life by religious ceremonies and observances, caring respectfully for their dead, protecting the children, doubtless entertaining some feelings of affection and sentiment for this stronghold where they were at once so safe and so comfortable, where they had practically overcome the worst hardships that primitive man had to fear. They were, perhaps, too far advanced for their time and environment.

"They were probably wiped out, utterly exterminated, by some roving Indian tribe without culture or domestic virtues, some horde that fell upon them in their summer camp and destroyed them for their hides and clothing and weapons, or from mere love of slaughter. I feel sure that these brutal invaders never even learned of the existence of this mesa, honeycombed with habitations. If they had come here, they would have been destroyed. They killed and went their way.—

"Like you, I feel a reverence for this place. Wherever humanity has made that hardest of all starts and lifted itself out of mere brutality, is a sacred spot. Your people were cut off here without the influence of example or emulation, with no incentive but some natural yearning for order and security. They built themselves into this mesa and humanized it."

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VENGEANCE SONG, a translation (Micmac), by *Silas T. Rand*

DEATH I make, singing
Heh-yeh! heh-yeh! heh-yeh! heh-yeh!
Bones I hack, singing
Heh-yeh! heh-yeh! heh-yeh! heh-yeh!
Death I make, singing
Heh-yeh! heh-yeh! heh-yeh! heh-yeh!

From *The Path on the Rainbow* by George Cronyn, published by Boni & Liveright. Reprinted here by permission from the publishers.

WHERE THE FIGHT WAS, an interpretation by *Alice Corbin Henderson*

IN the place where the fight was
Across the river,
In the place where the fight was
Across the river:
A heavy load for a woman
To lift in her blanket,
A heavy load for a woman
To carry on her shoulder.
In the place where the fight was
Across the river,
In the place where the fight was
Across the river:
The women go wailing
To gather the wounded,
The women go wailing
To pick up the dead.

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WILD WOMAN'S LULLABY, an interpretation by *Constance Lindsay Skinner*

WHAT shall I sing to thee, Babe on my back?
Song of the Eagle that mates with the storm!
Hi-i-ri-i-ki! Ri-eek!
The wild gale is weeping, driven before him
To his nest on the black lone mast of the night;
Swinging, swinging, far out, high out, over the sea!
Hi-i-ri-i-ki! Ri-eek!
Thy father is Eagle-Go-High, chief of thy tribe:
Fiercest in war, wisest in council, swiftest in hunting,
Harshest and fondest in the tent of his woman;
He is my mate!

What shall I sing to thee, Babe on my back?
Song of the wind that is wanton forever!
Fleeing forever, luring and weeping, laughing and leaping forever;
Calling forever—calling for the chase of swift wings,
For the drive and the smite of wild wings,
For the fold of strong wings,
For the sleep in warm wings.
Oo-o-roo-o-rrr-uffff-oo! Thy mother is Storm-Dancer, Daughter of Winds.
What art thou, Little Chiefling, Babe of my heart?
The star that I plucked from the mast of the night,
When the wings of thy father outstrove me.
Hi-i-ri-i-ki! Ri-eek!
Eagle-Go-High, this is thy son,—
He falls asleep, smiling,
To the scream of thy nesting-call.
Hi-i-ri-i-ki! Ri-i-ki! Ri-eek!

From *The Path on the Rainbow* by George Cronyn, published by Boni & Liveright. Reprinted here by permission from the publishers.

Rain Songs, by *Mary Austin*

(Fragments from several rain-provoking ceremonies witnessed in the Rio Grande pueblos, all of them more or less derivative one from the other.)

I

PEOPLE of the middle heaven
Moving happily behind white floating cloud masks,
Moving busily behind rain-straitened cloud masks;
People of the Lightning,—
People of the Thunder,
People of the Rainbow,
Rain! Rain! Rain!

II

Cloud priests,
Whose hearts ascend through the spruce tree
On the mountains of the North,
Pray for us!
Cloud priests,
Whose hearts ascend
Through the pine of the West,
Through the oak of the South,
Through the aspen of the East,
Through the high-branched cedar of the zenith,
Through the low, dark cedar of the nadir,
Pray for us!

III

Archpriests of the six world quarters,
Work with us!
That the waters of the six great springs of the world
May fructify the Earth, our mother,
That she bring forth fruit for us!

We, the ancient ones,
From the four womb-worlds,

From the doorway of the underworld,
From Shipapu,
We, assembling,
Lifting up our thoughts to the clouds,
To the lightning, to the thunder,
Lifting up our hearts,
Make you precious medicine.

People of the Middle World,
Send your thoughts to us!
That our songs go straightly
On the sacred meal road,
The ancient road,
Walking it with power.
Send your thoughts to us.

Send to the cloud priests,
Send to the archpriests;
That their songs may bring the waters
To fructify the Earth;
That the Sun embrace the Earth
That she bring forth fruit.

IV

People of the lightning,
Send your serpent darting arrows!
Hear the thunder beating
With its wings of dark cloud.

Who is this that cometh?
People of the trees on the six world mountains,
Standing up to pray for rain,
All your people and your thoughts
Come to us!

Who is this that cometh?
People of the dark cloud,
Let your thoughts come to us!
People of the lightning,
Let your thoughts come to us!
People of the blue-cloud horizon,
Let your thoughts come to us!
Rain! Rain! Rain!

From *The American Rhythm* by Mary Austin, published by Harcourt, Brace & Company. Reprinted here by permission from Mrs. Austin and from the publishers.

PRAYER TO THE MOUNTAIN SPIRIT, by *Mary Austin*

YOUNG man, Chieftain,
Reared within the Mountain,
Lord of the Mountain,
Hear a young man's prayer!

Hear a prayer for cleanness
Keeper of the *he* rain,
Drumming on the mountain,
Lord of the *she* rain
That restores the earth in newness;
Keeper of the clean rain,
Hear a prayer for wholeness!

Young man, Chieftain,
Hear a prayer for fleetness,
Keeper of the deer's way,
Reared among the eagles,
Clear my feet of slothness!
Keeper of the Paths of Men,
Hear a prayer for straightness!

Hear a prayer for courage!
Keeper of the lightning,
Reared among the thunder,
Keeper of the dark cloud
At the doorway of the morning,
Hear a prayer for staunchness.

Young man, Chieftain,
Spirit of the Mountain!

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Lament of a Man for His Son, by *Mary Austin*

SON, my son!
I will go up to the mountain
And there I will light a fire
To the feet of my son's spirit,
And there will I lament him,
Saying,
O my son,
What is my life to me, now you are departed!

Son, my son,
In the deep earth
We softly laid thee in a Chief's robe,
In a warrior's gear.
Surely there,
In the spirit land
Thy deeds attend thee!
Surely,
The corn comes to the ear again!

But I, here,
I am the stalk that the seed-gatherers

Descrying empty, afar, left standing.
Son, my son!
What is my life to me, now you are departed?

From *The American Rhythm* by Mary Austin, published by Harcourt, Brace & Company. Reprinted here by permission from Mrs. Austin and from the publishers.

II

THE NEGRO

I Ain't Free

DE rabbit in de briar patch,
De squirrel in de tree,
Would love to go huntin',
But I ain't free,
But I ain't free,
But I ain't free,
Would love to go huntin',
But I ain't free, ain't free.

De rooster's in de hen house,
De hen in de patch,
I love to go shootin'
At a ol' shootin' match;
But I ain't free,
But I ain't free,
But I ain't free,
At a ol' shootin' match,
But I ain't free, ain't free.

Ol' woman in de kitchen,
My sweetie hangin' 'roun',
'Nudder man gonna git her,
I sho' be boun',
'Cause I ain't free,
'Cause I ain't free,
'Cause I ain't free,
'Cause I ain't free, ain't free.

Dig in de road band,
Dig in de ditch,
Chain gang got me,
An' de boss got de switch.
I ain't free,
I ain't free,
I ain't free,
Chain gang got me,
An' I ain't free, ain't free.

From *Negro Workaday Songs* by Howard Odum and Guy Johnson, published by the University of North Carolina Press. Reprinted here by permission from the publishers.

Chicken Never Roost Too High fo' Me

OL' massa's chicken
Live in the tree,
Chicken never roost
Too high fo' me.

Went out strollin',
See what I can see.
Chicken never roost
Too high fo' me.

Ever since the Yankee
Set-er me free,
Chicken never roost
Too high fo' me.

They think the old lady
An' me agree.
Chicken never roost
Too high fo' me.

I's in jail,
Not long till I'm free,
Chicken never roost
Too high fo' me.

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My Jane

MY Jane am a gal dat loves red shoes,
My Jane am a gal dat loves silk clo'es.

My Jane am a gal what loves plenty money,
She can devil a feller till it ain't even funny.

My Jane am a gal dat loves heaps o' men,
Gits what you got an' dat's yo' en'.

My Jane am a gal loves to frolic all night,
Won't cook fer a feller, not even a bite.

My Jane's a gal gits all she can,
If you ain't got it, she hunts another man.

My Jane am a gal drive a feller to de bad,
But Jane's hell-o-mighty, bes' gal I ever had!

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Pullman Porter

RUNS from California
Plumb up to Maine.
I's a Negro porter
On de pullman train.

Pullman train,
Pullman train,
I's de Negro porter
On de pullman train.

Braid on the cap an'
Buttons in a row,
On that blue uniform
Right down the fo'.
In pullman train,
Pullman train,
I's a Negro porter
On de pullman train.

It's a tip here
An' a tip right thar,
Tip all along
Up an' down de pullman car.
Pullman train,
Pullman train,
I's a Negro porter
On de pullman train.

Pocket full o' money,
Stomach full o' feed,
What next in the worl'
Do a fellow need?
Pullman train,
Pullman train,
I's a Negro porter
On de pullman train.

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Pharaoh's Army Got Drownded

MARY, don't you weep an', Marthie, don't you moan,
Mary, don't you weep an', Marthie, don't you moan;
Pharaoh's army got drownded,
O baby, don't you weep.

I thinks every day an' I wish I could
Stan' on de rock whar Moses stood;
Pharaoh's army got drownded,
O baby, don't you weep.

If you git dere, befo' I do,
Tell de Cap'n I's a-comin' too;
Pharaoh's army got drownded,
O baby, don't you weep.

If I had wings lak de angels have,
I never be caught drivin' in anudder cab;
Pharaoh's army got drownded,
O baby, don't you weep.

Baby, don't you weep an', baby, don't you moan,
You has to go to heaven wid yo' burying clothes on;
Pharaoh's army got drownded,
O baby, don't you weep.

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III

THE MOUNTAINEER

THE MULE HUMANS, by *Percy Mackaye*

CHILDERS, don't never git to squabblin' on a' amber-day. Don't resk hit. Hit mought lead ye in jepparty, where ye wouldn't know your own face in a mirrer-glass.

What-all *is* a' amber-day? Hain't you larned your almanack scriptures yit? A' amber-day is a *pizen*-day. Hit's a day that one ungodless word will spell-charm your nearest kin so's you'd take him for the Deevil hisself. Old Horny sprinkled a handful o' them days through the year, like rat-pizened ears in a corn-crib, for fool critters to nibble at and shed the skins they was borned in.

No-o, hit don't plumb kill ye. Only jist ef ye wish the wrong wish, or speak the wrong word, the deevil he kin cross-breed ye to a dumb brute in one bat of his eye.—That's why me and my ole woman allers keeps our mouth shet amber-days. We don't aim to git us in no sech a scrape as Godsey Scrorse done with *his* ole woman, Mondie.

What-a-way did *they* done? Axe me no axin's, and I'll fib ye no fairy tales. Hit were so fashion:

Years ago yander, Godsey Scrorse war an up-creek neighbor o' mine. Him and Mondie, his wife, they lived in a lonesome holler.

He were a good, lousy, lay-around, patient-ablest feller, Godsey; but she was pernickety as a pea-hen: gibblegabble and peck from day-up till dark.

Well, one fall o' the year, hit comin' night-down, I war passin' of their cabin, and I hears her thar inside brush-whackin' at him. So I stops and listens.

"Git your dad-burned big feet offen my toes, trompin' all over me! Cain't never give me room to set easy and stretch! Allers jammin' on me! Nothin' but clopper-legs and hoofs, you hain't! God-a-mighty knows you ain't nothin' but a mule-brute from the middle down—dad-bust ye!"

"And you—from the neck up, ole woman!" he answers her.

"Yea, I wisht you *was* a saddle-critter," she hollers. "I'd ride ye down to Solomon Shell's and swap ye fer his gang o' shoats."

"And I'd trade *you* fer his ole sow!" he hollers back.

Well, I'd heered enough. "Poor ole Godsey is shore losin' his patience," thinks I, "and 'tain't to wonder."—And I goes on home, about three mile down trail.

So thar I was a-settin' in the yard, tippin' snuff terbaccy, and hit darkin' outdoors. My ole woman she were pokin' the supper-pot, and kindly she raised up and says sobersome:

"Sol," she says, "what time is hit?"

"Fall o' the year," says I, " 'most time fer supper."

"Quit triflin' me," she says. "Hit's amber-day."

And jist then I hears stones clickin' on the trail, and somebody hollers out in a quare grummy voice:

"Hey, Solomon! Solomon Shell!"

Lorsy me! I looks up, and thar, high over the palins', I sees a shaddersome haid peekin' down the face of Godsey Scrorse. All scrooged up hit were, goshawful, and his mouth gappin' like he seen a hant. Well, chilluns, that turned my belly over.

"Good evenin', Godsey," I says. "Air you ridin'?"

"No-o," he says, "I's leggin' hit."

"How did ye clumb up thar, that high?" I axes.

"I hain't clumb up," he answers me, the same quare noise.

"Hain't ye?" says I. "Well, come in, anyhow, and take a cheer."

"I cain't come in," says he, "and I cain't take a cheer, never no more."

"Why-fer-no?" says I, in the pit o' my belly.

"My bottom hain't balanced right," says he. "Come out and prospect hit."

Well, rounders, out I goes through the palin' gate, and thar in the gloomin' I sees the quarest six-limbedst critter sence Joshuay tuck to raisin' horse flesh. The top halft of hit—arms, chist and haid,—was shore 'nough Godsey Scrorse hisself. He were chawin' terbaccy, his hat dipped on his left eye, and one gallus was holdin' up his pants, which only they wasn't ary legs in 'em. Stid o' that, the impty breeches was danglin' thar split-busted, like a bib and tucker, down over the breast-front of a thunderin'-gret, leggy mule-critter, which hit withers sprung behind from the small o' Godsey's back. So the bottom halft of the hull goll machine were a quadrupeed, which his piebald cruppers was switchin' his hocks with a ratsy tail.

"Lordamassy!" I says. "If ye're aimin' to ride, Godsey, you's shore pitched for'ard in the saddle. But you's plumb right about your bottom never needin' a cheer ag'in. How-all did you git grafted with that-thar mule-rump?"

Poor Godsey jist rubbed his hind fetlocks and pawed dirt with one for'ard hoof, and he answers:

"Hit's plain weetchery!"

"No, 'tain't," I says; "hit's pizen. Ye're amber-day pizened. Somebody must a' ben cussin' you in angry for Old Horny to overhear hit."

"Yea," he says; "hit were Mondie, my ole woman. She mule-cussed me from the middle down, and I cussed her back ag'in from the neck up. For the love o' neebors, Sol, will ye holp us git the spell off?"

"How kin I, Godsey?"

"Mondie wants me to axe ye—will ye trade your gang o' shoats for this-yere mule brute? That's our one-only chanct to git shet of hit, she says."

on the top doorstep. Yea! For to see that leetle woman-critter balancin' her gret mule head-piece, big's a barrel keg, I shore wagered hit 'u'd topple her legs-up! But thar she stood wagglin' of her long p'inted ears, and retchin' her both arms to Godsey.

Hit were a sight pitiful. The gret teardraps, round as oak galls, come oozin' outen her muly pop-eyes, rollin' down off her nozzle, which she tried for to blow hit dry with her apron, but jist only drinched the cabin-yard.

And thar come Godsey tromplin' the flower-patch, all four hoofs diggin' up the mud like mattocks, and tuck Mondie in his arms, and he holds her mule haid tilted how hit ought to jine on to his mule underpinnins', so's to sample one hull-complete mule-critter for the swap bargain.

"Thar, Sol," he says, "will ye trade in your ole sow for the hull consarn?"

"Dadfetch me, I won't!" says I. "The architecture don't jine. Thar's one joist missin' from the middle up."

"Yis, God holp us!" he groans. "The middlin's is lost out. I jist only cussed her neck-up'ards."

Well, at that, Mondie busts out hee-honkin' ag'in fit to kill; but Godsey pats her nozzle soothey-like, and he hollers down one ear like a cornycopee trumpet: "Co-oop, Mondie gal! I'll stick by ye, haids or tails."

Then he turns to me plumb piteous, and says:

"Solomon," he says, "have a heart! How's we to git traded of this amber-day mule withouten you to holp us swop the spell off?"

"Godsey," I says, "listen of me. I wouldn't swap my ole sow, Chinkapin, for a' army o' amber-day mules: no, nor her shoat babies nuther. All the same, I ain't a feller not to holp my neebors out. You and Mondie is pizened. Now, they's jist only one way I knows to git shet of amber-day pizen."

"In the fear o' God, what is hit?" he axes.

"You's said hit," I answers. "Hit's the fear o' God hit-

self. Hit's a dose of Scriptur'. There hain't no other medicine kin purge ye of amber-day pizen. Air ye ready to swaller hit now?"

"Yis, shorely," he says.

"Then jist hand me yan hazel-ridin' switch ye got thar."

"The switch?" he says, side-steppin' with his hind-laigs while he retched hit to me. "But what-all of a dose air ye aimin' to give us?"

"I's aimin' to dose ye with Balaam's medicine: *Numbers,* Two and Twenty, Twenty-seven to Twenty-nine:

" 'And Balaam's anger hit were kindled and he smote the ass with a staff.' "

"Whoa, thar! hollers Godsey to his hinter parts, which was buck-humpin' to let fly a double-backer. *"Not twenty-nine* licks, Sol!"

But I quoted straight on, calm's a cowcumber:

" 'And the Lord opened the mouth of the ass, and she says unto Balaam: What have I done unto thee, she says, that thou hast smitten me these-yere three times?' "

"Hold yit!" spoke Godsey ag'in. "Three doses, is hit? And jist only *her* swallers 'em?—Yea, now, that ain't so worse!"

So then Godsey's spine comminced to slack rope a leetle, but mine jist gingered, a-stirrin' that Scriptur'-dose:

" 'And Balaam says unto the ass: Because thou hast MOCKED me, he says'—

"Thar, neebors! That's your Bible text: now follers your sarmon."

So I raises that ridin' switch and spits on hit.

That skeert poor Mondie flap-jawed. She honked one last *hee-honker* and rammed a black eye in Godsey, kissin' his hat off blubberin'.

But I never scringes. I jist whistles that hazel switch in the air, and I larrups each of 'em three licks, haid-piece and cruppers.

That settled hit.

Yea, sirs, that druv the pizen plumb out! Godsey's own legs was in his pants ag'in, and thar stood Mondie puggin' up her red back-haars, a-snufflin' of her leetle nose, and grinnin' at him.

As fer that amber-day Mule-Deevil, hit cut loost and high-jumped clare over Godsey's palin's, me throwin' the hazel switch after. Last thing I seed of hit, loamin' agin the moon, the critter war raisin' one hoof, tryin' to tie a knot in the witch-stick, for to splice hits haid on. And if yan hoof warn't *cloved—!*

"Thar, Mondie," I says moughty awfulsome, "you's clean purged fer *this* time, and you kin thank that dose of Scriptur' for your purty face ag'in. But hinceforthly, mind ye ponder on the ass what mocked Balaam! And, Godsey, don't ye never git to treadin' on your ole woman's toes no more!"

Then Mondie sassed up piert and says:

"Hit jist pime-blank proves what I war callin' of him. God-a-mighty knows how Godsey hain't nothin' but a dadburned critter of a ole mu—"

"Choke off, thar!" hollers Godsey. "Dud-drattle ye!—Hit's amber-day yit!"

Now, neebors, I axes ye: *kin* humans git cured o' mulecussidness?

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THE HANGMAN'S TREE, by *John H. Cox*

"O HANGMAN, hangman, hold your rope,
And hold it for awhile;
I think I hear my father coming,
For many and many a mile."

"O father, have you brought me any gold,
Or have you come to set me free?
Or have you come to see me die,
Beneath this gallows tree?"

"I have not brought you any gold,
I have not come to set you free;
But I have come to see you die,
Beneath this gallows tree."

"O hangman, hangman, hold your rope,
And hold it for awhile;
I think I hear my mother coming,
For many and many a mile."

"O mother, have you brought me any gold,
Or have you come to set me free?
Or have you come to see me die,
Beneath this gallows tree?"

"I have not brought you any gold,
I have not come to set you free;
But I have come to see you die,
Beneath this gallows tree."

"O hangman, hangman, hold your rope,
And hold it for awhile;
I think I hear my brother coming,
For many and many a mile."

"O brother, have you brought me any gold,
Or have you come to set me free?
Or have you come to see me die,
Beneath this gallows tree?"

"I have not brought you any gold,
I have not come to set you free;

But I have come to see you die,
Beneath this gallows tree."

"O hangman, hangman, hold your rope,
And hold it for awhile;
I think I hear my sister coming,
For many and many a mile."

"O sister, have you brought me any gold,
Or have you come to set me free?
Or have you come to see me die,
Beneath this gallows tree?"

"I have not brought you any gold,
I have not come to set you free;
But I have come to see you die,
Beneath this gallows tree."

"O hangman, hangman, hold your rope,
And hold it for awhile;
I think I see my sweetheart coming,
For many and many a mile."

"O sweetheart, have you brought me any gold,
Or have you come to set me free?
Or have you come to see me die,
Beneath this gallows tree?"

"I have not come to see you die,
Beneath the gallows tree;
But I've brought a knife to cut the rope,
And take you home with me."

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Home Came the Old Man, by *John H. Cox*

HOME came the old man,
Home came he;
He went into the parlor,
A strange coat did see.

"My wife, my beloved wife,
What does all this mean?
A strange coat here,
Where my own ought to been?"

"You old fool, you blind fool,
O can you not but see,
'Tis nothing but a blanket,
My mother sent to me?"

"Miles have I travelled,
Five hundred miles or more,
But buttons on a blanket,
I never saw before."

Home came the old man,
Home came he;
He went into the kitchen,
A strange gun did see.

"My wife, my beloved wife,
O what does all this mean?
A strange gun here,
Where my own ought to been?"

"You old fool, you blind fool,
O can you not but see,
'Tis nothing but a mush-stick,
My mother sent to me?"

"Miles have I travelled,
Five hundred miles or more,
But a gun for a mush-stick,
I never saw before."

Home came the old man,
Home came he;
He went into the stable,
A strange horse did see.

"My wife, my beloved wife,
O what does all this mean?
A strange horse here,
Where my own ought to been?"

"You old fool, you blind fool,
O can you not but see,
'Tis nothing but a milch cow,
My mother sent to me?"

"Miles have I travelled,
Five hundred miles or more,
But a saddle on a milch cow,
I never saw before."

Home came the old man,
Home came he;
He went into a bedroom,
A strange face did see.

"My wife, my beloved wife,
O what does all this mean?
A strange face here,
Where my own ought to been?"

"You old fool, you blind fool,
O can you not but see,

'Tis nothing but a baby,
My mother sent to me?"

"Miles have I travelled,
Five hundred miles or more,
But whiskers on a baby's face,
I never saw before."

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IV

THE LUMBERJACK

Paul Bunyan and His Blue Ox, by *Esther Shephard*

IF what they say is true, Paul Bunyan was born down in Maine. And he must of been a pretty husky baby too, just like you'd expect him to be, from knowin' him afterward.

When he was only three weeks old he rolled around so much in his sleep that he knocked down four square miles of standin' timber and the government got after his folks and told 'em they'd have to move him away.

So then they got some timbers together and made a floatin' cradle for Paul and anchored it off Eastport, but every time Paul rocked in his cradle, if he rocked shoreward, it made such a swell it come near drownin' out all the villages on the coast of Maine, and the waves was so high Nova Scotia come pretty near becomin' an island instead of a peninsula.

And so that wouldn't do, of course, and the government got after 'em again and told 'em they'd have to do somethin' about it. They'd have to move him out of there and put him somewheres else, they was told, and so they figgured they'd better take him home again and keep him in the house for a spell.

But it happened Paul was asleep in his cradle when they went to get him, and they had to send for the British navy and it took seven hours of bombardin' to wake him up. And then when Paul stepped out of his cradle it made such a swell it caused a seventy-five foot tide in the Bay of Fundy and several villages was swept away and seven of the in-

vincible English warships was sunk to the bottom of the sea.

Well, Paul got out of his cradle then, and that saved Nova Scotia from becomin' an island, but the tides in the Bay of Fundy is just as high as they ever was.

And so I guess the old folks must of had their hands full with him all right. And I ought to say, the king of England sent over and confiscated the timbers in Paul's cradle and built seven new warships to take the place of the ones he'd lost.

When Paul was only seven months old he sawed off the legs from under his dad's bed one night.

The old man noticed when he woke up in the mornin' that his bed seemed considerable lower than it used to be, and so he got up and investigated, and, sure enough, there was the legs all sawed off from under it and the pieces layin' out on the floor.

And he looked around to see who could of done it and there was Paul layin' there sound asleep with his dad's cross-cut saw still held tight in his fist and smilin' in his sleep as pretty as anythin'.

And he called his wife and when she come in, he says to her:

"Did you feel anythin' in the night?" he says.

"No," she says. "Is anythin' wrong?"

"Well, just look here," he says. And he showed her the four-by-eights layin' there on the floor and the saw in the kid's hand.

"I didn't light the lamp when I went to get up this mornin'," she says, "and I guess I didn't notice it."

"Well, it's Paul's done it," the old man says. "And I'll bet that boy of ourn is goin' to be a great logger some day. If he lives to grow up, he's goin' to do some great loggin' by and by, you just see—a whole lot bigger than any of the men around here has ever done."

And they was right, all right. There ain't never been loggin' before nor since like Paul Bunyan done.

And then they tell another story about Paul when he was a little kid too that's pretty good, about how he killed some wild animals one day.

Paul was out crawlin' one time, before he'd learned to walk yet, out in his father's clearin'—about forty acres or so around the house till you got to the edge of the timber. His ma wasn't watchin' him very close and it wasn't long before Paul was right up to the edge of them woods. Among other things that he'd picked up and was holdin' in his hand was a long pole that his father'd used for a leever for grubbin' stumps; for Paul'd been crawlin' around, like babies will, pickin' round in things, and playin' in the grass and stumps, and just pickin' up and holdin' onto almost anythin' that happened to come handy.

And, like I said, he'd got right out to the edge of them woods, and was holdin' onto that pole he had.

The woods them days was full of all kinds of wild animals—bears, wolves, cougars, snakes, coons, moose, and all kinds of things, and there was lots of 'em too and they wasn't afraid of nothin'. With so few people around they wasn't no more afraid of men than they was of anything else.

And so when Paul was sittin' there with his pole like that, the first thing that come onto him was a big moose that some hunter'd taken a shot at and hurt him, but hadn't killed him, but just made him awful mad, and of course he was goin' to go right on the boy, because a moose when he's been hurt that way just tries to kill the next human he sees after that, and he was makin' right straight for Paul with his horns down.

But Paul happened to be holdin' the pole out and what happened was, the moose run right onto that and split himself clean through from stem to stern and stuck on the pole so that just his little tail was layin' out behind along the pole, and of course, pinned tight that way, he couldn't hurt Paul none.

And then next a cougar come along and he was goin' to make a spring for the kid, I guess, but midway he got his claws and tail all tangled up in the moose's horns and was held tight in his place.

Well, then comes a timber wolf. He was goin' to try to sneak around the cougar and get at Paul, but the cougar wasn't dead yet and took a bite in his neck and got lock-jaw and couldn't let go, and so the wolf was settled for.

And then next to come was a coon.

He must of come paddin' along the pole expectin' to jump over the heads of the others, I s'pose, and get at Paul that way. He must of had his tail hangin' down and been just at the end of the pole, and the way it looked afterwards, Paul must of give the pole a poke about that time, for when they found 'em I'll be blamed if the pole hadn't gone through every ring of the coon's tail and hadn't missed a one and was holdin' him fast, or just about—a bull snake had got himself tied around the end of the pole to keep any of the rings from slipping off.

And so when his ma found him, there he was, sittin' on the ground with all them critters squirmin' on the stick in his hand.

"Goo, goo!" he says, and kind of grunted—like as if he was tryin' to tell her that the mess of 'em was too heavy for him to crawl back to the house and carry it with him, or otherwise he would of been in before now to get his supper.

. . . . . .

Paul Bunyan couldn't of done all the great loggin' he did if it hadn't been for Babe the Blue Ox. I believe I mentioned helpin' to take care of him for a couple of months when I first come to camp, and then I helped measure him once afterwards for a new yoke Ole had to make for him. He'd broke the one he had when Paul was doin' an extra quick job haulin' lumber for some millmen down in Muskegon one summer, and Ole had to make him a new one right away and so we had to take Babe's measurements.

I've forgot most of the other figgurs, but I remember he measured forty-two axhandles between the eyes—and a tobacco box—you could easy fit in a Star tobacco box after the last axhandle. That tobacco box was lost and we couldn't never take the measurements again, but I remember that's what it was. And he weighed accordin'. Though he never was weighed that I know of, for there never was any scales made that would of been big enough.

Paul told Ole he might as well make him a new log chain too while he was at it, for the way Babe pulled on 'em, in just about a month or two what had been a chain would be pulled out into a solid bar and wouldn't be any good. And so we measured him up for the chain too.

Babe was so long in the body, Paul used to have to carry a pair of field glasses around with him so as he could see what he was doin' with his hind feet.

One time Babe kicked one of the straw bosses in the head, so his brains all run out, but the cook happened to be handy and he filled the hole up with hotcake batter and plastered it together again and he was just as good as ever. And right now, if I'm not mistaken, that boss is runnin' camp for the Bigham Loggin' Company of Virginia, Minnesota.

Babe was so big that every time they shod him they had to open up a new iron mine on Lake Superior, and one time when Ole the Blacksmith carried one of his shoes a mile and a half he sunk a foot and a half in solid rock at every step.

His color was blue—a fine, pretty, deep blue—and that's why he was called the Blue Ox—when you looked up at him the air even looked blue all around him. His nose was pretty near all black, but red on the inside, of course, and he had big white horns, curly on the upper section—about the upper third—and kind of darkish brown at the tip, and then the rest of him was all that same dark blue.

He didn't use to be always that blue color though. He was white when he was a calf. But he turned blue standin'

out in the field for six days the first winter of the Blue Snow, and he never got white again. Winter and summer he was always the same, except prob'ly in July—somewheres about the Fourth—he might maybe've been a shade lighter then.

I've heard some of the old loggers say that Paul brought him from Canada when he was a little calf a few days old —carried him across Lake Champlain in a sack so he wouldn't have to pay duty on him. But I'm thinkin' he must of been a mighty few days old at the time or Paul couldn't of done it, for he must of grown pretty fast when he got started to grow to the size he did. And then besides there's them that says Paul never had him at all when he was a little fellow like that, but that he was a fair-sized calf when Paul got him. A fellow by the name of O'Regan down near Detroit is supposed to of had him first. O'Regan didn't have no more'n about forty acres or so under cultivation cleared on his farm and naturally that wasn't near enough to raise feed for Babe, and so he's supposed to of sold him the year of the Short Oats to Paul Bunyan. I don't know exactly. It's all before my time. When I went to work for Paul, and all the time I knowed him, the Ox was full grown.

Babe was as strong as the breath of a tote-teamster, Paul always said, and he could haul a whole section of timber with him at a time—Babe'd walk right off with it—the entire six hundred forty acres at one drag, and haul it down to the landin' and dump it in. That's why there ain't no section thirty-seven no more. Six trips a day six days a week just cleaned up a township, and the last load they never bothered to haul back Saturday night, but left it lay on the landin' to float away in the spring, and that's why there quit bein' section '37's, and you never see 'em on the maps no more.

The only time I ever saw Babe on a job that seemed to nearly stump him—but that sure did look like it was goin' to for a while, though—durin' all the time I was with Paul

was one time in Wisconsin down on the St. Croix. And that was when he used him to pull the crooks out of eighteen miles of loggin' road; that come pretty near bein' more'n the Ox could handle. For generally anything that had two ends to it Babe could walk off with like nothin'.

But that road of all the crooked roads I ever see—and I've seen a good many in my day—was of all of 'em the crookedest, and it's no wonder it was pretty near too much for Babe. You won't believe me when I tell you, but it's the truth, that in that stretch of eighteen miles that road doubled back on itself no less than sixteen times, and made four figure 8's, nine 3's, and four S's, yes, and one each of pretty near every other letter in the alphabet.

Of course, the trouble with that road was there was too much of it, and it didn't know what to do with itself, and so it's no wonder it got into mischief.

You'd be walkin' along it, all unsuspectin', and here of a sudden you'd see a coil of it layin' behind a tree, that you never knowed was there, and layin' there lookin' like it was ready to spring at you. The teamsters met themselves comin' back so many times while drivin' over it, that it begun to get on their nerves and we come near havin' a crazy-house in camp there. And so Paul made up his mind that that there road was goin' to be straightened out right then and there, and he went after it accordin'.

What he done was, he went out and told Bill to bring up the Blue Ox right away and hitch him to the near end of the road.

Then he went up and spoke somethin' kind of low to Babe, and then afterwards he went out kind of to one side himself, and Babe laid hold, and then is the time it come pretty near breakin' the Ox in two, like I said.

"Come on, Babe! Co-ome on, Babe!" says Paul, and the Ox lays hold and pulls to the last ounce of him. If I live to be a hundred years old I never hope to see an ox pull like that again. His hind legs laid straight out behind

him nearly, and his belly was almost down touchin' the ground.

It was one beeg job, as the Frenchmen would of said. And when the crooks finally was all out of that there piece of road, there was enough of it to lay around a round lake we skidded logs into that winter, and then there was enough left in the place where it'd been at first to reach from one end to the other.

I've always been glad I saw Babe on that pull, for it's the greatest thing I ever saw him do—in its way, anyway.

Bill, that took care of the Blue Ox, generally went by the name of Brimstone Bill at camp and the reason was because he got to be so awfully hot-tempered. But I never blamed him, though. Havin' that Ox to take care of was enough to make a sinner out of the best fellow that ever lived. Of all the scrapin' and haulin' you'd have to do to keep him looking anywheres near respectable even, no one would ever think.

And the way he ate—it took two men just to pick the balin' wire out of his teeth at mealtimes. Four ton of grain wasn't nothin' for Babe to get away with at a single meal, and for the hay—I can't mention quantities, but I know they said at first, before he got Windy Knight onto cuttin' it up for nails to use in puttin' on the cook-house roof, Paul used to have to move the camp every two weeks to get away from the mess of hay wire that got collected where Babe ate his dinner. And as for cleanin' the barn and haulin' the manure away—

I remember one night in our bunkhouse as plain as if it'd been yesterday. I can see it all again just like it was then. That was one time afterwards, when we were loggin' down in Wisconsin.

There was a new fellow just come to camp that day, a kind of college fellow that'd come to the woods for his health, and we was all sittin' around the stove that night spinnin' yarns like we almost always done of an evenin'

while our socks was dryin'. I was over on one end, and to each side of me was Joe Stiles and Pat O'Henry—it's funny how I remember it all—and a fellow by the name of Horn, and Big Gus, and a number of others that I don't recollect now, and over on the other end opposite me was Brimstone Bill, and up by me was this new fellow, but kind of a little to the side.

Well, quite a number of stories had been told, and some of 'em had been about the Blue Ox and different experiences men'd had with him different times and how the manure used to pile up, and pretty soon that there college chap begun to tell a story he said it reminded him of—one of them there old ancient Greek stories he said it was, about Herukles cleanin' the Augaen stables, that was one of twelve other hard jobs he'd been set to do by the king he was workin' for at the time, to get his daughter or somethin' like that. He was goin' at it kind of fancy, describin' how the stables hadn't been cleaned for some time, and what a condition they was in as a consequence, and what a strong man Herukles was, and how he adopted the plan of turnin' the river right through the stables and so washin' the manure away that way, and goin' on describin' how it was all done. And how the water come through and floated the manure all up on top of the river, and how there was enough of it to spread over a whole valley, and then how the manure rolled up in waves again in the river when it got to where it was swifter —and it was a pretty good story and he was quite a talker too, that young fellow was, and he had all the men listenin' to him.

Well, all the time old Brimstone Bill he sat there takin' it all in, and I could see by the way his jaw was workin' on his tobacco that he was gettin' pretty riled. Everythin' had been quiet while the young fellow was tellin' the story, and some of us was smokin', some of us enjoyin' a little fresh Star or Peerless maybe and spittin' in the sandbox

occasionally which was gettin' pretty wet by this time, and there wasn't no sound at all except the occasional sizzle when somebody hit the stove, or the movin' of a bench when somebody's foot or sock would get too near the fire, and the man's voice goin' along describin' about this Herukles and how great he was and how fine the stables looked when he got through with 'em, when all at once Brimstone Bill he busted right into him:

"You shut your blamed mouth about that Herik Lees of yourn," he says. "I guess if your Herik Lees had had the job I've got for a few days, he wouldn't of done it so easy or talked so smart, you young Smart Alec, you—" and then a long string of 'em the way Bill could roll 'em off when he got mad—I never heard any much better'n him—they said he could keep goin' for a good half hour and never repeat the same word twict—but I wouldn't give much for a lumberjack who couldn't roll off a few dozen straight—specially if he's worked with cattle—and all the time he was gettin' madder'n madder till he was fairly sizzlin' he was so mad. "I guess if that Mr. Lees had had Babe to take care of he wouldn't have done it so easy. Tell him he can trade jobs with me for a spell if he wants to, and see how he likes it. I guess if he'd of had to use his back on them one hundred and fifty jacks to jack up the barn the way I got to do he wouldn't of had enough strength left in him to brag so much about it. I just got through raisin' it another sixty foot this afternoon. When this job started we was workin' on the level, and now already Babe's barn is up sixteen hundred foot. I'd like to see the river that could wash that pile of manure away, and you can just tell that Herik Lees to come on and try it if he wants to. And if he can't, why then you can just shut up about it. I've walked the old Ox and cleaned 'im and doctored 'im and rubbed 'im ever since he was first invented, and I know what it is, and I ain't goin' to sit here and let you tell me about any Mr. Lees or any

other blankety blank liar that don't know what he's talkin' about tellin' about cleanin' barns—not if I know it." And at it he goes blankety blank blank all the way out through the door, and slams it behind him so the whole bunkhouse shook, and the stranger he sits there and don't know hardly what to make of it. Till I kind of explained to him afterwards before we turned in, and we all, the rest of 'em too, told him not to mind about Bill, for he couldn't hardly help it. After he'd been in camp a few days, he'd know. You couldn't hardly blame Bill for bein' aggravated—used to be a real good-natured man, and he wasn't so bad even that time I was helpin' him, but the Ox was too much for any man, no matter who.

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Maine Battle Song

COME, sogers! take your muskets up;
And grasp your faithful rifles;
We're gwoin to lick the red coat men,
Who call us Yankees, "trifles."
Bring out the big gun made of brass,
Which forges July thunder;
Bring out the flag of Bennington,
And strike the foe with wonder.

We'll lick the red coats, anyhow,
And drive them from the border;
The loggers are awake—and all
Await the gin'ral's order;
Britannia shall not rule the Maine,
Nor shall she rule the water,
They've sung that song full long enough,
Much longer than they oughter.

The Aroostook's a right slick stream,
  Has nation sights of woodlands,
And hang the feller that would lose
  His footing on such good lands.
And all along the boundary line,
  There's pasturing for cattle;
But where that line of boundary is,
  We must decide by battle.

We do not care about the land,
  But they shan't hook it from us;
Our country, right or wrong, we cry—
  No budging or compromise.
So—beat the sheepskin—blow the fife,
  And march in training order;
Our way is through the wilderness,
  And all along the border.

Reprinted from *Songs and Ballads of the Maine Lumberjacks,* collected and edited by Roland Palmer Gray, by courtesy of the Harvard University Press.

The Logger's Boast

COME, all ye sons of freedom throughout the State of Maine,
Come, all ye gallant lumbermen, and listen to my strain;
On the banks of the Penobscot, where the rapid waters flow,
Oh! we'll range the wild woods over, and a lumbering will go;
  And a lumbering we'll go, so a lumbering will go,
  Oh! we'll range the wild woods over while a lumbering we go.

When the white frost gilds the valleys, the cold congeals the flood;
When many men have naught to do to earn their families' bread;
When the swollen streams are frozen, and the hills are clad with snow,
Oh! we'll range the wild woods over, and a lumbering will go;
And a lumbering we'll go, so a lumbering will go,
Oh! we'll range the wild woods over while a lumbering we go.

When you pass through the dense city, and pity all you meet,
To hear their teeth chattering as they hurry down the street;
In the red frost-proof flannel we're incased from top to toe,
While we range the wild woods over, and a lumbering we will go;
And a lumbering we'll go, so a lumbering will go,
Oh! we'll range the wild woods over while a lumbering we go.

You may boast of your gay parties, your pleasures, and your plays,
And pity us poor lumbermen while dashing in your sleighs;
We want no better pastime than to chase the buck and doe;
Oh! we'll range the wild woods over while a lumbering we will go;
And a lumbering we'll go, so a lumbering will go,
Oh! we'll range the wild woods over while a lumbering we go.

The music of our burnished ax shall make the woods resound,
And many a lofty ancient Pine will tumble to the ground;
At night, ho! round our good camp-fire we will sing while the rude winds blow:
Oh! we'll range the wild woods over while a lumbering we go;
And a lumbering we'll go, so a lumbering will go,
Oh! we'll range the wild woods over while a lumbering we go.

When winter's snows are melted, and the ice-bound streams are free,
We'll run our logs to market, then haste our friends to see;
How kindly true hearts welcome us, our wives and children too,
We will spend with these the summer, and once more a lumbering go;
And a lumbering we'll go, so a lumbering will go,
We will spend with these the summer, and once more a lumbering go.

And when upon the long-hid soil the white Pines disappear,
We will cut the other forest trees, and sow whereon we clear;
Our grain shall wave o'er valleys rich, our herds bedot the hills,
When our feet no more are hurried on to tend the driving mills;
Then no more a lumbering go, so no more a lumbering go,
When our feet no more are hurried on to tend the driving mills.

When our youthful days are ended, we will cease from
winter toils,
And each one through the summer warm will till the virgin
soil;
We've enough to eat, to drink, to wear, content through
life to go,
Then we'll tell our wild adventures o'er, and no more a
lumbering go;
And no more a lumbering go, so no more a
lumbering go,
Oh! we'll tell our wild adventures o'er, and
no more a lumbering go.

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Owning the Earth, by *Margaret Prescott Montague*

WELL now, I jest have to tell you-all that they's *some* things a person can't never git the right of lessen he's been up Eel River and met Tony Beaver right face to face. That was what that missionary woman from 'way up North somewheres—Maine or Spain, I fergits which State it was—come to find out.

I was still a-hanging round Tony's camp, taking notes as you mought say, and sorting out the truth with the lie-paper, when that there woman come up Eel River with her mouth all made up to save the soul of Tony Beaver.

It was a right funny thing how the woman ever got word of Tony 'way up North yonder, and it was all on account of Tony's hitching them steers of his'n onto the wheels of time and pulling down that there to-morrer for the little feller. That was somepen to talk about sure 'nough, and I reckon some of the hands muster blabbed, for the tale

leaked out through the woods 'fore I could git all the lies sifted outer it, and commenced to run wild from mouth to mouth, gitting bigger every second—though I reckon it was big enough when it commenced.

Well, travelling thataway it wa'n't hardly no time 'fore the tale got up North to Maine or Spain, whichsoever place it was that woman lived at, and the minute the woman heared it, she laid her years back and fa'rly come a-loping down to West Virginia, burning up the trail, for she 'lowed any sech doings as that was jest a pure scandal, and the feller what done 'em must think he owned the earth, and if he thought that, he was a-heading right straight for—for Aw well! You know the place I mean 'thout me saying it—and it was her business for to save him.

Well, when she come down from the North and hit these parts and commenced inquiring round for Tony Beaver, she run up erginst the same snag I'd hit, for seemed like nobody couldn't locate him for her. Everybody she ast tole her he had his camp up Eel River, but seemed like nobody couldn't say where that river was. She was a right smart woman, and had been a school teacher back up North 'fore she tuck to saving souls, so she hollers for a map, and asts them to pint out Eel River to her. Well, there was some Eel Rivers here and yonder out through the country, but didn't none of 'em 'pear to be Tony's. Everybody knowed it was up Eel River he lived, but couldn't pint to the place on the map.

The woman 'lowed she never had struck sech a *ignorant* parcel of folks afore in all of her life. She said it was very distressing to run up against sech ignorance—an' I reckon it was. I reckon, too, the woman never would of got up Eel River, if Tony hisself hadn't got the word that she was wanting to see him, and sunt for her. He sunt his path out for her, but 'course Tony wouldn't never let that there path travel with a lady like it travelled with me, for he's

allus mighty nice and polite to the ladies. So he had two hands to go with the thing, to hole it down, and make it pace along like it ought with a lady.

It was Big Henry he sunt 'cause he's sech a powerful stout hand, he could hold the path down, and he had that little Eyetalian feller to go along with him to give style to things. Eyetalians now, strangers, if you'll notice, they ain't much force in the woods, but jest put them at any kind of a digging job, and you'll find 'em nigh perfect in dirt. I reckon that's why Tony allus has a few of 'em in camp—and 'count of they nice manners too.

Big Henry now, he ain't got no style at all to *him*. He's jest one of these here great big two-fisted Jim-bruisers of a feller, what's a boss hand at his vittles, and at felling trees, spudding tanbark, and skidding logs, but no good at all with the ladies, and handles his table fork like it's a cant hook. That was why Tony had the little Eyetalian to go along, 'cause he has all kinds of manners, and knows when to take off his hat, when to stand up and set down, and all like that. The missionary woman tuck quite a shine to him 'count of him being so genteel, and on the way out back ergin she tole him 'most everything that had happened to her in Tony's camp, and *that's* how I come to know so well jest what the woman thought.

You would of thought that ole Brother Moses Mutters would of wanted to go out and meet the woman and give her the glad hand, seeing as they was both on the same job, but no sir! Him and his ole partner Ain't That So went off up a holler and kinder sulked to theyselves all the time the woman was in camp, for Brother Mutters has got him a mighty special brand of religion, and he jest natcherly *de*spises any other feller's brand.

Well, Big Henry and the little Eyetalian, they tied a right stout rope around that there path's neck and led the thing out to where the woman from Maine or Spain was a-waiting for 'em, having got the word that they was com-

ing. The woman was right much tuck back when she seen the way she was to travel, for she hadn't never run acrost nothing like that afore. But she had spunk all right—I will say that for her!

"You step on heem, lady," says the little Eyetalian, taking off his hat and making a grand bow.

The woman balked for a spell, but in the end she says, "Well, I come right down from the Pilgrim fathers—*and* mothers—and I'll not go back on my stock," she says. "One of my feets is Pilgrim, and the tother is Puritan, and I'll trample on that heathenish thing with both of 'em," she says, gritting her jaws.

I dunno what the woman meant by that, lessen Pilgrim and Puritan is some kinder brand of shoes they got up North. I know they's got mighty good stout shoes up yonder.

"Stepa on heem, lady, you stepa on heem, and I holda da hand," says the little Eyetalian, jest as nice and polite as could be. And I'll be dogged if that ain't jest what he done! I got to hand it to that little feller. For all he's a foreigner, he's got nerve all right, and it's the truth, he helt the woman's hand all the way to camp.

So that was the way they travelled. The little Eyetalian walking alongside the path, holding the woman's hand, and talking to her mighty nice and genteel all the time, and Big Henry not saying nothing, walking along behind, hanging on to the rope and bracing his muscles to hole the path down. And it tuck some holding too, for seemed like having Pilgrim and Puritan—whatever they was—tromp on it that away made the thing powerful skittish. The sweat was jest a-running offer Big Henry when he got to camp, and he tole Jack Sullivan he'd liefer hole down a four-horse team of mules 'an that path when it wanted to go. And knowing how that thing kin travel when it gits ready, I don't blame the feller.

Well, they got to camp all safe, but right then and there

the woman got another shock, for it's the truth, strangers, if a person ever sees that lumber camp of Tony's he ain't ever liable to fergit it ergin. I ain't never reely tole you-all jest what the place looks like, jest for fear you might think I wa'n't telling you the truth, and ever since they commenced to call me "Truth-Teller," I've felt like I had what you might call a reputation to hole up, and I've jest come to hate a lie worse 'an anything in this world. I may be a fool but that's the way I feel about it. One time I rec-lect hearing ole Brother Mutters preching, and he says, refuting some statement, "My breth'en, *that's* a lie! And why is it a lie?" he hollers out, thumping down hard on the desk in front of him. "I'll tell you why—it's a lie because it hain't so!" That sure was one time the ole feller hit the nail right in the head, for it's a fact, the onliest thing in this world the matter with a lie is that it ain't so. That's the very reason why I don't aim to tell you nothing about Tony's camp for fear you might think it was a lie because it wa'n't so.

Well, to double back on the trail to where we was—that there missionary woman was right smartly set back when she got a good look at the place she'd struck. It wasn't like nothing she'd ever seen afore, and I reckon she wished she was back home ergin and had a-lef' Eel River alone. Howsomedever, now she had come she knowed it was neck or no duck, as the saying is, and she'd have to stay with her pig and see the job through.

But Tony, he's allus mighty genteel with the ladies, and he come for'ard jest as nice and common as you please. "Welcome, stranger," he says.

Well, the woman she wa'n't used to things too free and easy, and she draws back, and says kinder short, "My name's Miss Preserved Green."

"You say you was preserved green," says Tony mightily surprised, for the woman cert'nly didn't look it.

"I said my *name* was Preserved Green," says the woman

like she's mad, and buttoning up her mouth right tight ergin.

"*Aw-oh!* Ex-cuse me!" says Tony, seeing he'd slipped up bad. "Miss Preserves, pleased to meet you," he says, making a fresh start, and holding out his hand.

I reckon that woman kinder sensed she'd better not shake hands with Tony Beaver; but it would of looked awk'ard not to, with him so friendly and all, so she done it. But she told the little Eyetalian afterwards that right then and there she knowed she'd made a big mistake, for the minute she give her hand to hisn, and looked up in his face, somepen kinder slided away inside of her, and it seemed like she could look right through Tony's eyes, and at the back of 'em was forest trees waving, and the sky with clouds trailing over it; and in the shake of a lamb's tail, she jest didn't know *nothing* 'cept mountains, and mountains, stretching away pretty nigh to the end of the world, and a sky over ev'ything that was bigger'n the world itself; with the wind blowing down the hollers from 'w-a-y off yonder somewheres, and going on by to 'w-a-y off somewheres else and all around the good hot smell of the ground warm in the sun. And seemed like all them things she'd been raised on, and set store by, like sin and jedgment, went blowing a-w-a-y off yonder with the wind inter never, and it come to her all at onced that mebbe the Lord wa'n't setting up there in the sky watching to see sin trip the world up, but was out there in the mountains enjoying creation.

Right the minute she thought that, she seen Tony Beaver had aholt of her soul and was a-dragging it to desstruction a-long with hisn. At that all the blood of her anchestors riz up inside of her, she tuck a great brace and dug in with both feet. An' it's like I said, one foot was Pilgrim and the tother was Puritan, and them good shoes saved her onced she got 'em planted stiff and straight. She snatched her hand outer Tony's, and the minute she was free she was right back in her ev'yday self, and knowed she had a never

dying soul to save, and fit it for the skies. She recollected too what she'd come for.

"Mister Beaver," she says mighty solemn, and like she was looking acrost the fence into the next world, "I have come for to save your soul."

Tony he looks kinder dub'us at that, but he ain't never one to disappint a lady, so he says, "Well, anyhow, let's set a spell and talk it over."

So there the two of 'em sets theyselves down on the banks of Eel River 'long side of each other. The hands they fetched out a cheer for the woman, but Tony he jest set on the ground, for he never will set in a cheer if he kin help hisself. He'll set on a log, or a rock mebbe but most times he jest hunkers right down ergin the ground. And when he's figgering on one of his big jobs, he's mighty apt to sprawl right out flat with his back to the earth. That's on account of who his mother is—leastways that's what some of the hands told me, but I don't reely know nothing at all about *that.*

Well, Tony he sets on the ground, and the lady she sets in the cheer, with her skirts well drawed down, for she wa'n't none of these here little fly around, pretty-by-nights, but was a settled woman with a stern and rockbound kind of a face, like they say the country is up yonder where she comes from.

All us hands had knocked off work, and was kinder standing 'round in the background, passing time away trading knives, stretching, and seeing who could spit the furthest, and all like that, while we was waiting to see the woman git in her fine work on Tony's soul. But Tony he looks back at us, and hollers out, "Here, quit that foolishness, and rustle round now and fetch the comp'ny a snacker somepen to eat—fetch her some of them huckleberries," he says.

Some of the hands went off to do like Tony said, but the woman she didn't waste no time waiting for vittles, but got right down to business.

"Mister Beaver," she starts out—

"Aw, jest call me Tony," he says. "I ain't used to no mistering."

The woman looked mighty prim at that, but she made out like she didn't hear and commenced ergin. "Mister Beaver, from things I see up here, and from all I've heared folks tell, it looks like to me you must think you own the earth."

Tony he give her a mighty quick and peculiar look at that, and all the hands acted sorter oneasy. I hadn't been in camp then more'n a couple of weeks or so, so I didn't know what the trouble was, but I knowed *somepen* dangerous was in the air. I reckon the woman kinder sensed trouble too, for she gripped her hands right tight together in her lap like she knowed she was up erginst somepen powerful strange, and all contrary to anything she'd knowed in the past.

Tony he didn't answer her back nothing when she said that erbout him owning the earth, but he fetched out his pipe and lighted her up kinder thoughtful like.

Now when Tony Beaver smokes up Eel River, a person could easy think the woods were afire, and the clouds of smoke he blowed out then come nigh choking the pore woman to death.

Well, that there little Eyetalian, he felt kinder responsible for the woman 'count of having helt her hand (Aw *you* know how 'tis!) and he hated mighty bad, too, to see Tony doing somepen that wa'n't the style, so he slinked up right easy, and whispers in Tony's year that it wa'n't genteel to smoke where ladies is—this happened a right smart while ago, you onderstand.

"Dogged if that ain't so!" Tony says, and with that he knocked his pipe right out—and it's the truth to hear him you woulda thought it was thunder back in the woods—and hollers for his plug of terbacker. Three or four of the hands ketched aholt of it, and drug the thing up to Tony,

and he tuck a broad axe and whaled hisself off a right smart quid. Then he sets down ergin and *chaws,* 'stead of smoking, 'cause he's allus mighty pertic'lar to be perlite to the ladies.

It was erbout then the hands fetched up them huckleberries Tony'd hollered for. Now, strangers,—you-all that's reading this book—it's like I've been telling you right along, things grows mighty fine and large up Eel River, and it's the truth, them berries sure was somepen to see! It had been a right good year for fruit all over the country; but even erlowing for that, and they being all swelled up with the rain, them Eel River huckleberries had jest fairly outgrowed theyselves. There wa'n't airy one of 'em smaller'n a man's two fists together, and a heap of the things run up to the size of punkins: and you know, strangers, that *is* large for huckleberries.

The size of 'em jest plum scan'lized that missionary woman, and when Tony hands 'em out to her, and says, "Help yourself, take one, take two, take damned nigh all," like a person does with comp'ny, she wouldn't tech a one of 'em, for she knowed berries that size was a pure sin.

Tony he was kinder set back at that, and he grabbed them huckleberries and pitched 'em all into Eel River; and every last one of 'em made a splash pretty nigh fifty feet high—which was right pretty to see, but sorter onnatcheral too.

The woman she says, "That's right, Mister Beaver! You got to remember you don't own the earth—the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof."

"The fullness thereof," Tony says, looking kinder tickled, and all us hands had to turn to one side and laf behind our hands too, 'cause we knowed Tony was thinking of some of the moonshine they got up Eel River. Well, I'm for temperance myself, so I don't know nothing erbout it, but I've heared the tother hands say jest one swaller of that licker'll fa'rly make a rabbit spit in a bulldog's eye.

The woman she'd hit the pike of salvation now, and she

never broke her stride, but jest headed right on. "No, Mister Beaver," she says, "everything's mighty fine and monstrous up here, and I reckon you think yer a powerful big Mister Man, but I'm right here to tell you, you *don't own the earth.*"

Well, that was the third time the woman had said that, and it was jest the *one* time too many.

"Don't own the earth!" Tony bellers at her: and with that he spit the quid out'n his mouth, and he stood up—*and he stood up!*—AN' HE STOOD UP! And every time he done it he growed taller and taller. The furst time his head went level with the white oak trees; the second time it was over the top of the ridge; and the third time it went bang into the sky.

"O my lands!" the woman says, and she jumps up right quick out'n her cheer, and looks about her powerful oneasy. And well she might, for when she looked she was all alone up a faraway holler in the woods. There wa'n't any Tony Beaver, there wa'n't any lumber camp, there wa'n't any hands no more, and Eel River itself had done went in the ground. Looked like what had been Tony wasn't nothing but a gray cliff of rocks hanging outer the ridge: what had been the lumber camp was the mountain itself; and what had been the hands standing round, laffing and whispering together, was jest the hickory and white oak saplings with the wind blowing through the leaves.

(Where we all went to, stranger, I can't tell you-all, for it's the truth, I jest don't know.)

Well, sirs! It cert'nly did come sudden to that woman to find herself out all alone in them far-away woods, with nothing but the wind blowing through them saplings what jest a minute back had been a husky parcel of men folks.

Strangers, was you ever out in the mountains alone, and all to onced somepen comes over you? Yer alone, and yit you hain't alone. It looks like the lonesomeness itself has kinder come alive, and is creeping up at you in somepen

powerful onnatural. Seems like you hear somepen whispering behind you, and you jump round right quick to look, and ain't nothing there—'cept the underbrush and the earth, and mebbe a gray rock looking at you mighty close and cur'us. And ergin d'rectly you think somepen's behind you, and ergin you jump round—and ain't nothing there. All up and down the spine of your back commences to feel powerful lonesome, and you wished you could see both ways to onced. And it ain't no kinder wild varmint yer skeered of—it's somepen *worse*. You pick out a right stout tree and squoze yerself up erginst it, for yer erblidged to have somepen betwixt the spine of yer back and whatsoever it is that's creeping up at you outer the woods around, the earth below, and the sky up yonder.

When that happens to a hand out in the woods, sometimes he prays, but most times he jest runs, and he'd be glad then to see his worst enemy so long as he come in the shape of a human.

Well, that was what happened to that woman, all alone out there in them distant woods, coming right atop of Tony, and the lumber camp, and all us hands going out so sudden. I reckon it was the first time in all of her life that the woman had ever been right up erginst nature, with nothing betwixt her and it. It sure did give her a powerful naked feeling. She heared the wind *rustle—rustle—rustle* through them saplings; she seen the sky mighty w-i-d-e and empty overhead, and she knowed somepen was a-stealing up —*steal-ing* up at her outer the woods. She jumped one way to look, and wa'n't nothing there. She jumped the tother way and looked, and ergin there wa'n't nothing there 'cept the Big Stillness.

Jest about then a rain crow w-a-y off yonder on a high ridge commenced to holler in that kinder wide lonesome *hoo-hoo-hoo* way they got, like there wa'n't nothing in all this world but woods and mountains and sky. Well, sir, that bird, it jest natcherly finished the woman right up.

Pilgrim and Puritan, even them stout shoes failed her *then.* She bust loose with a terrible screech; and once she let the breaks down and commenced to yell, she just hooped and hollered and screamed—she pretty nigh bust the sky wide open screeching, and every screech she let out fa'rly scraped her soul down to rock bottom.

"Aw, Mister Beaver! Aw, Mister Beaver! Aw, *Mister BEA-ver!"* She hollers; and then she ketched her breath and listened, but only her own voice saying "B-e-a-v-e-r," come back at her from over ferninst a ridge. Well with that she got down and jest natcherly *scratched gravel* and screeched.

"Aw, Tony Beaver! Aw, Tony! *Aw, Tony!* Aw, please, sir! Please! P-l-e-a-s-e, Mister Tony Beaver! A-w, T-o-n-y!"

Well, that fetched him, and there he was ergin—there was Tony looking at her, there was all us hands ergin, and the lumber camp and Eel River, and there was even the very cheer she'd been a-setting in.

My Golly, but the woman was glad to be back from that wide empty place!

"Was you wanting me, marm?" Tony says jest as nice and perlite as ever.

The woman ketched her breath, trying to gather herself together, and smooth herself out.

"I—was jest wanting to—to say *good-bye!"* she says kinder short-winded and weak in the knees, and not looking Tony straight in the eye.

"You was saying looked like I thought I owned the earth," Tony says.

"No—no, sir!" the woman answers back right quick. "Aw, no, Mister Beaver, sir, I never reely said nothing like that, you—you—you jest *thought* I said it."

"I don't own the earth," says Tony, "the *earth owns me."*

"Yes, sir—yes, so I sees," the woman says mighty limp and small for she could still see the look of that gray cliff

hanging outer Tony's face, and mountain ridges, and forest trees blowing in the wind, at the back of his eyes, and the sight of it made her powerful oneasy to git away from there, and git on back home to Maine or Spain. "And now if you please, Mister Beaver," she says, "I'll thank you to have the hands ride me on outer here, while—while here is *here!*" she says, for the pore woman didn't know what moment here might be *there,* and if it was to come to be, she jest didn't know how in the world she'd ever git home to where she lived at.

So Tony had the fellers to fetch eround the path ergin, and sunt her out on it, with Big Henry to hole the path down, and that nice genteel little Eyetalian hand to ca'm the lady down. That little feller tole me afterwards that he was ve-ree sympatica with the pore lady all the way. I dunno what the feller meant, lessen that's the Eyetalian for holding hands.

Well, anyhow, the woman went on back to where she belonged, but I've heared tell she was a changed critter from that day on, and allus 'lowed there was some things a person couldn't reely onderstand lessen they'd been up Eel River, and met Tony Beaver right face to face.

For that's the way we do
In the Eel River crew!

From *Up Eel River* by Margaret Prescott Montague, published by the Macmillan Company. Reprinted here by permission from the publishers.

V

THE SAILOR

WHISKEY, JOHNNY

Solo WHISKEY is the life of man,
Chorus Whiskey, Johnny!
Solo Oh, I'll drink whiskey while I can,
Chorus Whiskey for my Johnny!

O whiskey straight and whiskey strong,
Whiskey, Johnny!
Give me some whiskey and I'll sing you a song.
Whiskey for my Johnny!

O whiskey makes me wear old clo'es,
Whiskey, Johnny!
Whiskey gave me a broken nose.
Whiskey for my Johnny!

Whiskey killed my poor old dad,
Whiskey, Johnny!
Whiskey druv my mother mad.
Whiskey for my Johnny!

If whiskey comes too near my nose,
Whiskey, Johnny!
I tip it up and down she goes.
Whiskey for my Johnny!

I had a girl, her name was Lize,
Whiskey, Johnny!
She puts whiskey in her pies.
Whiskey for my Johnny!

My wife and I can not agree,
Whiskey, Johnny!
She puts whiskey in her tea.
Whiskey for my Johnny!

Here comes the cook with the whiskey can,
Whiskey, Johnny!
A glass of grog for every man,
Whiskey for my Johnny!

A glass of grog for every man,
Whiskey, Johnny!
And a bottleful for the shantyman,
Whiskey for my Johnny!

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Blow the Man Down

Solo COME, all you young fellows that follow the sea,
Chorus To me way-aye, blow the man down!
Solo Now pray pay attention and listen to me.
Chorus Give me some time to blow the man down!

I'm a deep water sailor just come from Hong-kong;
To me way-aye, blow the man down!
If you'll give me some whiskey I'll sing you a song.
Give me some time to blow the man down!

On a trim Black Ball liner I first served my time,
To me way-aye, blow the man down!
And in that Black Baller I wasted my time.
Give me some time and I'll blow the man down.

It's when a Black Baller's preparing for sea,
To me way-aye, blow the man down!
You'd split your sides laughing the sights you would see,
Give me some time to blow the man down!

At the tinkers and tailors and sojers and all,
To me way-aye, blow the man down!
For you'd seldom find sailors aboard a Black Ball.
Give me some time to blow the man down!

'Tis when the Black Baller is clear of the land
To me way-aye, blow the man down!
The crew musters aft at the word of command.
Give me some time to blow the man down!

"Lay aft," is the cry, "to the break of the poop,
To me way-aye, blow the man down!
Or I'll help you along with the toe of my boot."
Give me some time to blow the man down!

"Pay attention to orders, now you one and all,
To me way-aye, blow the man down!
For see, right above you there flies the Black Ball."
Give me some time to blow the man down!

'Tis larboard and starboard on deck you will sprawl,
To me way-aye, blow the man down!
For Kicking Jack Williams * commands that Black Ball.
Give me some time to blow the man down!

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* Or any skipper whose name happened to occur to the shantyman.

Leave Her, Johnny

Solo I THOUGHT I heard the Old Man say,
Chorus Leave her, Johnny, leave her!
Solo You can go ashore and draw your pay,
Chorus It's time for us to leave her.

You may make her fast and pack your gear,
Leave her, Johnny, leave her!
And leave her moored to the West Street pier.
It's time for us to leave her.

The winds were foul, the work was hard,
Leave her, Johnny, leave her!
From Liverpool docks to the Brooklyn yard.
It's time for us to leave her.

She would neither steer nor wear nor stay,
Leave her, Johnny, leave her!
She shipped it green both night and day.
It's time for us to leave her.

She shipped it green and she made us curse,—
Leave her, Johnny, leave her!
The mate is a devil and the old man worse.
It's time for us to leave her.

The winds were foul, the ship was slow,
Leave her, Johnny, leave her!
The grub was bad, the wages low.
It's time for us to leave her.

The winds were foul, the trip was long,
Leave her, Johnny, leave her!
But before we go we'll sing this song.
It's time for us to leave her.

We'll sing, oh, may we never be
Leave her, Johnny, leave her!
On a hungry bitch the like of she.
It's time for us to leave her.

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VI

THE HOMESTEADER

The Little Old Sod Shanty

I AM looking rather seedy now while holding down my claim,
And my victuals are not always of the best;
And the mice play shyly round me as I nestle down to rest,
In my little old sod shanty in the West.
Yet I rather like the novelty of living in this way,
Though my bill of fare is always rather tame,
But I'm happy as a clam on the land of Uncle Sam,
In my little old sod shanty on my claim.

REFRAIN

The hinges are of leather and the windows have no glass,
While the board roof lets the howling blizzard in,
And I hear the hungry kiyote as he slinks up through the grass
Round my little old sod shanty on my claim.

O when I left my eastern home, a bachelor so gay,
To try and win my way to wealth and fame,
I little thought that I'd come down to burning twisted hay
In the little old sod shanty on my claim.
My clothes are plastered o'er with dough, I'm looking like a fright,
And everything is scattered round the room,
But I wouldn't give the freedom that I have out in the West
For the table of the Eastern man's old home.

Refrain.

Still I wish that some kindhearted girl would pity on me take,
And relieve me from the mess that I am in;
The angel how I'd bless her if this my home she'd make
In the little old sod shanty on my claim.
And we would make our fortunes on the prairies of the West,
Just as happy as two lovers we'd remain;
We'd forget the trials and troubles we endured at the first,
In the little old sod shanty on our claim.

Refrain.

And if kindly fate should bless us with now and then an heir,
To cheer our hearts with honest pride of fame,
O then we'd be contented for the toil that we had spent
In the little old sod shanty on our claim.
When time enough had lapsed and all of those little brats
To noble man- and womanhood had grown,
It wouldn't seem half so lonely as around us we should look,
And see the little old sod shanty on our claim.

From *The American Songbag* by Carl Sandburg, published by Harcourt, Brace & Company.

Ballet of de Boll Weevil

DE farmer say to de weevil:
"What you doin' on de square?"
De li'l bug say to de farmer:
"Got a nice big fambly dere;
Goin' to have a home, goin' to have a home."

Farmer say to de boll weevil:
"You's right up on de square."
Boll weevil say to de farmer:
"Mah whole fambly's there,
I have a home, I have a home."

Boll weevil say to de lightnin' bug:
"Can I get up a trade wid you?
If I was a lightnin' bug,
I'd work the whole night through,
All night long, all night long."

Don' you see dem creepers
Now have done me wrong?
Boll weevil got my cotton,
An' de merchant got my corn;
What shall I do? I've got the blues.

Boll weevil say to de merchan':
"Bettah drink yo' col' lemonade;
W'en I get through wid you,
Goin' to drag you out o' dat shade,
I have a home, I have a home."

Boll weevil say to de doctah:
"Bettah pull out all dem pills,
W'en I get through wid de farmer,
Can't pay no doctah's bills.
I have a home, I have a home."

Boll weevil say to de preacher:
"Bettah close up dem church doors,
W'en I get through wid de farmer,
Can't pay de preacher no mo'.
I have a home, I have a home."

Boll weevil say to de farmer:
"You can ride in dat Fohd machine.
But w'en I get through wid yo' cotton,
Can't buy no gasoline,
Won't have no home, won't have no home."

Boll weevil say to de farmer:
"I'm a-sittin' here on dis gate,
W'en I get through wid de farmer,
He's goin' to sell his Cadillac Eight,
I have a home, I have a home."

Boll Weevil say to his wife:
"Bettah stan' up on yo feet,
Look way down in Mississippi,
At de cotton we'd got to eat,
All night long, all night long."

De farmer say to de merchan':
"I want some meat and meal!"
"Get away f'm here, yo' son-of-a-gun,
Yo' got boll weevils in yo' field,
Goin' to get yo' home, goin' to get yo' home."

Boll weevil say to de farmer,
"I wish you all is well!"
Farmer say to de boll weevil:
"I wish you wuz in hell!
I'd have a home, I'd have a home."

From *The American Songbag* by Carl Sandburg, published by Harcourt, Brace & Company.

The Farmer

WHEN the farmer comes to town,
With his wagon broken down,
O, the farmer is the man who feeds them all!
If you'll only look and see,
I think you will agree
That the farmer is the man who feeds them all.

The farmer is the man,
The farmer is the man,
Buys on credit till the fall;
Then they take him by the hand,
And they lead him to the land,
And the merchant is the man who gets it all.

The doctor hangs around
While the blacksmith heats his iron,
O, the farmer is the man who feeds them all!
The preacher and the cook
Go strolling by the brook,
And the farmer is the man who feeds them all.

The farmer is the man,
The farmer is the man,
Buys on credit till the fall.
Tho' his family comes to town,
With a wagon broken down,
O, the farmer is the man who feeds them all!

From *The American Songbag* by Carl Sandburg, published by Harcourt, Brace & Company.

Starving to Death on My Government Claim, by *Edwin Ford Piper*

MY name is Frank Bolar, 'nole bachelor I am,
I'm keepin' ole bach on an elegant plan.
You'll find me out West in the County of Lane
Starving to death on a government claim;
My house it is built of the national soil,
The walls are erected according to Hoyle,
The roof has no pitch but is level and plain
And I always get wet when it happens to rain.

REFRAIN

But hurrah for Lane County, the land of the free,
The home of the grasshopper, bedbug and flea,
I'll sing loud her praises and boast of her fame
While starving to death on my government claim.

My clothes they are ragged, my language is rough,
My head is case-hardened both solid and tough;
The dough it is scattered all over the room
And the floor would get scared at the sight of a broom;
My dishes are dirty and some in the bed
Covered with sorghum and government bread;
But I have a good time, and live at my ease
On common sop-sorghum, old bacon and grease.

REFRAIN

But hurrah for Lane County, the land of the West,
Where the farmers and laborers are always at rest,
Where you've nothing to do but sweetly remain,
And starve like a man on your government claim.

How happy I am when I crawl into bed,
And a rattlesnake rattles his tail at my head,

And the gay little centipede, void of all fear,
Crawls over my pillow and into my ear,
And the nice little bedbug so cheerful and bright,
Keeps me a-scratching full half of the night,
And the gay little flea with toes sharp as a tack
Plays "why don't you catch me?" all over my back.

REFRAIN

But hurrah for Lane County, where blizzards arise,
Where the winds never cease and the flea never dies,
Where the sun is so hot if in it you remain
'Twill burn you quite black on your government claim.

How happy am I on my government claim,
Where I've nothing to lose and nothing to gain,
Nothing to eat and nothing to wear,
Nothing from nothing is honest and square.
But here I am stuck, and here I must stay,
My money's all gone and I can't get away;
There's nothing will make a man hard and profane
Like starving to death on a government claim.

REFRAIN

Then come to Lane County, there's room for you all,
Where the winds never cease and the rains never fall,
Come join in her chorus and boast of her fame,
While starving to death on your government claim.

Now don't get discouraged, ye poor hungry men,
We're all here as free as a pig in a pen;
Just stick to your homestead and battle your fleas,
And pray to your Maker to send you a breeze.
Now a word to claim-holders who are bound for to stay:
You may chew your hard-tack till you're toothless and gray,

But as for me, I'll no longer remain
And starve like a dog on my government claim.

REFRAIN

Farewell to Lane County, farewell to the West,
I'll travel back East to the girl I love best;
I'll stop in Missouri and get me a wife,
And live on corn dodgers the rest of my life.

From *The American Songbag* by Carl Sandburg, published by Harcourt, Brace & Company.

VII

THE COWBOY

Whoopee Ti Yi Yo, Git Along, Little Dogies,
by *John A. Lomax*

AS I walked out one morning for pleasure,
I spied a cowpuncher all riding alone;
His hat was throwed back and his spurs was a-jingling,
As he approached me a-singin' this song,

Whoopee ti yi yo, git along, little dogies,
It's your misfortune, and none of my own.
Whoopee ti yi yo, git along, little dogies,
For you know Wyoming will be your new home.

Early in the spring we round up the dogies,
Mark and brand and bob off their tails;
Round up our horses, load up the chuck-wagon,
Then throw the dogies upon the trail.

It's whooping and yelling and driving the dogies;
Oh, how I wish you would go on;
It's whooping and punching and go on, little dogies,
For you know Wyoming will be your new home.

Some boys goes up the trail for pleasure,
But that's where you get it most awfully wrong;
For you haven't any idea the trouble they give us
While we go driving them all along.

When the night comes on and we hold them on the bed-
ground,
These little dogies that roll on so slow;
Roll up the herd and cut out the strays,
And roll the little dogies that never rolled before.

Your mother she was raised 'way down in Texas,
Where the jimson weed and sand-burrs grow;
Now we'll fill you up on prickly pear and cholla
Till you are ready for the trail to Idaho.

Oh, you'll be soup for Uncle Sam's Injuns;
"It's beef, heap beef," I hear them cry.
Git along, git along, git along, little dogies;
You're going to be beef steers by and by.

From *Cowboy Songs* by John A. Lomax, published by the Macmillan Company. Reprinted here by permission from Mr. Lomax.

High Chin Bob, by *John A. Lomax*

'WAY high up in the Mokiones, among the mountain
tops,
A lion cleaned a yearling's bones and licks his thankful
chops;
And who upon the scene should ride, a-trippin' down the
slope,
But High Chin Bob of sinful pride and maverick-hungry
rope.
"Oh, glory be to me!" says he, "an' fame's
unfadin' flowers;
I ride my good top hoss today and I'm top-
hand of Lazy-J,
So, kitty-cat, you're ours!"

The lion picked his paws so brown, and dreamed soft
dreams of veal,
As High Chin's rope came circlin' down and roped him
round his meal;
She yowled quick fury to the world and all the hills yelled
back;
That top horse gave a snort and whirled and Bob took up
the slack.
"Oh, glory be to me!" says he, "we'll hit the
glory trail.
No man has looped a lion's head and lived
to drag the critter dead
Till I shall tell the tale."

'Way high up in the Mokiones that top hoss done his best,
'Mid whippin' brush and rattlin' stones from Cañon-floor
to crest;
Up and down and round and 'cross Bob pounded weak and
wan,
But pride still glued him to his hoss and glory spurred him
on.
"Oh, glory be to me!" says he, "this glory
trail is rough!
But I'll keep this dally round the horn until
the toot of judgment morn
Before I'll holler 'nough!"

Three suns had rode their circle home, beyond the desert
rim,
And turned their star herds loose to roam the ranges high
and dim;
And whenever Bob turned and hoped the limp remains to
find,
A red-eyed lion, belly roped, but healthy, loped behind!
"Oh, glory be to me," says Bob, "he cain't be
drug to death!

These heroes that I've read about were only
fools that stuck it out
To the end of mortal breath."

'Way high up in the Mokiones, if you ever camp there at night,
You'll hear a rukus among the stones that'll lift your hair with fright;
You'll see a cow-hoss thunder by—a lion trail along,
And the rider bold, with his chin on high, sings forth his glory song;
"Oh, glory be to me!" says he, "and to my mighty noose.
Oh, pardner, tell my friends below I took a ragin' dream in tow,
And if I didn't lay him low, I never turned him loose!"

From *Songs of the Cattle Trail and Cow Camp* by John A. Lomax, published by the Macmillan Company. Reprinted here by permission from Mr. Lomax and from the publishers.

VIII

THE BAD MEN

The Three Days' Battle, by *Walter Noble Burns*

THE hush of a July night lay upon Lincoln. The dark, silent town seemed asleep under the peaceful stars.

But behind the bastion-like walls of the Murphy store warlike preparations were toward. Within the deep seclusion of Murphy's old office Sheriff Peppin held council with Jimmy Dolan, Marion Turner, John Kinney, Andy Boyle, Old Man Pearce, and other leaders of the Murphy faction.

"We've got the Kid at least," declared Peppin. "There ain't no way for him to get away. We'll get him this time, dead or alive."

The Kid, with half a dozen other McSween partizans, fresh from the fight at Chisum's South Spring Ranch, had ridden in a few hours before and taken refuge in the McSween residence. Deputy Sheriff Turner, with twenty-five men, having trailed him all the way from the Pecos, had arrived in Lincoln a little later.

"With Turner's posse, we've got sixty men in all," said Peppin. "Nineteen Americans, the rest Mexicans. All good fighters. The Kid ain't got no idea how many of us he's got to fight. He thinks he'll have easy picking. But he's in a trap. We'll spring it on him."

"There's enough of us to rush the McSween house," advised Dolan.

"No use in that," cautioned Kinney. "We got the Kid dead to rights without takin' no chances."

"The Kid's a wise hombre," reflected Peppin. "If we propose that he surrender, I believe under the circumstances, he'll listen to reason."

"That's right," cut in Old Man Pearce. "He's liable to get some of us if we shoot it out with him."

But how to open negotiations with the Kid was a problem. The man who attempted a parley might acquire a bullet.

"I think I know how," said Turner.

With Dolan and Kinney, Turner slipped into the bottom lands along the Bonito River and crept up behind the McSween barn. There, standing sheltered from possible shots, he set up a lusty hailing cry. To this halloo, the Kid responded through a crack in the kitchen door.

"We've got you surrounded, Kid," shouted Turner. "If you make a fight, we'll kill you all to the last man. If you'll surrender, we'll promise you won't be hurt."

Something that sounded suspiciously like laughter came from the crack in the kitchen door.

"It's no joke, Kid. You better surrender."

"Surrender to a bunch of hounds like you? What six kinds of a fool do you think I am?"

"We'll guarantee you protection."

"I'll stay where I am and protect myself. If you want me, come and get me. Go back to your gang and tell 'em to turn on the fireworks. We're ready for you."

Out of the east end of town came a rumble of horses' hoofs, a chorus of zipping yells, scattered shots. Turner and his companions did not wait to learn the cause but breaking short the conference, rejoined Sheriff Peppin. Faction Leader McSween had ridden into town from his camp on the Ruidoso with a tail of thirty-five Mexican fighting men at his back.

When Turner and his posse rode in from Roswell, Martin Chavez, deputy under Sheriff Copeland and a McSween partizan, had spurred hard for McSween's camp to carry the news of the Kid's perilous predicament. Forthwith, McSween and his henchmen had mounted in haste and come to Lincoln on the run. This strong reinforcement mate-

rially altered the situation, which thereafter did not look so dark. Under cover of the night, McSween and several of his Mexican allies slipped into the McSween home without drawing enemy fire and joined the Kid, who welcomed them with no little enthusiasm.

The Murphy forces held the Murphy store and hotel. The buildings were in the west end of town within fifty yards of the McSween house, the hotel on the same side of the street, the store on the other. High on the hillsides on the south side of the cañon, Murphy sharpshooters commanded the entire village.

. . . . . .

When Billy the Kid and the others gathered for breakfast next morning they were in high spirits and ready for battle. With witty sallies and gay bantering talk they inspected their rifles and six-shooters. Mrs. McSween, Mrs. Shield, and Mrs. Ealy bustled between kitchen and dining room loading the table with steaming dishes. McSween entered with his Bible in his hand.—Taking his place at the head of the table, he bowed his head in his hand and said grace.

Came a crash of rifles from the Murphy clan shooting from the windows of the Murphy store and hotel. The balls thudded against the adobe walls of the McSween house and tore ragged holes through the window shutters, bursting the panes and scattering fragments of glass over the floor.

"Where's your gun, Mr. McSween?" queried the Kid.

"I have no gun," replied McSween. "I have never owned one. I have never fired one in my life."

"But we're in for it good and plenty. We've got to fight for our lives. Every man will count."

"I would rather die than stain my soul with the blood of my fellow man," replied McSween with great solemnity. "I have no need to commit that great sin. God is my refuge and strength. He will protect me."

A cynical smile twisted a corner of the Kid's mouth.

"All right, governor," he returned good-naturedly. "Go ahead and trust in the Lord. The rest of us'll trust in our six-shooters."

The battle developed quickly all along the line. While the Murphy forces hidden in store and hotel concentrated their fusillades on the McSween home, their sharpshooters, ranging along the hills at the south side of the cañon, poured an incessant fire upon Chavez's men in the Montana and Patron houses.

"Kind of a tame fight," remarked the Kid as the day of random firing drew toward a close. "Those Murphy fellows stay under cover. I can't get a good square crack at anybody. We better sneak out of here tonight and join up with Chavez. Then we can chase the Murphy gang out of town."

"We will stay where we are," said McSween. "'Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord.' We must remain on the defensive. I still have faith that God will put a stop to this sad affair before blood has been spilled."

In view of McSween's attitude, the Kid had apprehensions that the battle might lengthen into a siege. After darkness had fallen, he brought indoors two barrels of rainwater standing in the sheltered court. These would provide the little garrison with enough water for drinking and cooking purposes for a number of days.

. . . . . .

Colonel N. A. M. Dudley, commandant, sat in his office at Fort Stanton, busy with the day's routine. Through the window he saw a woman, bedraggled and plainly laboring under great excitement, hurrying toward him across the parade ground. In a moment she burst into the room like an apparition, pale, wild of eye, her clothing torn.

"For God's sake, bring your soldiers to Lincoln." Her voice was almost a scream. "The clans are fighting. This is the third day. They will fight till the last man is killed.

Dead are lying in the streets. The women and children will be murdered. The town will be destroyed. The people are afraid. They are cooped up in their houses. I am Mrs. Juanita Mills. I could not stand it any longer. I slipped out of town before dawn and have hurried on foot across the hills—nine miles. I have come to beg you to save us—the mothers, the babies, our homes. Only the troops can stop this madness. There is still time. But hurry. For God's sake, hurry."

The morning silence was shattered by the bugles. "Boots and Saddles" set the echoes flying among the hills. There was instant bustle of preparations. Scurrying officers shouted commands. Troopers in broken streaks began to converge toward the stables. Two squadrons of Negro cavalry, with two Gatling guns and Colonel Dudley in command, were soon moving at double-quick on the road to Lincoln.

Murphy lookouts on watch at the upper windows of the Murphy store caught sight of a cloud of dust rising to the west in the direction of the Double Crossing of the Bonito. Puzzled as to what it might portend, they summoned Sheriff Peppin. A strong body of horsemen were approaching. But who were they? The Murphy leaders were expecting no reinforcements. If the riders under that cloud of dust were McSween partizans, the Murphy faction would better lose no time in taking to the hills. Their cause was lost.

"Fetch me my field glasses," Peppin called to one of his understrappers.

The Murphy sheriff took a quick squint through the glasses. His weather-beaten face broke in the parchment-like wrinkles of a smile. The riddle was solved.

"Soldiers! Colonel Dudley is bringing in his old army buffalo troopers. I don't know what he aims to do. But it's all right, boys. He's our friend."

. . . . . .

As the cavalcade clattered past the Murphy store, cheers came with muffled faintness from the abysmal depths of the old building, those who lifted joyous voices not daring to show themselves at the windows for fear a random McSween volley might cut short their enthusiasm. Colonel Dudley halted his command in front of the McSween home, a few days before the smartest house in town, decrepit-looking now, grown venerable overnight from the batterings of battle. He sent an aide inside to summon McSween.

While the black troopers lounged at ease in their saddles, Murphy men came pouring into the road from their store and hotel fortresses and crowded about the McSween home. There was no danger now. They were under the ægis of the army. No McSween partizan was so desperate as to dare to flout the majesty of Uncle Sam by a pot-shot at Murphy foes. Nor were the beleaguered guardians of the McSween stronghold backward in curiosity. They, too, swarmed into the road and stood silent in front of the building awaiting developments, their rifles resting in the crook of their arms, their restless eyes keeping suspicious watch upon their enemies.

Obedient to Colonel Dudley's summons, McSween stepped out the door of his home, halted at the throat-latch of the colonel's charger, and stood facing the stern-visaged soldier sitting rigidly erect in his saddle.

"Mister McSween," said Colonel Dudley in stentorian tones. . . .

But Jimmy Dolan did not wait to hear the import of the message Colonel Dudley was about to deliver to "Mister McSween." In the excitement aroused by the halting of the cavalry squadrons in front of the McSween home, Jimmy Dolan recognized an opportunity. He slipped unnoticed through the crowd along the line of troops toward the Murphy hotel, picking up Old Man Pearce, Charlie Hall, and that harum-scarum old ruffian and blackguard, Andy Boyle, on his way.

"It's our chance, boys," he said in cautious undertones. "Quick now. Come with me."

For a few brief moments the four conspirators rummaged about the hotel and its purlieus. Then they plunged down an embankment behind the hostelry and, hidden from view by the road, went at a run across the bottoms of the Bonito. Up the embankment they scrambled in the rear of the McSween barn and so came at last into the McSween back yard. In one hand Dolan carried a can of kerosene and in the other a tin cup. Andy Boyle brought a wash basket filled with shavings and chips. Old Man Pearce and Charlie Hall bore armloads of kindling and faggots of pitch pine.

The column of troops was standing at ease in the road fifty feet away. Billy the Kid and his fighting men, Mrs. McSween, Mrs. Shield, Mrs. Ealy, every member of the McSween garrison, were at the front of the house. McSween still stood at the throat-latch of the colonel's charger. The back of the house was deserted. In the rapt silence of the moment, Colonel Dudley's every word rang clear to the four men at their secret business in McSween's back yard.

"Mr. McSween," said Colonel Dudley in stentorian tones, "this fighting must end at once."

"I am powerless to end it," replied McSween.

"You must cease firing," ordered Colonel Dudley.

"Pile on your kindling, Pearce," said Jimmy Dolan. "That's the stuff. Now your pitch pine, Hall. That's good."

"I will be glad to cease firing," responded McSween, "if the Murphy faction ceases also. The Murphy side started this battle. We are besieged—besieged in my own home. We are fighting for our lives. End the attack upon us and you will end the battle."

"Stand back a little, boys," said Jimmy Dolan. "Give me a chance to souse on the coal oil."

Over the mass of shavings, kindling, and pitch pine piled high against McSween's back door Dolan slashed the kerosene. Filling his tin cup, he dashed quantities over door and lintels from top to bottom. On the sills of the windows he spread shavings and saturated them with oil. Over the window shutters and every piece of woodwork he threw cupfuls of the inflammable liquid until his can was empty.

"I have given you my orders, Mr. McSween." Colonel Dudley's voice had in it the ring of finality. "See that they are obeyed. Stop your fighting or suffer the consequences."

The colonel turned to his bugler with a sharp command.

"Now, strike your matches and touch her off," said Jimmy Dolan.

The staccato notes of the bugle sounded in the street. "Forward!" sang the trumpet. There was a rattle of arms as the troopers straightened to attention and dressed their ranks. The column got slowly under way.

The oil-drenched pile exploded into a mass of fire that shot up to the roof. As Dolan and his companions sprang down the embankment into the bottom-lands, a thin veil of blue-white fire was rippling and shimmering over door and window shutters. Fiery little tongues were curling eagerly about the woodwork as if relishing appetizing food. Slender red streamers that flashed to the shingles of the roof waved and fluttered like pennons of victory.

Clatter of accoutrements, pounding of hoofs, creaking of gun carriages, grew faint in the distance, fainter still, and ceased. Whitish smoke, soft, billowy, rose from the roof of the McSween home and drifted in a lurid mist into the empty street.

No sooner had the cavalry got in motion than McSween and his group of home-defenders hurried back inside the house.

"Old Dudley made it as plain as daylight that we must stop shooting," sneered Billy the Kid. "But I notice he

didn't tell the Murphy gang to cease firing. Why not? They were standing all around him."

Mrs. McSween sniffed the air suspiciously.

"I smell smoke," she cried. "What can be burning?"

She hurried into the next room. The acrid smell of smoke was more distinct. As she passed through the door into the room beyond, a blue shadowy snake of smoke wriggled slowly after her in midair.

"Fire!"

The men rushed after her. As they darted into the back room they stopped short, hardly able to breathe. Through the thick swirls they saw the door and the shutters of the windows crumbling in charred fragments beneath the flames. As they stood there in momentary daze a section of the roof came crashing down in blazing ruin upon the floor. In an instant the situation of the little garrison had rushed to desperate crisis. The house that had been their refuge and fortress had been transformed into a death trap.

Beleaguered by the deadly rifles of their foes, they now had a more dangerous enemy to fight. There might yet be time to save the building. They rushed to the two barrels of rain water. Pitiful supply it was with which to battle a conflagration. In pails and kettles and dishpans, they carried water to dash upon the flames. The hopelessness of their task was soon apparent. The back room was now a fiery furnace. The walls were bellying outward with the heat; the partition was tottering. Flames were leaping and crackling along the roof. Black smoke was boiling into the sky.

The McSween residence was of one story, built of adobe brick about three sides of a court that was open at the rear. It contained twelve rooms, four in the main portion which fronted on the street, four in the west wing, four in the east wing. Dolan and his destroying angels had kindled the fire at the rear of the west wing. A wind from the east was blowing the flames and sparks away from the other part of

the house. If the wind held, the destruction of the entire building could be compassed only when the flames had passed from back to front of the west wing, across the front, and from front to back of the east wing.

After the fire had reached the interior through the collapse of portions of the roof, its progress was rapid. McSween's men ceased to fight it, seeing the futility of their efforts, and turned their attention to saving the furniture, hustling it from one room to another in advance of the flames.

Mrs. McSween's piano in the front room on the west side of the house was in the direct path of destruction. Famous instrument—the only piano in all eastern New Mexico—whose music had cheered all Lincoln; to whose melodies the boys and girls of the town had danced in the street; whose wagon-borne journey across mountains and plains had been a royal progress; and whose arrival had marked a red-letter day in Lincoln's calendar.

"Save my piano," wailed Mrs. McSween. "Let the fire rob me of everything else, but save my precious piano."

The men took hold with a will and in the crisis Billy the Kid won new laurels as a piano-mover. From room to room across the front of the building they lifted and dragged the instrument laboriously, and landed it in the front room on the east side, far from the flames.

"There!" cried Mrs. McSween joyously. "It's safe—safe, at least, for the time being."

In her passing flash of happiness, she sat at the instrument and let her fingers wander among the keys. Snatches of old tunes took form under her touch like fugitive ghosts. Before she knew it she was playing "Home, Sweet Home." She sang a bar or two softly—"There's no place like home." The music seemed the voice of her tragedy. Her home was burning. In a little while, with all its associations of love and happiness, it would be a mere heap of ashes and blackened timbers. As the last note trembled into silence,

she bowed her head upon the piano and her tears dropped upon the keys.

There was a crash at the west side of the house. Portions of the red-hot adobe walls had fallen outward, leaving two great gaps. Through the gaps the Murphy men rained bullets. . . . McSween read a chapter in the Bible and offered up a prayer. . . . Billy the Kid and his little band, half-blinded by whirls of smoke, pumped their Winchesters. . . . A fragment of the roof caved in, narrowly missing the Kid. He stepped to one side with a smile. A Murphy bullet knocked a cigarette from between his lips. "Now that's too bad," he said cheerfully. "I'll have to roll another."

"Colonel Dudley is our only hope, boys," said Mrs. McSween at last. "That's almost no hope at all. I have no faith in him. But he is the only one who can save us now. The cowards of the Murphy crowd are watching and waiting to murder us all. Soon there will be no walls left to hide us. Then we must die unless help comes. Colonel Dudley can rescue us if he will—if he will. I'm going to his camp and ask him—beg him on my knees—to save."

"You must not go, my dear," said McSween. "The Murphy men will kill you as soon as you step out the door."

"I'm going."

She flung open the door and walked out. A cloud of smoke swooped down around her. Out of it she passed into the sunlight. Rifles began to crack from windows in the Murphy store. Bullets struck all about her. She paid no heed. She did not turn her head. A rifle ball struck so close it scattered dust over her skirt. She paused for a moment, stooped and brushed off the dust. Then she marched on down the road.

Colonel Dudley had gone into camp on open ground in the east end of town opposite San Juan Church, and having trained his Gatling guns on the Montana and Patron

houses, sent for Martin Chavez in command of the McSween force garrisoning these two buildings.

"You see those guns?" Colonel Dudley said, pointing to the two pieces whose shining barrels bore upon the houses from directly across the road.

"*Si, señor,* I see," responded Chavez.

"If they should accidentally go off, they might blow those two houses down and kill your men."

"But possibly, I do not understand. You bring your soldiers for protec' life and property, no?"

"Exactly. That's what I'm here for. If your men fire another shot, the accident I spoke of may happen at any moment."

Chavez gave a shrug.

"It is best that you withdraw from Lincoln," Colonel Dudley continued. "I will grant you safe conduct out of town. But be sure you do not return or linger in the outskirts. If you take any further part in the fighting, I will send a troop of cavalry after you."

Chavez and his men thereupon mounted their horses which had been kept in the stables of the Ellis house and rode out of town, Colonel Dudley keeping them covered all the while with his gatling guns. The retreat of Chavez left McSween and the ten men with him to fight out the battle alone. Mrs. McSween was the only woman left in her home.

When, several hours after Chavez's departure, Mrs. McSween made her way to Colonel Dudley's tent, she found him sitting with Sheriff Peppin and John Kinney of the Murphy faction.

"Well," said Colonel Dudley, looking at her coldly. "What is it you want?"

"You are aware, Colonel Dudley," said Mrs. McSween, "that my home is burning down?"

"I have seen some smoke," replied Colonel Dudley indifferently.

"While you were giving your orders to my husband, Murphy men set my house on fire."

"I would require proof of that."

"There is no doubt of it. But I did not come to argue with you. It is too late now to save my home. I have come to beg you to save our lives. You hear the volleys the Murphy men are pouring into my blazing home. Unless you stop this attack upon us, my husband and the ten men with him will be killed."

"I have no authority to interfere," replied Colonel Dudley.

"Then," said Mrs. McSween, gasping in amazement, "why have you brought your troops into Lincoln?"

"I am here," returned the colonel sharply, "to assume charge only in case the situation escapes from the control of the civil authorities."

"Civil authorities!" echoed Mrs. McSween. "Who, pray, are these 'civil authorities'?"

"Sheriff Peppin here and the deputies under him."

"Sheriff Peppin is a Murphy partizan," Mrs. McSween flung back. "He is directing the attack upon us."

"Your men refused to surrender when called upon."

"If they had surrendered, they would have been massacred."

"I do not think so."

"The purpose of these 'civil authorities,' as you call them, is to murder us all. If the present situation does not warrant your interference, I can conceive of no situation which would. Force these lawless and conscienceless 'civil authorities' to stop their efforts to murder us. Let my home burn to the ground, but send your troops to save the lives of Mr. McSween and his men. Arrest them if necessary and give them protection as your prisoners."

"I am in command of United States troops," Colonel Dudley answered. "This is a civil matter—"

"It is barbarous!" cried Mrs. McSween.

"—and Sheriff Peppin seems to have the situation in hand. I will not interfere. I have no authority."

"So this is what it means to appeal to a soldier in the uniform of my country," shouted Mrs. McSween, now white with passion. "If my country's flag that flies in front of your tent cannot protect us, then God help us."

She returned to her home and groped back through the smoke into the flame-bright interior. The west wing and front of the house were gutted, blackened ruins. The fire was sweeping back over the east wing, the last remaining portion.

"Dudley refuses to interfere," she announced hopelessly.

Silence fell upon the doomed men, broken only by the crackling of the fire and the crash of charred timbers. For a long time Mrs. McSween paced the floor, wringing her hands.

. . . . . .

The day was now far spent. Shadows of evening were falling across the cañon. The McSween home was almost destroyed. Of its twelve rooms, only three remained. Mrs. McSween's announcement that all hope of aid was gone threw into despondency all members of the band except Billy the Kid, who for so many weary hours in the doomed house had been fighting fire and foes. As desperate in his optimism as in his crimes, the Kid received the news with an indifferent shrug. The one chance in a million that remained to him kept him cheerfully hopeful. He wasted no words in bewailing his fate in being cooped in this two-by-four hell. Confident in his own resources and courage, he was willing to play the game out to the end, and if luck went against him, accept the result like a good gambler.

Mrs. McSween's eyes rested sadly on her piano. Flame reflections were leaping and dancing in its polished depths. It was fated to destruction. A few hours more and it would be a wreck buried under flaming débris.

She threw herself upon the stool at the keyboard. She

still had hope—hope in Billy the Kid and his fighting men. They were battling desperately in their last ditch. A war-song might inspire them to still more heroic courage. It might turn defeat into victory. With one last brave swan-song before the ultimate silence, the piano might yet save the day. At once she plunged into the stirring bars of "The Star-Spangled Banner." Facing death, the men felt the lift and thrill of the old battle hymn. The Kid whistled the tune. Tom O'Folliard beat time with his six-shooter. Far through the noise of battle and the swish of flames, the music sounded in half the homes of Lincoln. It rang against the cañon wall like a challenge. It carried its message of courage and defiance to the enemy whose bullets thumped like an obligato against the tottering walls and plunged with sibilant uproar among the smoking embers. . . . The music died in the crash of a flaming fragment of the roof.

"You'd better hunt safety now, Mrs. McSween," said Billy the Kid. "Go to the house of some friend while there's still time. We'll do the best we can. We may get out of this yet. After dark, we'll make a break for it."

"Yes," agreed McSween. "While there is still time. Escape for the others will be less difficult if there is no woman here."

"I will not go," the brave woman proclaimed stoutly.

"It is best, my dear," answered McSween.

He folded her in his arms and kissed her good-bye.

Broken-hearted and blinded by tears, Mrs. McSween stumbled out of the blazing ruins of her home, through the dense smoke into the road flaming with the sunset to find safety and shelter at last with her sister and Mrs. Ealy.

Night fell. Two rooms were left. The Kid and his men still clung to their crumbling defenses. The fire marched steadily forward. One room remained—the kitchen. It was ten o'clock. With the roof blazing over their heads, the Kid and his men prepared for a dash to safety. The Kid

gave his directions calmly. Certain men must go first; certain others must follow in order.

The Murphy men had closed in under cover of the darkness. They crouched behind the McSween stable and beneath the shelter of the adobe wall that shut off the stable lot from the back yard. They sensed the approaching crisis. Their rifles commanded the kitchen door at a distance of not more than ten yards.

"All right, boys, let's go," cried the Kid. "We've still got one chance in a million."

He threw open the back door. While the flames turned night into day, Harvey Morris and Francisco Semora rushed out to fall dead before a blaze of rifles from the adobe wall. Vincente Romero was the next to try and the next to die.

McSween was sitting in a corner, his Bible open on his lap, his lips moving in prayer.—The Kid laid a hand upon his shoulder and shook him out of his reverie.

"Come on, governor," said the Kid with a flash of his gay courage, "it's your turn next. You've got to make a run for it."

McSween rose slowly to his feet.

"Take this gun." The Kid tried to shove a six-shooter into his hand.—

"Hit the trail, old man," shouted the Kid. "Go through that door like a streak of greased lightning. Head for the back fence. Roll over it in the dark. Keep going for the Bonito. And you'll see Mrs. McSween in the morning. Good luck."

As if unhearing, McSween drew himself to the full of his imposing height and, with his glazed eyes, swept the broken, flaming walls of what had been his home. . . .

Before him was the open door. He strode toward it. Quietly, head up, he walked out into the red glare of the flames.

"Here I am," he called in a hollow voice. "I am McSween."

A streak of fire leaped from the blackness beyond the adobe wall. A dozen rifles blazed almost simultaneously. Tiny puffs of dust leaped out from McSween's coat. He half-turned, stumbled forward, and fell dead upon his Bible, true to his faith to the last, his hands innocent of man's blood.

"I got him," shouted Bob Beckwith, waving his smoking rifle high above his head. "I got McSween."

A demoniac chorus of yells went up to the sky. The men behind the adobe wall went wild with boisterous joy. They fired a half-dozen wanton shots at McSween's body. Several bullets thudded into the corpse, causing it to jerk as with a spasm. Others splattered earth over the dead face. Then there was silence. The ambushed watchers waited for fresh victims.

Out of the door, one after the other, plunged Tom O'Folliard, Jim French, Doc Skurlock, José Chavez y Chavez, Ignacio Gonzalez, and Ygenio Salazar. Salazar was cut down, dangerously wounded; he lay limp and motionless, feigning death. Gonzalez's arm was shattered by a bullet, but he continued his flight. As by a miracle, all but Salazar ran the gauntlet of bullets, tumbled over the back wall, and escaped. They were joined in their stampede for the hills by Charlie Bowdre, George Coe, and Hendry Brown, who ran from the McSween store at the same time.

The Kid was the last to leave. He hitched his belt a little tighter, pulled his hat down more firmly on his head. He looked with sharp scrutiny at his two six-shooters, one in either hand. He cocked them. He shot a glance through the open door into the ruddy splendor. His quick eye calculated the positions of the five men lying motionless, all dead except Salazar, shamming death. He determined his course among them; he must be careful not to trip over a corpse. Between him and the back wall of the yard was a space of thirty feet. Across it death would be snapping

at his heels at every step. But if he had to die, he would die fighting.

There was ominous silence off at the side along the adobe wall. His lurking, unseen foes were waiting for him, their rifles ready, their fingers on the trigger. All about him was the devouring sibilance of the fire. Flames were bursting through the walls and ceiling of the room, darting, twisting, crawling like brilliant serpents greedily alive. He braced himself for the start. Half the roof crashed in behind him. Smoke and a myriad fiery sparks leaped after him as he darted out the door, his guns blazing.

A yell of triumph went up from his enemies. This was the man they wanted. "Here comes the Kid!" They rose behind the wall. They threw their rifles to a level on the flying figure. "Get him, boys!" "Kill him!" A salvo of twenty guns welcomed him into that crimson square of death.

The Kid's trigger fingers worked with machine-gun rapidity. Fire poured from the muzzles of his forty-fours in continuous streaks. Bob Beckwith, slayer of McSween, fell dead across the wall, his rifle clattering on the ground, head and arms dangling downward limply. John McKinney of Las Cruces was struck in the mouth, the bullet carrying away half the gallantly upturned moustache of the handsome youth. Another ball cut a deep notch in Old Man Pearce's ear, whispering the nearness of death. One man killed, two branded for life—this was the Kid's score as he hurtled toward the sheltering darkness, never for an instant hesitating, never slackening his pell-mell speed.

Pumping their Winchesters, churning shots from their double-action revolvers, his foes fired more than fifty shots at him as he rushed across the space of thirty feet. Bullets sang about his ears, ripped shreds from his blue flannel shirt, bored holes through his white steeple sombrero, enveloped him in an invisible frame of hissing lead. Every bullet was aimed at his heart and every one was winged

with deadly hatred. But not a bullet touched his body. On he ran like a darting elusive shadow as if under mystic protection. He cleared the back wall at a leap. He bounded out of the flare of the conflagration. Darkness swallowed him at a gulp. Splashing across the Bonito, he gained the safety of the hills.

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Jesse James

IT was on a Wednesday night, the moon was shining bright,
They robbed the Glendale train.
And the people they did say, for many miles away,
'Twas the outlaws Frank and Jesse James.

REFRAIN

Jesse left a wife to mourn all her life,
The children they are brave.
'Twas a dirty little coward that murdered Mr. Howard,
And laid poor Jesse in his grave.

It was Robert Ford, the dirty little coward,
I wonder how he does feel,
For he ate of Jesse's bread and he slept in Jesse's bed,
Then he laid Jesse James in his grave.—Refrain.

It was his brother Frank that robbed the Gallatin bank,
And carried the money from the town.
It was in this very place that they had a little race,
For they shot Captain Sheets to the ground.—Refrain.

They went to the crossing not very far from there,
And there they did the same;
And the agent on his knees he delivered up the keys
To the outlaws Frank and Jesse James.—Refrain.

It was on a Saturday night, Jesse was at home
Talking to his family brave,
When the thief and the coward, little Robert Ford,
Laid Jesse James in his grave.—Refrain.

How people held their breath when they heard of Jesse's death,
And wondered how he ever came to die.
'Twas one of the gang, dirty Robert Ford,
That shot Jesse James on the sly.—Refrain.

Jesse went to his rest with his hand on his breast.
The devil will be upon his knee.
He was born one day in the county of Clay,
And came from a solitary race.—Refrain.

From *The American Songbag* by Carl Sandburg, published by Harcourt, Brace & Company.

Po' Boy

MY mammy's in the cold, cold ground;
My daddy went away;
My sister married a gamblin' man:
And now I've gone astray.
I sit here in the prison;
I do the best I can;
But I get to thinkin' of the woman I love;
She ran away with another man.

CHORUS

She ran away with another man, po' boy,
She ran away with another man.
I get to thinkin' of the woman I love;
She ran away with another man.

Away out on the prairie,
I stopped that Katy train;
I took the mail from the baggage car;
And walked away in the rain.
They got the bloodhounds on me,
And chased me up a tree;
And then they said, "Come down, my boy,
And go to the penitentiaree,"

CHORUS

She ran away, etc.

"O mister judge, O mister judge,
What are you going to do to me?"
"If the jury finds you guilty, my boy,
I'm going to send you to the penitentiaree."
They took me to the railroad station;
A train came rolling by;
I looked in the window, saw the woman I love;
Hung down my head and cried.

CHORUS

Hung down my head in shame, po' boy,
Hung down my head and cried;
I looked in the window, saw the woman I love,
Hung down my head and cried, po' boy!

From *The American Songbag* by Carl Sandburg, published by Harcourt, Brace & Company.

Jim Fisk

IF you'll listen awhile, I'll sing you a song
Of this glorious land of the free;
And the difference I'll show 'twixt the rich and the poor,
In a trial by the jury, you'll see.
If you've plenty of stamps, you can hold up your head
And walk from your own prison door,
But they'll hang you up high, if you've no friends or gold,
Let the rich go, but hang up the poor.

REFRAIN

In the trials for murder we have nowadays,
The rich ones get off swift and sure;
If you've thousands to pay to the jury and judge,
You may bet they'll go back on the poor.

I'll sing of a man who's now dead in his grave,
A good man as ever was born;
Jim Fisk he was called and his money he gave
To the outcast, the poor, and forlorn.
We all know he loved both women and wine,
But his heart it was right, I am sure;
Though he lived like a prince in his palace so fine,
Yet he never went back on the poor.

REFRAIN

If a man was in trouble, Fisk helped him along,
To drive the grim wolf from the door;
He strove to do right, though he may have done wrong,
But he never went back on the poor.

Jim Fisk was a man wore his heart on his sleeve,
No matter what people might say;

And he did all his deeds, both the good and the bad,
In the broad open light of the day.
With his grand six-in-hand, on the beach at Long Branch,
He cut a big dash to be sure;
But Chicago's great fire showed the world that Jim Fisk
With his wealth still remembered the poor.

REFRAIN

When the telegram came that the homeless that night
Were starving to death slow but sure
His lightning express manned by noble Jim Fisk
Flew to feed all the hungry and poor.

Now what do you think of the trial of Stokes,
Who murdered this friend of the poor?
When such men get free, is there anyone safe
To step outside their own door?
Is there one law for the poor and one for the rich?
It seems so, at least so I say;
If they hang up the poor, why, surely the rich
Ought to swing up the very same way.

REFRAIN

Don't show any favor to friend or to foe;
The beggar or prince at your door.
The big millionaire you must hang up also,
But never go back on the poor.

From *The American Songbag* by Carl Sandburg, published by Harcourt, Brace & Company.

THE LAST OF THE LOWRIES, by *Paul Greene*

Cast of Characters

As originally produced by The Carolina Playmakers, Chapel Hill, North Carolina, April 30th and May 1st, 1920.

CUMBA LOWRIE, *the aged mother of the Lowries*
Elizabeth Taylor
JANE, *her daughter* . . . . . Ruth Penny
MAYNO, *Cumba's daughter-in-law* . . Rachel Freeman
HENRY BERRY LOWRIE, *last of the outlaw gang*
Ernest Nieman

SCENE: *The rough home of the Lowrie gang in Scuffletown, a swampy region of Robeson County, North Carolina.*
TIME: *A night in the winter of the year* 1874.

Scene: The kitchen of the Lowrie home. The interior is that of a rude dwelling built of rough-hewn timbers. At the right front is a fireplace in which a fire is burning. Pots and pans are hung around the fireplace. A rocking chair is drawn up in front of the fire. At the right rear is a cupboard. At the center rear a door leads outside. Above it are several fishing-poles and a net resting on pegs fitted into the joists. To the rear at the left is a loom with a piece of half-finished cloth in it. A door in the center of the left wall leads into an adjoining room. To the right of it is a window. At the front on that side is a chest. In the center of the room is a rough, oblong eating-table and several home-made chairs with cowhide bottoms. A spinning-wheel stands at the left-front. On the table is an unlighted candle in a tin holder.

The play opens with MAYNO LOWRIE *spinning at*

the wheel. She stops, folds her hands aimlessly across her lap, and stares idly into the fire. She is a full-blooded Croatan, about twenty-five years old, of medium height with skin a tan color, almost copper, prominent cheek bones, short flat nose, and black shifty eyes. Her coarse raven hair is wound into a knot at the back of her head. She is dressed in a polka-dot calico. Her shoes are somewhat heavy but comfortable looking. Around her neck she wears a string of shiny glass beads. Several cheap rings adorn her hands.

For a moment she sits idle, and then begins to spin lazily, at almost every revolution of the wheel stopping to glance at the rear door, then at the door to the left, as if expecting someone to enter. She listens. From afar off comes the lone hoot of an owl. She shakes her head and starts the wheel going again. Then she goes to the fireplace, turns the bread in the spider and with a long-handled spoon stirs the peas in the pot. After this she goes back to her chair at the wheel.

Three knocks are heard at the rear door. MAYNO *hurries to remove the bar.* JANE LOWRIE *enters with a bundle under her arm. She throws the bundle on the table, takes off her bonnet and cape and hangs them on a peg near the door at the left.* MAYNO *goes to the bundle, stares at it half curiously and fearfully.* JANE *comes to the fire without speaking. She is a tall Croatan girl, dressed more plainly than* MAYNO *in a dress of homespun with no ornaments. Her shoes are covered with mud. She is about twenty years old, with heavy black hair, light, tan-colored skin, and regular features. Her face is more open and intelligent than* MAYNO'S. *Her whole figure expresses weariness. She looks anxiously at the door of the adjoining room, then turns to* MAYNO.

JANE. Has she asked for me?

MAYNO. Not but once. I tol' her you'd stepped over to Pate's for a little flour, and she seemed to pearten up at that. Said mebbe they'd be a letter from the boys 'way yander. [*She smiles scornfully. Still standing at the table, she looks at the package.* CUMBA'S *voice is heard calling from the room at the left.*]

CUMBA. Jane, Jane, is that ye?

JANE [*going to the door at the left*]. Yes, muh, I'm jes' back from Pate's with the flour.

CUMBA. All right, honey. [JANE *goes into the room. Their voices can be heard indistinctly.* MAYNO *looks at the package, reaches and touches it. Then she tears a hole in the paper, peers at it intently and draws away.* JANE *comes back.*]

JANE. Mayno, they're . . . his'n!

MAYNO. Whose? . . . Yes, they must be his'n.

JANE [*lighting a candle and placing it on the table*]. Yes, Mayno, they's Steve's all right.

MAYNO. How'd you git 'em, chile?

JANE. I got 'em from the sheriff.

MAYNO. And I thought you were goin' to see Henry Berry 'bout Steve's money and find where they put 'im. [*She opens the package and takes out a coat, a pair of trousers, and a black felt hat. The garments are slashed and stiff with blood.*]

JANE. I did—two hours proguing down through the black swamps an' the bramble br'ars and when I foun' Henry Berry he said them sher'ffs what killed Steve got his money, and as for where they put 'im, nobody knows. [CUMBA *is heard groaning as she turns in her bed.* JANE *lowers her voice.*] And then I went to the sheriff for his clothes. I knowed that some day when she [*nodding to the room at the left*] finds it out she'll be wantin' his clothes that she made with her own hands like th' others. And the sheriff wouldn't tell me where they buried 'im.

MAYNO. Took his money, did they? That's the way with them white folks. They do all they kin agin' us poor Croatans, 'cause we's jes' injuns, they says—though we knows better.

JANE. They don't hold nothin' agin' us; hit's agin' the boys.

MAYNO. They killed yo' daddy and William and Tom and Steve for being robbers and cut-throats and they robbers and cut-throats theyselves. [*Fiercely.*] And me needing new dresses and the like. But they's one left they won't git, the last an' best of 'em all. The day they lays Henry Berry cold they'll be more of 'em got than has been.

JANE [*wearily*]. Hush, Mayno; with your jawing you'd wake the dead. She'll hear you.

MAYNO [*throwing down the clothes and coming to the front*]. Well, why do you want to keep pushing trouble from her? What's the good o' it? She'll find it out somehow. She's suffered now 'til you cain't hurt her no more. And ain't I suffered too, with my man dead on me? What call has she got to . . .

JANE. No, we ain't a-goin' to tell her now. She ain't got much longer, and let her keep on b'lieving Steve and Henry Berry's safe in Georgy. No, they ain't no use o' letting her on to it now. [JANE *sits at the spinning wheel.*]

MAYNO [*vehemently*]. Ain't Henry Berry going to *try* to git them sher'ffs back for killing Steve? If I's a outlaw like him I'd a done paid 'em. And he'll pay 'em, too! He's the best o' the Lowries and he'll 'venge them that's been murdered in cold blood like Steve and the rest.

JANE. No, Mayno, he won't nuther. His time's drawin' nigh. He knows it. They're settin' for him everywhere. They's men watchin' this house to-night. I seen it in his face to-day that he's layin' down. He was wrong from the first. He knows it now.

MAYNO. What's that!

JANE. Yes, he's a-quittin', but if them sheriffs hadn't

agged him on ten years ago when he wanted to quit and be quiet he'd a been livin' in peace here to-night. But it's too late now. Too many men's been killed. And he's putting up his guns at the last. They'll git him 'fore many days. . . . He tol' me so.

MAYNO. You're a-lyin', gal. You know he's goin' to scorch 'em with his spite and bring 'em down for Steve, him as was the strappingest man o' the gang. It ain't his way to be a-backing down and not pay 'em.

JANE. No, he ain't. He's a-puttin' it by, I tell you. They'll ketch him 'fore long.

MAYNO. Then what you goin' to do 'bout her in there? You cain't keep on a-foolin' her forever with your letters and money and mess from Georgy.

JANE. Well, we c'n fool 'er till she gits better, cain't we? And if she don't git better, then she'll go out happier, won't she . . . believin' Steve and Henry Berry's safe and livin' as they ought [*she rises and goes to the cupboard*]—she so old and fearful at the door hinge skreaking and the red rooster crowing a-'fore the glim o' dawn, you know, Mayno. [*She brings some butter and the molasses pot from the cupboard, takes the spider from the fire and puts supper on the table.*]

MAYNO. Well, go on if you will, but you cain't keep it up much longer. It'll be jes' like I said. Henry Berry'll come broozin' around some night. Sposen so?

JANE [*frightened*]. You reckon he'd do that. . . . No, he couldn't. I tol' him about how it was with her, and besides he knows the house is watched.

MAYNO [*shaking her head*]. I dunno, he mought. You know the time he slipped through a whole passel o' them sher'ffs jes' to come here and git a shirt she'd made 'im? And by this time he must be a-wantin' to see her powerful bad.

JANE [*terrified*]. You reckon he will? No, he won't! He couldn't do that. [*Old* CUMBA *is heard calling* JANE.]

Put them things in the sack with th' others, Mayno, and put 'em in the bottom, too. You c'n be fixin' her supper while I ten' to her. [*She goes into the rear room.* MAYNO *takes up the clothes, opens the chest at the left, pulls out a bulky burlap sack and crams the trousers, shirt and hat into it. Shutting the chest, she goes to the cupboard, takes out three plates and some knives and forks and lays them on the table. Then she begins preparing* CUMBA'S *supper on a plate.* JANE *comes to the door and speaks*]. You needn't bring her supper in here, Mayno, she's going to git up, she says. [JANE *goes back into the room.* MAYNO *shrugs her shoulders, sits down and begins to eat.* JANE *comes in supporting old* CUMBA. *She speaks to* MAYNO.] Fix her chair by the fire, Mayno.

MAYNO [*rising reluctantly from the table*]. Gimme time, cain't you? [*She pulls* CUMBA'S *chair nearer to the fire.* CUMBA *is a bent, emaciated old woman, about seventy years of age. Her face is scarred with suffering. She is a mixture of Negro and Portuguese, somewhat darker than* JANE. *She is very feeble and shakes with palsy.*]

CUMBA [*pausing as* JANE *leads her to the fire*]. Did you say they warn't nary letter from the boys 'way out thar?

JANE [*looking at* MAYNO *as she settles* CUMBA *in her chair*]. No'm, there warn't no letter this time, but they'll be one soon. You see they cain't write often, not yit. They mought be ketched on account of it. Tain't quite time for another'n yit.

CUMBA. Mebbe so, mebbe so. But I thought they mought 'a been one. How long is it they been out thar, chile?

JANE [*placing the plate of food on her lap*]. Two months now, muh. And they's livin' straight and 'spectable, too. And 'twon't be long 'fore the big Governor'll pardon 'em, and they'll come back to you, and you'll be happy agin.

CUMBA [*brightening*]. And I'll be at the loom then,

a-weavin' 'em the good shirts, won't I? And they'll be working in the fields and comin' home to a good dinner, won't they? And at night Henry Berry'll be a-playin' of his banjo like old times, won't he? [*She stops suddenly. All the brightness goes out of her face. She lets her knife fall to her plate.*] But they won't be but two of 'em, will there, Janie? Jes' two. When thar was Allen, my old man—they shot 'im over thar in the corner. [*She turns and points.*] They's a blood spot thar now. Then thar was Willie and Tom. And they ain't no tellin' how they put 'im away, chile . . . chile. . . .

JANE. Now, muh, you mustn't do that! Eat your supper. You got to git well, time Steve and Henry Berry gits back. They's allus grief with the children going, but you still got two of the boys and me. [JANE *butters a piece of bread and hands it to her.*]

CUMBA. Mebbe so, mebbe so, chile. But . . . [*She stops.*] Whar's that letter that come from the boys last month? I wants it read again.

JANE. But, muh, you got to eat. I'll read it after while. Let me fry you a egg. [MAYNO *leaves the table and begins spinning at the wheel.*]

CUMBA. I ain't hongry, chile. Take them thar rations and put 'em back and read me the letter. It's enough to hear it . . . hearin' that the last of my boys is safe and ca'm and livin' once more as I'd lak 'em to.

JANE. Well, I'll git it then. [*She goes, searches in the cupboard, and at last draws out a greasy envelope. From this she takes a sheet of paper and comes back to old* CUMBA.]

CUMBA. Read it, honey. It's the blessin' of the Lord that I's spared to learn that two o' my boys is shet of sin. But they's been a heap o' blood spilt, chile, a heap o' blood spilt . . . but they's been more tears spilt by they ol' mammy, too, and mebbe at last they'll ketch a chance to come back to her. Read it, chile.

JANE [*glancing at* MAYNO *and then looking at the letter*]. They says they's a-gittin' along well and makin' money an' . . .

CUMBA. Don't read it like that. Read what they says.

JANE. Well, I'll read it then. [*She pretends to read.*]

DEAR MAMMY:

We writes to let you know we're in Georgy at last, safe an' sound. We're both workin' in a store an' makin' good money. They ain't nobody knows what we done back there, an' the people is good to us. 'Twon't be long 'fore the Governor'll pardon us, and we can come back and take care o' you.

Your loving sons

STEVE AND HENRY BERRY.

CUMBA. You left out something, chile. Don't you know they sent some money with the letter and they spoke about it.

JANE [*confused*]. Yes'm, that's right. I forgot it. It's on the other side, mammy. Yes'm, here it is. It says, "We're sendin' you twenty dollars to buy meat and flour with."

CUMBA. Good boys they is, they ain't never meant no harm. Willie and Tom was jes' that-a-way. Every cent they used to make a-hoein' cotton 'roun' they'd give it to they ol' mammy, an' the good Lord knows whar they's sleepin' to-night . . . but they's two spared me an' I hadn't ought to complain, I reckon. Is the money all gone, Janie?

JANE. No'm, there's some left yit, and they'll be sending more in the next letter. [*She puts the letter back into the cupboard and begins cleaning up the dishes. Old* CUMBA *leans back in her chair, gazing into the fire. The hooting of an owl is heard. She stirs uneasily in her chair.* MAYNO *and* JANE *stop their work and listen. They both look at each other and then glance at old* CUMBA, *who is trembling and gripping the arms of her chair.* JANE *begins to rattle the dishes.* MAYNO *spins rapidly.*]

CUMBA [*turning to* JANE]. Ain't that a owl squeechin', Jane?

JANE [*looking at* MAYNO]. What? . . . I . . . I don't hear nothin'. [*The hooting is heard again.*]

CUMBA. Ain't that it agin?

MAYNO. Aw, it's nothin' but that ol' swamp owl. He hollers 'most every night. Don't take on 'bout it. [*She shivers and stirs the fire.*]

CUMBA [*shrilly*]. It sounds like some o' my boys a-makin' o' they signals down thar in the night; but 'tain't them though. The only two that's left is a long ways off, and mebbe won't never come back.

JANE. Now, they will too.

CUMBA. 'Way back yonder I loved to see 'em 'round me here, the warm fire a-burnin' and Allen thar a-workin' at his gear, and them that was little uns then a-playin' on the floor. I didn't mind it them times. [*Her voice grows shriller.*] And now where are they? My ol' man and all the house gone from me.

MAYNO. Aw, Ma Lowrie, what's the use of all them carrying-ons? You reckon you're the only one that's had trouble in this world?

CUMBA. And when the rain and the wind come raring down and the cypress trees is moanin' in the dark and the owls a-honing through the night, I think on them three lyin' dead thar in the woods and the water washin' over them, and me with nothin' but their clothes to remember on and show for them I was prided for. [*Again the hooting of the owl is heard.* JANE *leaves the dishes suddenly and comes to the fire, lays more wood on, furtively wiping the tears from her eyes.* CUMBA *still looks in the fire.*]

JANE. It's time for you to lay down now.

CUMBA [*without noticing her*]. At times in the dark night I dream on 'em and they ain't nothin' happened and

it's all like it used to be, and then I wake a-callin', and they don't answer, for they're sleepin' out naked in the cold.

MAYNO [*shrugging her shoulders*]. Jes' listen at her!—Ma Lowrie, cain't you be quiet a bit? [*Lowering her voice.*] Lord, you're as techous as an old hen!

JANE [*half-sobbing*]. What makes you carry on like that? It cain't do no good. Ain't Henry Berry tol' you a hundred times that he's buried all three of 'em down thar in the swamp. And he's skeered to tell the place for fear them sher'ffs'll dig 'em up and git the money for 'em. Don't take on so. They's put away with praying like any Christians ought to be, and you'd better lie down now. [*She looks at* MAYNO.]

CUMBA. Yes, they mought be buried in the swamp down thar, and when it rains the river rises and washes over 'em, them that used to pull at my dress when I was at the wash—But old Master sends the sun and the rain, and the Book says we ought to be satisfied. [*The owl's hoot is heard again.* CUMBA *looks at the door and shivers.*] Help me in now, chile. I didn't mean to say all that, but I'm done. An ol' woman's heart is a foolish thing . . . a foolish thing. . . . [JANE *helps her into the room at the left. A moment later she reappears. She looks at* MAYNO *inquisitively.*]

MAYNO. Sounded like Henry Berry's hootin', didn't it?

JANE. Yes, I'm afraid it's him, after all I tol' him. Oh, what makes him do it? But it's like I said. He's givin' in now, he's quittin' at the last. And he's set on seein' her once more or it's some of his quair notions, somethin' he's wrapped up in gittin'. [*Three knocks are heard at the door.* JANE *runs and lifts the heavy bar, and* HENRY BERRY LOWRIE *walks in.*]

MAYNO. Henry Berry! [*He starts to speak but* JANE *lays her finger on her lips and leads him toward the fire. He takes off his hat and bows wearily to* MAYNO. *He is a man of handsome personal appearance. The color of his skin is*

a mixed white and yellowish-brown, almost copper-colored. Just below his left eye is a crescent-shaped scar. Despite the look of weariness, his countenance is expressive in a high degree of firmness and courage. His forehead is broad and high, his eyes large and keen, his hair thick and inclined to curl. He wears a black beard. From appearances he is about twenty-six years of age, a little above medium height, well-knit, broad-shouldered, and well-proportioned throughout. He wears a broad, black felt hat, brown corduroy coat, dark woolen trousers, and calf-skin boots. In a belt around his waist he carries two pistols. From this belt a strap passes upward and supports behind a repeating rifle. He also carries a long-bladed knife stuck in his belt. He takes a seat at the fire, putting his rifle in the corner, but retaining his other arms. JANE *runs to the door at the rear and makes sure that it is closed tight. Then she hurries to* HENRY BERRY.]

JANE. Brother, what made you do it! The house is watched an' . . .

HENRY BERRY. I know it, Sis, but I had to come. I'm quittin' . . . to-night. Is she asleep? [*He jerks his head towards the room at the left.*]

JANE. No, I've jes' helped her in. That's the reason we couldn't make no sign with the light.

HENRY BERRY. I couldn't figure what the trouble was. I hooted 'til my head hurt. But I was goin' to risk it anyhow.

JANE. What'll she think if she sees you! Oh, hurry and go away!

HENRY BERRY. Naw, I got to see her. After to-night 'twon't matter. Bring me a bite to eat, Sis. How is she?

MAYNO. I reckon she's on the mend. . . .

JANE. Will they git you to-night? What do you mean by sich talk?

HENRY BERRY. Never mind. They'll git me . . . when I'm dead, all right, no doubt o' that. I'm taking the gear

off at last. The ol' man's gone, Willie and Tom's gone, and they got Steve last week, and I'm the last o' the gang. I'm tired, damned tired of it all, Sis.

JANE. But I tell you, you cain't give up like that. You got to keep on fightin' till you git a chance to git away!

HENRY BERRY. Naw, it's too late now. If they'd 'a let me, I'd 'a lived straight, but after the first trouble I had to keep killin' to live. Well, I'm done killin' now . . . 'cept one man, and they ain't no use of you knowin' who it is. You'll know soon enough. One man can't stand it allus, and they'll scrush him at the last. [JANE *sits at her chair weeping softly.* HENRY BERRY *lays his hand gently on her head. Trying to appear cheerful, he turns to* MAYNO.] Mayno, bring me a bite to eat. [*He sits at the table, facing the front.* MAYNO *gets a plate of food and puts it before him. He eats hungrily.*]

MAYNO. Whar'd they put 'im, Henry Berry?

HENRY BERRY. I ain't been able to find out, Mayno. Piled him in some of their rotten graveyards, I reckon, when he loved to run the woods with th' other wild things like him.

MAYNO. What'd they do with his money?

HENRY BERRY. I dunno. Got that, too, I reckon. But you needn't to worry. Jane! [JANE *looks up.*] Here, I've fixed for you-all. Here's money enough to last you three after I'm gone. [*He stops eating and pulls a bag of money out of his pocket.*]

JANE. But, brother . . .

HENRY BERRY. Never mind, take it and take care o' her. It's the last thing I c'n do for her and you.

JANE. But she won't use it, knowin' how you come by it.

HENRY BERRY. She won't?

JANE. No, she won't. She'll starve first, and you know it. You know all them fixin's you sent her. She give 'em all away, the stove and the stool with three legs and everything. And when she thought you and Steve was livin'

straight in Georgy, she give away that gold chain you brung her. She's feared you hadn't got it honest.

HENRY BERRY [*softly*]. Yes, yes, she's allus been too good fer us. [*He leaves the table and takes a seat near the fire.*] Still that chain was bought honest . . . But you three's got to live, ain't ye? Take that money, and don't tell 'er. [JANE *puts the money in the chest.*] Mayno, is my ol' banjo still here?

MAYNO. Yeah, in thar.

HENRY BERRY. I been wantin' to knock her a little for a long time. And I want to knock her a little the las' night.

JANE. The las' night! It ain't the last night! If you'd go now you'd git away. Why do you talk like that? [*She is interrupted by a loud cry. Old* CUMBA *stands in the door at the rear.*]

CUMBA. It's you, it's you, Henry Berry! Come back from Georgy. I know'd you'd come. I knowed . . . [*She totters to* HENRY BERRY *and throws her arms around him. He kisses her on the forehead. Her look is one of unmingled joy. Suddenly the hurt look comes back into her face.*] Why you come back a-wearin' of your guns?

HENRY BERRY [*helping her to the fire*]. I'm just wearin' 'em. I didn't want to be ketched empty. I'm leavin' in a few minutes and le's us enjoy ourselves, and forgit about Georgy.

CUMBA. No, they's somethin' wrong. Whar's Steve?

HENRY BERRY [*looking at* MAYNO *and* JANE]. He's waitin' for me . . . out thar. [*He points toward the swamp.*]

CUMBA. Why didn't he come in wid you? Is he well and strong? How I'd love to see 'im!

HENRY BERRY. One of us had to wait for th' othern't, and he's all right. How you feelin', mammy? Is your haid better now?

CUMBA. Yes, I'm gittin' better now. I wants to git well

time you and Steve comes home for good. [*Stroking his hand.*] Has the Gov'nor pardoned ye already?

HENRY BERRY. No, mammy, not jest yit. But it'll be all right soon. . . . Steve and me's jest passin' through. . . . Now le's us enjoy ourselves. I got to be movin' in a minute. Steve's waiting for me. . . . Mebbe we'll talk about Georgy some other time. . . . Mayno, bring me my ol' music box.

CUMBA. Yes, yes, git it and let 'im play for me. [MAYNO *brings the banjo from the next room.* HENRY BERRY *tunes it.* CUMBA *sits gazing in the fire, a troubled look on her face.*]

HENRY BERRY. You want me to play 'bout Job's Coffin hanging in the sky? [*Strangely.*] That was Steve's piece.

JANE [*nervously*]. Don't, don't play that. It's too lonesome. [*She shivers.*]

HENRY BERRY. What piece you want me to play? [*To* CUMBA. *She makes no reply.* HENRY BERRY *looks at her. He strums several bars, his face gradually losing its tense expression.*] What you want me to play, muh?

CUMBA. Play anything. Some o' the ol' pieces.

HENRY BERRY. I'll play that piece 'bout poor John Hardy. [*He plays and sings three stanzas of the ballad "John Hardy."*]

John Hardy was a mean and disperated man,
He toted two guns ev'ry day.
He shot himself a man in New Orleans Town
John Hardy never lied to his guns, poor boy.

He's been to the east and he's been to the west
And he's been this wide world round,
He's been to the river and been baptized,
An' he's been on his hanging ground, poor boy.

John Hardy's father was standing by,
Saying, "Johnnie, what have you done?"

He murdered a man in the same ol' town,
You ought a-seed him a-using of his guns, poor boy.

[*He stops and gazes pensively before him.*]

CUMBA [*looking anxiously at* HENRY BERRY]. What's the matter, son? You don't play it like you used to.

HENRY BERRY. It ain't nothing. I'll play yo' other piece now, that Florelly song.

CUMBA. Yes, play it. Allen allus said 'twas a good piece.

HENRY BERRY [*sings "The fair Florella: An old ballad"*].

Down by yon weeping willow,
Where roses so sweetly bloom,
There sleeps the fair Florella,
So silent in the tomb.

She died not broken-hearted,
No sickness her befell,
But in one moment parted
From all she loved so well.

Down on her knees before him,
She begged 'im for her life,
But deep into her bosom
He plunged the fatal knife.

[*Before the last verse ends, owl hoots are heard outside.* HENRY BERRY *stops, listening. The banjo slips through his hands to the floor. All three look at him questioningly.*]

CUMBA. What is it, boy? Don't look that-a-way. [*Again the hooting of an owl is heard.* HENRY BERRY *rises to his feet, takes his rifle from the chimney-corner and stands an instant tensely silent. Slowly his defensive attitude changes to one of despair. They watch him anxiously as he comes back to his former place in the room,*

looks down at his banjo, makes a move as if to pick it up, then turns to CUMBA.]

HENRY BERRY. Well, I'm goin'. I've sorto' tried to be a fitten boy to you, but I reckon I made poor outs at it. [*He bends and kisses her. She rises and clings to him.*]

CUMBA. You ain't a-goin', air ye? It'll be for the las' time and I know it.

HENRY BERRY. Yes'm, I got to go. Didn't you hear Steve's signal? He's a-waitin'. [*Making an indefinite motion with his hand toward the swamp, he loosens her hold, kisses* JANE *and makes a sign for* MAYNO *to follow him. They both go out.* CUMBA *wrings her hands and follows him toward the door. Then she becomes calm.*]

CUMBA. Let him go off now, an' I'll never see 'im agin. His sperit's broke and he won't be a-goin' back to Georgy. I see it in his face that he's quittin' it all.

JANE. No'm, he ain't, he's a-goin' straight back . . . He and Steve is.

CUMBA. No, he ain't a-goin' back. Cain't I see what's in his face? They'll git 'im and 'twon't be long, and then Steve'll be shot down next, and there'll be only a handful o' their clothes for me to look at. [JANE *weeps silently.*] Whar's Mayno?

JANE. She jes' stepped out a minute. She'll be back.

CUMBA. Yes, and I know, they're goin' to git 'im. They's a-setting for him thar in the black night.

JANE. No'm, they ain't, I tell you. They'll never git Henry Berry. [*Old* CUMBA *shakes her head, mumbling. She goes to the chest at the left and takes out the burlap bag. The lid of the chest falls.* JANE *starts up.*]

JANE. Put it back, put it back. You mustn't look at 'em to-night. Come back to the fire. [*She tries to take the bag from her.*]

CUMBA. No, chil', I ain't. I'm goin' to look at all that's left of 'em.

JANE. Let 'em be!

CUMBA [*waving her off*]. No, git away. Soon Henry Berry's'll be in there, too. [*She stops and looks at the bag.*] Janie, who's been foolin' wi' this? What's . . . [*She hurries to the table and holding the sack close to the candle, opens it. She catches hold of a coat sleeve and draws out Steve's coat. A gasping dry sound comes from her throat. She drops the bag and holds the coat in her trembling hands.*] It's Steve's! How came it here? It's Steve's! —one I made 'im myself.

JANE. Oh, muh, let. . . . What ails you?

CUMBA. I s'picioned it! And they been foolin' me.

JANE [*hopelessly*]. Yes'm, it's Steve's. [CUMBA *sways to and fro.*]

CUMBA. You been foolin' me! You been foolin' me! [*She stands rigid for a moment, then speaks in a hard, lifeless voice.*] It warn't right to fool me like that. . . . When'd it happen?

JANE. Las' week. . . . They got 'im down on the big road by the swamp, an' . . .

CUMBA. Hush! Don't tell me 'bout it. I'm afflicted and defeated enough now. They's only one left and they'll git 'im soon. . . . Did they put Steve away like a man?

JANE. I dunno. The sheriff give 'is clothes to me. [*A shot is heard in the distance, followed by a woman's scream.*]

CUMBA [*starting up and speaking in a shrill voice*]. They got 'im now! They got 'im now! The last un's gone! [*She tries to go out the door.* JANE *stops her.*]

JANE [*catching her by the arm*]. Don't do that! [CUMBA *goes back to the sack, picks up* STEVE'S *coat and stares at it dully.*]

CUMBA. They tuck 'em all now. They tuck 'em all.

JANE. Muh, it had to come. An' it's better that-a-way.

CUMBA [*lifelessly*]. Better that-a-way?

JANE. Yes, it's better like that. They was wrong from the jump.

CUMBA. Wrong! My boys was good boys. They ain't never. . . . [*Raising her hands above her head, she speaks fiercely.*] May Ol' Master send his fires on them that done it! An' . . .

JANE [*sobbing*]. Oh, why'd they do it!

CUMBA. No. It says as how we'd ought to love 'em 'at does us wrong. [*She closes her eyes, swaying slightly from side to side.*]

JANE. Let me help you to lie down now!

CUMBA. Yes, it's better that-a-way, I reckon. [*Her face shows resignation to sorrow. She speaks with a sort of joy in her voice.*] An' I won't be livin' in hope and fear no mo', will I? [*Slowly.*] And when the owls hoot through the swamp at night, and the whippoorwills sing in the thicket at dark, I won't have cause to think that's one o' my own a-givin' of 'is signals, an' tryin' to slip back to 'is ol' home, the only place he loves,—will I? [*She drops down into the chair behind the table.*] And I won't lie awake at night, thinkin' they're in danger . . . for He's done give 'em His peace at last. [MAYNO *enters, running. Old* CUMBA *stands up.*]

MAYNO. He shot 'isself. He shot 'isself! He give me this coat to give to you, an' then the sheriffs crope from the thicket at 'im, but he shot 'isself 'fore they got to 'im, and they tuck 'im and toted 'im off! [*She drops into her chair exhausted, rocking to and fro. Old* CUMBA *takes the coat from her, looks at it, and then puts it in the sack. She puts* STEVE'S *coat in also and stands looking down at the bag.*]

CUMBA. Thar's all that's left o' them I loved . . . a bundle o' clothes to show for my man an' four grown sons. [*She stops an instant.*] You'll all sleep quiet at last. [*She stands a moment silent, then shrilly.*] But they're all gone, and what call hev I got to be living more. . . . [*She raises her hand as if in a curse. But her face softens, and as the*

curtain falls, she stands with both hands outstretched on the clothes, blessing them.]

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PART IV

LOCALITY

INTRODUCTION

AMERICANS sometimes claim the credit of having in Poe invented the short story as a type. Perhaps better substantiated is the more modest claim that in Bret Harte we localized the short story, invented the type of short story which depends on local color.

Bret Harte's journalistically effective sketches of the melodramatic incongruities of life in the mining camps and gambling halls found enthusiastic reception in the literary centers of the east. Satiated with the commonplaceness of familiar types, the conventionalized easterners liked to escape from the world they knew over well to a new world of brighter lights and blacker shadows, of swifter action and fiercer passion,—a world where anything might happen. The appeal of the first local color short stories, those depicting the frontier of '49, was the old romantic appeal of an escape from actuality into the unfamiliar.

Other writers took their cue from Bret Harte and began to "see copy" as newspapermen say, in the distinctive settings, characters, and situations of their own localities. Writers of the Old South, Page and Allen, Murfree and Cable, began to capitalize the wistful romantic charm of the days "befo' the wah," or the picturesque naïveté of the isolated mountaineers. Then writers of New England sensed a unique flavor in the complacent serenity of its deserted villages, began to find pathos in the starved, uneventful lives of its spinsters, a human comedy in the exaggerated domestic ritual of its housewives. Finally, Hamlin Garland, as he rode back over the plains punctuated with their pitiful box-like shacks on his visit to the west, determined to put into American fiction the farm life of the border, as he had experienced it. From the end of the Civil War to

the end of the century, the dominant note in American fiction was the emphasis on locality.

Since the opening of the twentieth century, new tendencies and fashions are evident. The school of local color, Carl Van Doren tells us in his *Contemporary American Novelists,* is now moribund. A significant difference is apparent in the treatment of setting. In the medieval romance or the early novel, setting was introduced merely as a picturesque back-drop against which the hero performed his acts of valor. In the more elaborated sentimental novels of the early nineteenth century, setting was used as a complement to the mood of the character, following the assumption which Ruskin calls the pathetic fallacy, that nature reflects or shares in the moods of man. In the latter part of the nineteenth century, influenced somewhat by *The Origin of Species,* a more important rôle came to be assigned to the environment, geographical, social, economic. It was no longer, as in the romance, merely something for the hero to overcome; it was presented as a force which must influence and might overcome the hero. Sobered by the theory of evolution, man came to be more modest concerning his relation to the rest of the natural world, more prone to regard himself as but a part of the natural process, governed by external forces not completely within his control. We may or may not agree with the assertion of naturalism that man is merely a creature of chemistry. But we cannot follow the trend of American fiction in this opening quarter of the twentieth century without taking into account the increased importance attached to the formative power of the environment.

It is in the city that man is most conscious of his own littleness, and it is in the stories of city life that we are most conscious of the dwarfing of characters by their environment. Sometimes the setting is a definite city,—sky-scraping Manhattan, windy Chicago. But cities are much the same everywhere in this age of the machine. Chum

Frink, the popular column poet of *Babbitt,* celebrates this triumph of standardization in one of his boosting jingles: "In these States where'er I roam, I'm always in my home, sweet home." Instead of a specific city as the setting, we have the economic city—any American city, as the dominant actor, the Frankenstein, lording it over the puny mites who have made him but cannot control him.

I

THE FAR WEST

Tennessee's Partner, by *Bret Harte*

I DO not think that we ever knew his real name. Our ignorance of it certainly never gave us any social inconvenience, for at Sandy Bar in 1854 most men were christened anew. Sometimes these appellatives were derived from some distinctiveness of dress, as in the case of "Dungaree Jack"; or from some peculiarity of habit, as shown in "Saleratus Bill," so called from an undue proportion of that chemical in his daily bread; or from some unlucky slip, as exhibited in "The Iron Pirate," a mild, inoffensive man, who earned that baleful title by his unfortunate mispronunciation of the term "iron pyrites." Perhaps this may have been the beginnings of a rude heraldry; but I am constrained to think that it was because a man's real name in that day rested solely upon his own unsupported statement. "Call yourself Clifford, do you?" said Boston, addressing a timid new-comer with infinite scorn; "hell is full of such Cliffords!" He then introduced the unfortunate man, whose name happened to be really Clifford, as "Jail-bird Charley," an unhallowed inspiration of the moment, that clung to him ever after.

But to return to Tennessee's Partner, whom we never knew by any other than this relative title; that he had ever existed as a separate and distinct individuality we only learned later. It seems that in 1853 he left Poker Flat to go to San Francisco, ostensibly to procure a wife. He never got any farther than Stockton. At that place he was attracted by a young person who waited upon the table at

the hotel where he took his meals. One morning he said something to her which caused her to smile not unkindly, to somewhat coquettishly break a plate of toast over his upturned, serious, simple face, and to retreat to the kitchen. He followed her, and emerged a few moments later, covered with more toast and victory. That day week they were married by a Justice of the Peace and returned to Poker Flat. I am aware that something more might be made of this episode, but I prefer to tell it as it was current at Sandy Bar,—in the gulches and bar-rooms,—where all sentiment was modified by a strong sense of humor.

Of their married felicity but little is known, perhaps for the reason that Tennessee, then living with his partner, one day took occasion to say something to the bride on his own account, at which it is said she smiled not unkindly and chastely retreated,—this time as far as Marysville, where Tennessee followed her, and where they went to housekeeping without the aid of a Justice of the Peace. Tennessee's Partner took the loss of his wife simply and seriously, as was his fashion. But to everybody's surprise, when Tennessee one day returned from Marysville, without his partner's wife,—she having smiled and retreated with somebody else,—Tennessee's Partner was the first man to shake his hand and greet him with affection. The boys who had gathered in the cañon to see the shooting were naturally indignant. Their indignation might have found vent in sarcasm but for a certain look in Tennessee's Partner's eye that indicated a lack of humorous appreciation. In fact, he was a grave man, with a steady application to practical detail which was unpleasant in a difficulty.

Meanwhile a popular feeling against Tennessee had grown up on the Bar. He was known to be a gambler; he was suspected to be a thief. In these suspicions Tennessee's Partner was equally compromised; his continued intimacy with Tennessee after the affair above quoted could only be accounted for on the hypothesis of a copartnership of crime.

At last Tennessee's guilt became flagrant. One day he overtook a stranger on his way to Red Dog. The stranger afterward related that Tennessee beguiled the time with interesting anecdote and reminiscence, but illogically concluded the interview in the following words: "And now, young man, I'll trouble you for your knife, your pistols, and your money. You see your weppings might get you into trouble at Red Dog, and your money's a temptation to the evilly disposed. I think you said your address was San Francisco. I shall endeavor to call." It may be stated here that Tennessee had a fine flow of humor, which no business preoccupation could wholly subdue.

This exploit was his last. Red Dog and Sandy Bar made common cause against the highwayman. Tennessee was hunted in very much the same fashion as his prototype, the grizzly. As the toils closed around him, he made a desperate dash through the Bar, emptying his revolver at the crowd before the Arcade Saloon, and so on up to Grizzly Cañon; but at its farther extremity he was stopped by a small man on a gray horse. The men looked at each other a moment in silence. Both were fearless, both self-possessed and independent; and both types of a civilization that in the seventeenth century would have been called heroic, but in the nineteenth, simply "reckless." "What have you got there?—I call," said Tennessee, quietly. "Two bowers and an ace," said the stranger, as quietly, showing two revolvers and a bowie-knife. "That takes me," returned Tennessee; and with this gambler's epigram, he threw away his useless pistol, and rode back with his captor.

It was a warm night. The cool breeze which usually sprang up with the going down of the sun behind the chaparral-crested mountain was that evening withheld from Sandy Bar. The little cañon was stifling with heated resinous odors, and the decaying drift-wood on the Bar sent forth faint, sickening exhalations. The feverishness of day,

and its fierce passions still filled the camp. Lights moved restlessly along the bank of the river, striking no answering reflection from its tawny current. Against the blackness of the pines the windows of the old loft above the express-office stood out staringly bright; and through their curtainless panes the loungers below could see the forms of those who were even then deciding the fate of Tennessee. And above all this, etched on the dark firmament, rose the Sierra, remote and passionless, crowned with remoter passionless stars.

The trial of Tennessee was conducted as fairly as was consistent with a judge and jury who felt themselves to some extent obliged to justify in their verdict the previous irregularities of arrest and indictment. The law of Sandy Bar was implacable, but not vengeful. The excitement and personal feeling of the chase were over; with Tennessee safe in their hands they were ready to listen patiently to any defence, which they were already satisfied was insufficient. There being no doubt in their own minds, they were willing to give the prisoner the benefit of any that might exist. Secure in the hypothesis that he ought to be hanged, on general principles, they indulged him with more latitude of defence than his reckless hardihood seemed to ask. The Judge appeared to be more anxious than the prisoner, who, otherwise unconcerned, evidently took a grim pleasure in the responsibility he had created. "I don't take any hand in this yer game," had been his invariable, but good-humored reply to all questions. The Judge—who was also his captor—for a moment vaguely regretted that he had not shot him "on sight," that morning, but presently dismissed this human weakness as unworthy of the judicial mind. Nevertheless, when there was a tap at the door, and it was said that Tennessee's Partner was there on behalf of the prisoner, he was admitted at once without question. Perhaps the younger members of the jury, to whom the proceedings were becoming irksomely thoughtful, hailed him as a relief.

For he was not, certainly, an imposing figure. Short and stout, with a square face, sunburned into a preternatural redness, clad in a loose duck "jumper," and trousers streaked and splashed with red soil, his aspect under any circumstances would have been quaint, and was now even ridiculous. As he stooped to deposit at his feet a heavy carpet-bag he was carrying, it became obvious from partially developed legends and inscriptions, that the material with which his trousers had been patched had been originally intended for a less ambitious covering. Yet he advanced with great gravity, and after having shaken the hand of each person in the room with labored cordiality, he wiped his serious, perplexed face on a red bandanna handkerchief, a shade lighter than his complexion, laid his powerful hand upon the table to steady himself, and thus addressed the Judge:—

"I was passin' by," he began, by way of apology, "and I thought I'd just step in and see how things was gittin' on with Tennessee thar—my pardner. It's a hot night. I disremember any sich weather before on the Bar."

He paused a moment, but nobody volunteering any other meteorological recollection, he again had recourse to his pocket-handkerchief, and for some moments mopped his face diligently.

"Have you anything to say in behalf of the prisoner?" said the Judge, finally.

"Thet's it," said Tennessee's Partner, in a tone of relief. "I come yar as Tennessee's pardner,—knowing him nigh on four year, off and on, wet and dry, in luck and out o' luck. His ways ain't allers my ways, but thar ain't any p'ints in that young man, thar ain't any liveliness as he's been up to, as I don't know. And you sez to me, sez you,—confidential-like, and between man and man,—sez you, 'Do you know anything in his behalf?' and I sez to you, sez I,—confidential-like, as between man and man,—'What should a man know of his pardner?' "

"Is this all you have to say?" asked the Judge, impatiently, feeling perhaps that a dangerous sympathy of humor was beginning to humanize the Court.

"Thet's so," continued Tennessee's Partner. "It ain't for me to say anything agin' him. And now, what's the case? Here's Tennessee wants money, wants it bad, and doesn't like to ask it of his old pardner. Well, what does Tennessee do? He lays for a stranger, and he fetches that stranger. And you lays for *him* and you fetches *him;* and the honors is easy. And I put it to you, bein' a far-minded man, and to you, gentlemen, all, as far-minded men, ef this isn't so?"

"Prisoner," said the Judge, interrupting, "have you any questions to ask this man?"

"No! no!" continued Tennessee's Partner, hastily. "I play this yer hand alone. To come down to the bed-rock, it's just this: Tennessee, thar, has played it pretty rough and expensive-like on a stranger, and on this yer camp. And now, what's the fair thing? Some would say more; some would say less. Here's seventeen hundred dollars in coarse gold and a watch—it's about all my pile—and call it square!" And before a hand could be raised to prevent him, he had emptied the contents of the carpet-bag upon the table.

For a moment his life was in jeopardy. One or two men sprang to their feet, several hands groped for hidden weapons, and a suggestion to "throw him from the window" was only overridden by a gesture from the Judge. Tennessee laughed. And apparently oblivious of the excitement, Tennessee's Partner improved the opportunity to mop his face again with his handkerchief.

When order was restored, and the man was made to understand, by the use of forcible figures and rhetoric, that Tennessee's offence could not be condoned by money, his face took on a more serious and sanguinary hue, and those who were nearest to him noticed that his rough hand trem-

bled slightly on the table. He hesitated a moment as he slowly returned the gold to the carpet-bag, as if he had not yet entirely caught the elevated sense of justice which swayed the tribunal, and was perplexed with the belief that he had not offered enough. Then he turned to the Judge, and saying, "This yer is a lone hand, played alone and without my pardner," he bowed to the jury and was about to withdraw, when the Judge called him back. "If you have anything to say to Tennessee, you had better say it now." For the first time that evening the eyes of the prisoner and his strange advocate met. Tennessee smiled, showed his white teeth, and saying, "Euchred, old man!" held out his hand. Tennessee's Partner took it in his own, and saying, "I just dropped in as I was passin' to see how things was gettin' on," let the hand passively fall, and adding that "it was a warm night," again mopped his face with his handkerchief, and without another word withdrew.

The two men never again met each other alive. For the unparalleled insult of a bribe offered to Judge Lynch—who, whether bigoted, weak, or narrow, was at least incorruptible—firmly fixed in the mind of that mythical personage any wavering determination of Tennessee's fate; and at the break of day he was marched, closely guarded, to meet it at the top of Marley's Hill.

How he met it, how cool he was, how he refused to say anything, how perfect were the arrangements of the committee, were all duly reported, with the addition of a warning moral and example to all future evil-doers, in the Red Dog Clarion, by its editor, who was present, and to whose vigorous English I cheerfully refer the reader. But the beauty of that midsummer morning, the blessed amity of earth and air and sky, the awakened life of the free woods and hills, the joyous renewal and promise of Nature, and above all, the infinite Serenity that thrilled through each, was not reported, as not being part of the social lesson. And yet, when the weak and foolish deed was done, and a

life, with its possibilities and responsibilities, had passed out of the misshapen thing that dangled between earth and sky, the birds sang, the flowers bloomed, the sun shone, as cheerily as before; and possibly the Red Dog Clarion was right.

Tennessee's Partner was not in the group that surrounded the ominous tree. But as they turned to disperse, attention was drawn to the singular appearance of a motionless donkey-cart halted at the side of the road. As they approached, they at once recognized the venerable "Jenny" and the two-wheeled cart as the property of Tennessee's Partner,—used by him in carrying dirt from his claim; and a few paces distant the owner of the equipage himself, sitting under a buckeye-tree, wiping the perspiration from his glowing face. In answer to an inquiry, he said he had come for the body of the "diseased," "if it was all the same to the committee." He didn't wish to "hurry anything"; he could "wait." He was not working that day; and when the gentlemen were done with the "diseased," he would take him. "Ef thar is any present," he added, in his simple, serious way, "as would care to jine in the fun'l, they kin come." Perhaps it was from a sense of humor, which I have already intimated was a feature of Sandy Bar,—perhaps it was from something better than that; but two-thirds of the loungers accepted the invitation at once.

It was noon when the body of Tennessee was delivered into the hands of his partner. As the cart drew up to the fatal tree, we noticed that it contained a rough, oblong box,—apparently made from a section of sluicing,—and half filled with bark and the tassels of pine. The cart was further decorated with slips of willow, and made fragrant with buckeye-blossoms. When the body was deposited in the box, Tennessee's Partner drew over it a piece of tarred canvas, and gravely mounting the narrow seat in front, with his feet upon the shafts, urged the little donkey forward. The equipage moved slowly on, at that decorous pace which was habitual with "Jenny" even under less solemn circum-

stances. The men—half curiously, half jestingly, but all good-humoredly—strolled along beside the cart; some in advance, some a little in the rear of the homely catafalque. But, whether from the narrowing of the road or some present sense of decorum, as the cart passed on, the company fell to the rear in couples, keeping step, and otherwise assuming the external show of a formal procession. Jack Folinsbee, who had at the outset played a funeral march in dumb show upon an imaginary trombone, desisted from a lack of sympathy and appreciation,—not having, perhaps, your true humorist's capacity to be content with the enjoyment of his own fun.

The way led through Grizzly Cañon,—by this time clothed in funereal drapery and shadows. The redwoods, burying their moccasined feet in the red soil, stood in Indian-file along the track, trailing an uncouth benediction from their bending boughs upon the passing bier. A hare, surprised into helpless inactivity, sat upright and pulsating in the ferns by the roadside, as the *cortége* went by. Squirrels hastened to gain a secure outlook from higher boughs; and the blue-jays, spreading their wings, fluttered before them like outriders, until the outskirts of Sandy Bar were reached, and the solitary cabin of Tennessee's Partner.

Viewed under more favorable circumstances, it would not have been a cheerful place. The unpicturesque site, the rude and unlovely outlines, the unsavory details, which distinguish the nest-building of the California miner, were all here, with the dreariness of decay superadded. A few paces from the cabin there was a rough enclosure, which, in the brief days of Tennessee's Partner's matrimonial felicity, had been used as a garden, but was now overgrown with fern. As we approached it we were surprised to find that what we had taken for a recent attempt at cultivation was the broken soil about an open grave.

The cart was halted before the enclosure; and rejecting the offers of assistance with the same air of simple self-

reliance he had displayed throughout, Tennessee's Partner lifted the rough coffin on his back, and deposited it, unaided, within the shallow grave. He then nailed down the board which served as a lid; and mounting the little mound of earth beside it, took off his hat, and slowly mopped his face with his handkerchief. This the crowd felt was a preliminary to speech; and they disposed themselves variously on stumps and boulders, and sat expectant.

"When a man," began Tennessee's Partner, slowly, "has been running free all day, what's the natural thing for him to do? Why, to come home. And if he ain't in a condition to go home, what can his best friend do? Why, bring him home! And here's Tennessee has been running free, and we brings him home from his wandering." He paused, and picked up a fragment of quartz, rubbed it thoughtfully on his sleeve, and went on: "It ain't the first time that I brought him to this yer cabin when he couldn't help himself; it ain't the first time that I and 'Jinny' have waited for him on yon hill, and picked him up and so fetched him home, when he couldn't speak, and didn't know me. And now that it's the last time, why—" he paused and rubbed the quartz gently on his sleeve—"you see it's sort of rough on his pardner. And now, gentlemen," he added, abruptly, picking up his long-handled shovel, "the fun'l's over; and my thanks, and Tennessee's thanks, to you for your trouble."

Resisting any proffers of assistance, he began to fill in the grave, turning his back upon the crowd, that after a few moments' hesitation gradually withdrew. As they crossed the little ridge that hid Sandy Bar from view, some, looking back, thought they could see Tennessee's Partner, his work done, sitting upon the grave, his shovel between his knees, and his face buried in his red bandanna handkerchief. But it was argued by others that you couldn't tell his face from his handkerchief at that distance; and this point remained undecided.

In the reaction that followed the feverish excitement of that day, Tennessee's Partner was not forgotten. A secret investigation had cleared him of any complicity in Tennessee's guilt, and left only a suspicion of his general sanity. Sandy Bar made a point of calling on him, and proffering various uncouth but well-meant kindnesses. But from that day his rude health and great strength seemed visibly to decline; and when the rainy season fairly set in, and the tiny grass-blades were beginning to peep from the rocky mound above Tennessee's grave, he took to his bed.

One night, when the pines beside the cabin were swaying in the storm, and trailing their slender fingers over the roof, and the roar and rush of the swollen river were heard below, Tennessee's Partner lifted his head from the pillow, saying, "It is time to go for Tennessee; I must put 'Jinny' in the cart"; and would have risen from his bed but for the restraint of his attendant. Struggling, he still pursued his singular fancy: "There, now, steady, 'Jinny,'—steady, old girl. How dark it is! Look out for the ruts,—and look out for him, too, old gal. Sometimes, you know, when he's blind drunk, he drops down right in the trail. Keep on straight up to the pine on the top of the hill. Thar—I told you so!—thar he is,—coming this way, too,—all by himself, sober, and his face a-shining. Tennessee! Pardner!"

And so they met.

From *The Luck of Roaring Camp and Other Sketches* by Bret Harte, published by Houghton Mifflin Company. Reprinted here by permission from the publishers.

Ruined by the Goldrush, by *Blaise Cendras*

SUTTER had obtained a further concession of territory (twenty-two "hours" square) from the last Mexican governor.

He was the largest landowner in the Union.

Peace at last!

A new era opens.

At last Johann August Sutter can enjoy his riches and push forward his schemes in full security.

New seeds and plants are ordered from Europe. In the low country the olive and fig tree are acclimated. Apples and pears flourish on the hills. Sutter installs the first plantations of cotton, and experiments with rice and indigo on the banks of the Sacramento.

At last he is able to realize an old desire that has lain at his heart for years. He plants vineyards. At immense cost he has had shoots sent him from the Rhine and from Burgundy. North of his property, on the banks of the Feather River, he has built a big country home. This is his loved retreat—his "Hermitage." Great shade trees grow around the house. Gardens are on all sides. Banks of daisies and heliotrope perfume the air. In the orchards grow the choicest of fruit—cherries, apricots, peaches, quinces. Thoroughbred horses, prize cattle, graze in the meadows below his windows.

Every day he takes his favorite walk up on the hillside where his precious vines are ripening for the vintage—Hochheimer, Chambertin, Chateau Chinon.

In the heat of the day, seated under a pergola covered with climbing vines, he dreams into the future. His family in far Europe! They can come out to him at last. His creditors—lucky men! They little suspect the reimbursement that is waiting for them. Rehabilitation for the ancestral name. And for his little country among the mountains—what foundations—to perpetuate his memory! . . . Sweet day-dreams.

"My three sons must come out. I will find them careers—make men of them. And my daughter—what does she look like by now? By the way, I must order a grand piano from Pleyel of Paris. It can come the way I came, even if

it has to be carried on men's backs. . . . Maria. . . . My old companions. . . ."

Reverie. . . .

His pipe goes out. His eyes brood upon the far horizon. The first star pricks the darkening sky. Beppo, the circus dog who walks on his hind legs and smokes a pipe, is sound asleep. . . .

Reverie. Calm. Repose.

Peace is his at last. The peace of the gods!

. . . . . .

Reverie. Calm. Repose.

Peace?

No! No! No! No! A thousand times No!

It is GOLD!

The rush for gold.

The golden fever which smites the world like a sudden plague.

The great madness of 1848, 1849, 1850, 1851, which is to last fifteen years.

SAN FRANCISCO!

A chance blow by a pick, and all this vast mechanism is set in motion.

Hordes fighting for the exit west. First, those from New York and the ports along the Atlantic seaboard. Immediately afterward, those from the interior and Middle West. It is a vast human watershed. The decks of steamers bound for Chagres are black with humanity. They cross the Isthmus on foot, traverse marshes where nine in every ten perish of yellow fever. The remnant who reach the Pacific coast club together and charter sailing-vessels.

San Francisco! San Francisco!

The Golden Gate.

Goat Island.

Wooden wharves. Foul, muddy streets where holes are filled in with sacks full of flour.

Sugar soaring to five dollars a pound. Coffee, ten dol-

lars. An onion, two hundred. A glass of water, a thousand. Shots ring out. 'Forty-fivers make their own law. And behind this first human flood-tide, other tides, fresh hordes, from Europe, from Asia, from Africa, North and South.

In 1856 more than six hundred vessels enter the bay. They empty their human cargoes on the beach and are off for more.

San Francisco! San Francisco!

And that other magic name: SUTTER.

Who remembers the name of the man whose pick-ax delivered this fateful blow?

It was James W. Marshall. He was a carpenter by trade and came from New Jersey.

His pick-ax ruined Johann August Sutter, first multimillionaire of the American continent.

Think of him!

He is forty-five. He has given up everything, dared everything, risked everything, to make himself a "life."

And the discovery of gold on his property destroys him.

The richest mines in the world.

The biggest nuggets in the world.

The LODE!

. . . . . .

EL DORADO!

The quays of San Francisco! An endless debarkation of South Americans, Kamchatkans, Siberian peasants, and all the races of Asia from Chinese ports. Troops of negroes, of Russians, of yellow men, occupy Fort Sutter by turns. They replace the Germans, the Swedes, the Italians and Frenchmen who have already climbed the hill to the mining sector. Agglomerations of humanity spring up and multiply with a celerity for which history has no precedent. In less than seven years the populations of new towns are numbered by hundreds of thousands. In ten years San Francisco is one of the world's greatest capitals. It has long

ago swallowed up the little village of Yerba Buena. Building lots are auctioned by the foot at the same rate as in London or New York.

And Johann August Sutter is a ruined man.

How is he ruined?

His name is upon the lips of every man who journeys up the Sacramento. True. But each newcomer sets up his camp where the fancy strikes him, and wherever the soil offers him treasures, into that spot he plunges his hands. Sutter's plantation, Sutter's farms, Sutter's property, is the center for these washers of gold. The watercourses he has made, the sites he has chosen so judiciously for his buildings, the roads he has laid out, the extraordinary fertility of the soil, his bridges, his canals, are so many baits for the land-grabber and the claim-jumper. Villages spring up one after another. The fort falls into ruins. New Helvetia? Try to find it! New names are given to everything. Sutterville, Sutter's Creek, Sutter County bear the name of their old master. But for Sutter himself, these names, so far from being an homage, are a mockery. They commemorate nothing save the ruin of his establishment and the tragedy of his fate.

Johann August Sutter has retired to his Hermitage.

There he has brought what he could save of his flocks and herds. Despite his bad luck, the first harvest brings him in forty thousand bushels. The blessing of Heaven seems to rest upon his vines and fruit gardens. He might well exploit all this prosperity. Scarcity of provisions is general. The importation of foodstuffs has not kept pace with the crazy immigration. More than once the gold-seekers have the specter of famine at their shoulders.

But the heart has gone out of Sutter.

He lets things take their course.

His most faithful servants, the men in whom he had most confidence, have abandoned him. When he offers them

higher wages, they tell him there is more to be made up at the mines. Few field-workers. Not a single shepherd.

By speculating, by profiting from the vertiginous rise in the price of foodstuffs, he might rebuild his fortune. But what is the use? He sees his barns emptying, his provisions coming to an end.

Let others make their fortune.

What does he care?

He does nothing.

Nothing!

Stoically he assists at the appropriation of his property and at its division among the newcomers. New titles are registered. There is a new list of landholders. The gold rush is slackening and the men of law have arrived on the scene.

. . . . . .

Johann August Sutter has started his lawsuit.

His lawsuit!

A lawsuit that stirred California to its depths and which even put the existence of the newly formed state in peril. A suit to which there is no such thing as a disinterested or indifferent witness. Everyone is involved, because the rights of all are challenged.

Johann August Sutter claims first of all exclusive proprietary rights in the land upon which are built San Francisco, Benicia, Sacramento and Riovista. He has had these areas valued by a commission of experts and estimates the value due him at two hundred million dollars.

He brings suit against 17,221 private parties who have trespassed upon his plantations, summons them to vacate their holdings and to pay him full damages and interest to date.

He demands $25,000,000 from the government of the State of California for having appropriated his roads, irrigation ditches, bridges, inclosures, mills, his piers and storehouse on the waterfront, and for having placed them at the disposal of the public.

An indemnity from the federal government at Washington amounting to $50,000,000 on the ground that (1) It failed to keep public order at the moment of the rush to the mines or to maintain discipline among the federal troops sent into the region, who, deserting by large bodies, became a principal element of disorder and committed the most flagrant depredations, and (2) It failed to take the necessary measures to collect the royalties due to the state and to him, Sutter, upon the production of the mines.

He demands judgment upon the principle of his rights to a part of the value of the gold extracted to date, and asks that a commission of jurists be appointed at once to pronounce upon the proportion due to him upon gold extracted in the future.

. . . . . .

All this is in the autumn of 1854. The spring of 1855 brings a new triumph for Johann August Sutter.

On March 15th Judge Thompson, the highest law officer in California, delivers judgment in the Sutter case.

He admits the justice of the petitioner's claim, recognizes the grants made him by the two Mexican governors to be sound and inviolable in law, and declares the immense territories, on which so many towns and villages have been built, the indisputable, unassailable and personal property of Johann August Sutter.

. . . . . .

The moment Judge Thompson's judgment is made public, the entire city of San Francisco is in ferment.

Groups gather at street corners. The bars and saloons are invaded by a vociferous crowd. Violent discussions break out. Orators appear from nowhere. The distillers offer free drinks and stave in the heads of spirit casks upon the steps of their establishments. The attitude of the crowds has become menacing. Sutter has so many enemies! Emissaries from the opposite party go about stirring up trouble, and the lawyers who had been engaged on the other side busy themselves starting demonstrations and pouring

oil on the flames. Meetings are held in every quarter. In the evening rioting breaks out. The Law Courts are set on fire, the Record Office sacked, the state archives destroyed, the prisons taken by assault. There is a suggestion that Thompson be lynched. By morning the entire country is in revolution and bands are forming.

The authorities are helpless.

The people who a few months ago had cheered for General Sutter, who had gone to seek him and carry him to the city in triumph on their shoulders to make of his presence at their fête an apotheosis unique in the history of the United States, are on the march once more toward the Hermitage.

But this time, to attack and destroy.

There are ten thousand of them, and their number grows at each step they take. They are armed to the teeth and wagons accompany them loaded with barrels of gunpowder. The Stars and Stripes floats above the heads of the mob, and it is to cries of: "Hurrah for America!" . . . "Hurrah for California!" that the orgy of destruction takes place.

The Hermitage is set on fire. Workshops, saw-mills and factories are blown sky-high. The fruit trees are cut down level with the ground, the irrigation ditches filled in, every head of stock is shot down, and such Indians, Chinamen, or Kanakas as the crowd can seize are hanged ten feet high. Every object that bears the brand of Sutter disappears in the flames. His plants are stamped into the ground, his vineyards hacked to shreds. The cellers are opened up and the reserves of wine poured into the ground. The destructive fury of the mob grows with the havoc it wreaks. It kills, smashes, burns, and robs, and its madness reaches such a pitch that even the chickens in the hen-yard are shot down by salvos of musketry, fired by word of command. When their work at the Hermitage is done, the mob goes on to Burgdorf and Grenzach, where the same hideous scenes of massacre, incendiarism, and destruction are repeated. The

fences are sawn through, the roads dug up, even the bridges blown into the air.

Ruins. . . . ashes . . . !

Four days after his joyous departure, Sutter returns home. Nothing of his immense enterprise remains.

A sour smoke is still mounting from the ruins. Flocks of crows, vultures, and turkey buzzards are fighting over the cadavers of his prize cattle and horses, which lie here and there as they fell about the trampled plantation.

From the limb of a big banyan tree dangles the corpse of Jean Marchais.

This time everything is lost.

It is the end.

Forever.

Sutter looks upon the scene of devastation with dull eyes.

He is overwhelmed.

His life, his early misery, his privations, his energy, his dauntless will, his perseverance, his endurance, his hopes—all, all have come to this!

His books, his papers, his instruments, arms, tools; his bear-skins and puma skins, his furs, his walrus-tusks, his whale-fins, his stuffed birds, his collections of butterflies, his Indian relics, his samples of amber and ambergris, his cabinet of minerals and precious stones—all lie buried somewhere beneath those smoking cinders.

Everything dearest to him—everything that stands for the life and pride of manhood, has gone up to heaven in smoke.

General Johann August Sutter, as he stands there, has not a thing of his own in the world save the clothes on his back, his saddle bags, and the book of the Apocalypse in his pocket.

He who once was on his way to become the richest man in the world!

From *Sutter's Gold* by Blaise Cendras, published by Harper and Brothers. Reprinted here by permission from the publishers.

II

THE SOUTH

Two Gentlemen of Kentucky, by *James Lane Allen*

TO the man it was a closing scene. From the rank, fallow field through which he had been riding he was now surveying, for the last time, the many features of a landscape that had been familiar to him from the beginning of memory. In the afternoon and the autumn of his age he was about to rend the last ties that bound him to his former life, and, like one who had survived his own destiny, turn his face towards a future that was void of everything he held significant or dear.

The Civil War had only the year before reached its ever-memorable close. From where he sat there was not a home in sight, as there was not one beyond the reach of his vision, but had felt its influence. Some of his neighbors had come home from its camps and prisons, aged or altered as though by half a lifetime of years. The bones of some lay whitening on its battlefields. Families, reassembled around their hearth-stones, spoke in low tones unceasingly of defeat and victory, heroism and death. Suspicion and distrust and estrangement prevailed. Former friends met each other on the turnpikes without speaking; brothers avoided each other in the streets of the neighboring town. The rich had grown poor; the poor had become rich. Many of the latter were preparing to move West. The negroes were drifting blindly hither and thither, deserting the country and flocking to the towns. Even the once united church of his neighborhood was jarred by the unstrung and discordant spirit of the times. At affecting passages in the

sermons men grew pale and set their teeth fiercely; women suddenly lowered their black veils and rocked to and fro in their pews; for it is always at the bar of Conscience and before the very altar of God that the human heart is most wrung by a sense of its losses and the memory of its wrongs. The war had divided the people of Kentucky as the false mother would have severed the child.

It had not left the old man unscathed. His younger brother had fallen early in the conflict, borne to the end of his brief warfare by his impetuous valor; his aged mother had sunk under the tidings of the death of her latest-born; his sister was estranged from him by his political differences with her husband; his old family servants, men and women, had left him, and grass and weeds had already grown over the door-steps of the shut, noiseless cabins. Nay, the whole vast social system of the old régime had fallen, and he was henceforth but a useless fragment of the ruins.

All at once his mind turned from the cracked and smoky mirror of the times and dwelt fondly upon the scenes of the past. The silent fields around him seemed again alive with the negroes, singing as they followed the ploughs down the corn-rows or swung the cradles through the bearded wheat. Again, in a frenzy of merriment, the strains of the old fiddles issued from crevices of cabin-doors to the rhythmic beat of hands and feet that shook the rafters and the roof. Now he was sitting on his porch, and one little negro was blacking his shoes, another leading his saddle-horse to the stiles, a third bringing his hat, and a fourth handing him a glass of ice-cold sangaree; or now he lay under the locust-trees in his yard, falling asleep in the drowsy heat of the summer afternoon, while one waved over him a bough of pungent walnut leaves, until he lost consciousness and by-and-by awoke to find that they both had fallen asleep side by side on the grass and that the abandoned fly-brush lay full across his face.

From where he sat also were seen slopes on which picnics

were danced under the broad shade of maples and elms in June by those whom death and war had scattered like the transitory leaves that once had sheltered them. In this direction lay the district schoolhouse where on Friday evenings there were wont to be speeches and debates; in that, lay the blacksmith's shop where of old he and his neighbors had met on horseback of Saturday afternoons to hear the news, get the mails, discuss elections, and pitch quoits. In the valley beyond stood the church at which all had assembled on calm Sunday mornings like the members of one united family. Along with these scenes went many a chastened reminiscence of bridal and funeral and simpler events that had made up the annals of his country life.

The reader will have a clearer insight into the character and past career of Colonel Romulus Fields by remembering that he represented a fair type of that social order which had existed in rank perfection over the blue-grass plains of Kentucky during the final decades of the old régime. Perhaps of all agriculturists in the United States the inhabitants of that region had spent the most nearly idyllic life, on account of the beauty of the climate, the richness of the land, the spacious comfort of their homes, the efficiency of their negroes, and the characteristic contentedness of their dispositions. Thus nature and history combined to make them a peculiar class, a cross between the aristocratic and the bucolic, being as simple as shepherds and as proud as kings, and not seldom exhibiting among both men and women types of character which were as remarkable for pure, tender, noble states of feeling as they were commonplace in powers and cultivation of mind.

It was upon this luxurious social growth that the war naturally fell as a killing frost, and upon no single specimen with more blighting power than upon Colonel Fields. For destiny had quarried and chiselled him, to serve as an ornament in the barbaric temple of human bondage. There *were* ornaments in that temple, and he was one. A slave-holder

with Southern sympathies, a man educated not beyond the ideas of his generation, convinced that slavery was an evil, yet seeing no present way of removing it, he had of all things been a model master. As such he had gone on record in Kentucky, and no doubt in a Higher Court; and as such his efforts had been put forth to secure the passage of many of those milder laws for which his State was distinguished. Often, in those dark days, his face, anxious and sad, was to be seen amid the throng that surrounded the blocks on which slaves were sold at auction; and more than one poor wretch he had bought to save him from separation from his family or from being sold into the Southern plantations—afterwards riding far and near to find him a home on one of the neighboring farms.

But all those days were over. He had but to place the whole picture of the present beside the whole picture of the past to realize what the contrast meant for him.

At length he gathered the bridle reins from the neck of his old horse and turned his head homeward.

He dismounted at the stiles and handed the reins to a gray-haired negro, who had hobbled up to receive them with a smile and a gesture of the deepest respect.

"Peter," he said, very simply, "I am going to sell the place and move to town. I can't live here any longer."

With these words he passed through the yard-gate, walked slowly up the broad pavement, and entered the house.

On the disappearing form of the colonel was fixed an ancient pair of eyes that looked out at him from behind a still more ancient pair of silver-rimmed spectacles with an expression of indescribable solicitude and love.

These eyes were set in the head of an old gentleman—for such he was—named Peter Cotton, who was the only one of the colonel's former slaves that had remained inseparable from his person and his altered fortunes. In early manhood Peter had been a wood-chopper; but he had one day

had his leg broken by the limb of a falling tree, and afterwards, out of consideration for his limp, had been made supervisor of the wood-pile, gardener, and a sort of nondescript servitor of his master's luxurious needs.

Nay, in larger and deeper characters must his history be writ, he having been, in days gone by, one of those ministers of the gospel whom conscientious Kentucky masters often urged to the exercise of spiritual functions in behalf of their benighted people. In course of preparation for this august work, Peter had learned to read and had come to possess a well-chosen library of three several volumes—*Webster's Spelling-Book, The Pilgrim's Progress,* and the Bible. But even these unusual acquisitions he deemed not enough; for being touched with a spark of poetic fire from heaven, and fired by the African's fondness for all that is conspicuous in dress, he had conceived for himself the creation of a unique garment which should symbolize in perfection the claims and consolations of his apostolic office. This was nothing less than a sacred blue-jeans coat that he had had his old mistress make him, with very long and spacious tails, whereon, at his further direction, she embroidered sundry texts of Scripture which it pleased him to regard as the fit visible annunciations of his holy calling. And inasmuch as his mistress, who had had the coat woven on her own looms from the wool of her finest sheep, was, like other gentlewomen of her time, rarely skilled in the accomplishments of the needle, and was moreover in full sympathy with the piety of his intent, she wrought of these passages a border enriched with such intricate curves, marvellous flourishes, and harmonious letterings, that Solomon never reflected the glory in which Peter was arrayed whenever he put it on. For after much prayer that the Almighty wisdom would aid his reason in the difficult task of selecting the most appropriate texts, Peter had chosen seven—one for each day in the week—with such tact, and no doubt heavenly guidance, that when braided together they did truly consti-

tute an eloquent epitome of Christian duty, hope, and pleading.

From first to last they were as follows: "Woe is unto me if I preach not the gospel"; "Servants, be obedient to them that are your masters according to the flesh"; "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden"; "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin"; "Now abideth faith, hope, and charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity"; "I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep"; "For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive." This concatenation of texts Peter wished to have duly solemnized, and therefore, when the work was finished, he further requested his mistress to close the entire chain with the word "Amen," introduced in some suitable place.

But the only spot now left vacant was one of a few square inches, located just where the coat-tails hung over the end of Peter's spine; so that when anyone stood full in Peter's rear, he could but marvel at the sight of so solemn a word emblazoned in so unusual a locality.

Panoplied in this robe of righteousness, and with a worn leathern Bible in his hand, Peter used to go around of Sundays, and during the week, by night, preaching from cabin to cabin the gospel of his heavenly Master.

The angriest lightnings of the sultriest skies often played amid the darkness upon those sacred coat-tails and around that girdle of everlasting texts, as though the evil spirits of the air would fain have burned them and scattered their ashes on the roaring winds. The slow-sifting snows of winter whitened them as though to chill their spiritual fires; but winter and summer, year after year, in weariness of body, often in sore distress of mind, for miles along this lonely road, for miles across that rugged way, Peter trudged on and on, withal perhaps as meek a spirit as ever grew footsore in the paths of its Master. Many a poor over-bur-

dened slave took fresh heart and strength from the sight of that celestial raiment; many a stubborn, rebellious spirit, whose flesh but lately quivered under the lash, was brought low by its humble teaching; many a worn-out old frame, racked with pain in its last illness, pressed a fevered lip to its hopeful hem; and many a dying eye closed in death peacefully fixed on its immortal pledges.

When Peter started abroad, if a storm threatened, he carried an old cotton umbrella of immense size; and as the storm burst, he gathered the tails of his coat carefully up under his arm-pits that they might be kept dry. Or if caught by a tempest without his umbrella, he would take his coat off and roll it up inside out, leaving his body exposed to the fury of the elements. No care, however, could keep it from growing old and worn and faded; and when the slaves were set free and he was called upon by the interposition of Providence to lay it finally aside, it was covered by many a patch and stain as proofs of its devoted usage.

One after another the colonel's old servants, gathering their children about them, had left him, to begin their new life. He bade them all a kind good-bye, and into the palm of each silently pressed some gift that he knew would soon be needed. But no inducement could make Peter or Phillis, his wife, budge from their cabin. "Go, Peter! Go, Phillis!" the colonel had said time and again. "No one is happier that you are free than I am; and you can call on me for what you need to set you up in business." But Peter and Phillis asked to stay with him. Then suddenly, several months before the time at which this sketch opens, Phillis had died, leaving the colonel and Peter as the only relics of that populous life which had once filled the house and the cabins.

About two years after the close of the war, therefore, the colonel and Peter were to be found in Lexington, ready to turn over a new leaf in the volumes of their lives, which

already had an old-fashioned binding, a somewhat musty odor, and but few unwritten leaves remaining.

After a long, dry summer you may have seen two gnarled old apple-trees, that stood with interlocked arms on the western slope of some quiet hill-side, make a melancholy show of blooming out again in the autumn of the year and dallying with the idle buds that mock their sapless branches. Much the same was the belated, fruitless efflorescence of the colonel and Peter.

The colonel had no business habits, no political ambition, no wish to grow richer. He was too old for society, and without near family ties. For some time he wandered through the streets like one lost—sick with yearning for the fields and woods, for his cattle, for familiar faces. He haunted Cheapside and the courthouse square, where the farmers always assembled when they came to town; and if his eye lighted on one, he would button-hole him on the street-corner and lead him into a grocery and sit down for a quiet chat. Sometimes he would meet an aimless, melancholy wanderer like himself, and the two would go off and discuss over and over again their departed days; and several times he came unexpectedly upon some of his old servants who had fallen into bitter want, and who more than repaid him for the help he gave by contrasting the hardships of a life of freedom with the ease of their shackled years.

In the course of time, he could but observe that human life in the town was reshaping itself slowly and painfully, but with resolute energy. The colossal structure of slavery had fallen, scattering its ruins far and wide over the State; but out of the very débris was being taken the material to lay the deeper foundations of the new social edifice. Men and women as old as he were beginning life over and trying to fit themselves for it by changing the whole attitude and habit of their minds—by taking on a new heart and spirit. But when a great building falls, there is always some rub-

bish, and the colonel and others like him were part of this. Henceforth they possessed only an antiquarian sort of interest, like the stamped bricks of Nebuchadnezzar.

Nevertheless he made a show of doing something, and in a year or two opened on Cheapside a store for the sale of hardware and agricultural implements. He knew more about the latter than anything else, and, furthermore, he secretly felt that a business of this kind would enable him to establish in town a kind of headquarters for the farmers. His account-books were to be kept on a system of twelve months' credit; and he resolved that if one of his customers couldn't pay then, it would make no difference.

Business began slowly. The farmers dropped in and found a good lounging-place. On county-court days, which were great market-days for the sale of sheep, horses, mules, and cattle in front of the colonel's door, they swarmed in from the hot sun and sat around on the counter and the ploughs and machines till the entrance was blocked to other customers.

When a customer did come in, the colonel, who was probably talking with some old acquaintance, would tell him just to look around and pick out what he wanted and the price would be all right. If one of these acquaintances asked for a pound of nails, the colonel would scoop up some ten pounds and say, "I reckon that's about a pound, Tom." He had never seen a pound of nails in his life; and if one had been weighed on his scales, he would have said the scales were wrong.

He had no great idea of commercial despatch. One morning a lady came in for some carpet-tacks, an article that he had forgotten to lay in. But he at once sent off an order for enough to have tacked a carpet pretty well all over Kentucky; and when they came, two weeks later, he told Peter to take her up a dozen papers with his compliments. He had laid in, however, an ample and especially fine assortment of pocket-knives, for that instrument had

always been to him one of gracious and very winning qualities. Then when a friend dropped in he would say, "General, don't you need a new pocket-knife?" and, taking out one, would open all the blades and commend the metal and the handle. The "general" would inquire the price, and the colonel, having shut the blades, would hand it to him, saying in a careless, fond way, "I reckon I won't charge you anything for that." His mind could not come down to the low level of such ignoble barter, and he gave away the whole case of knives.

These were the pleasanter aspects of his business life, which did not lack as well its tedium and crosses. Thus there were many dark stormy days when no one he cared to see came in; and he then became rather a pathetic figure, wandering absently around amid the symbols of his past activity, and stroking the ploughs, like dumb companions. Or he would stand at the door and look across at the old court-house, where he had seen many a slave sold and had listened to the great Kentucky orators.

But what hurt him most was the talk of the new farming and the abuse of the old which he was forced to hear; and he generally refused to handle the improved implements and mechanical devices by which labor and waste were to be saved.

Altogether he grew tired of "the thing," and sold out at the end of the year with a loss of over a thousand dollars, though he insisted he had done a good business.

Peter also had been finding out that his occupation was gone.

Soon after moving to town, he had tendered his pastoral services to one of the fashionable churches of the city—not because it was fashionable, but because it was made up of his brethren. In reply he was invited to preach a trial sermon, which he did with gracious unction.

It was a strange scene, as one calm Sunday morning he stood on the edge of the pulpit, dressed in a suit of the colo-

nel's old clothes, with one hand in his trousers-pocket, and his lame leg set a little forward at an angle familiar to those who know the statues of Henry Clay.

How self-possessed he seemed, yet with what a rush of memories did he pass his eyes slowly over that vast assemblage of his emancipated people! With what feelings must he have contrasted those silk hats, and walking-canes, and broadcloths; those gloves and satins, laces and feathers, jewelry and fans—that whole many-colored panorama of life—with the weary, sad, and sullen audiences that had often heard him of old under the forest trees or by the banks of some turbulent stream!

In a voice husky, but heard beyond the flirtation of the uttermost pew, he took his text: "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin." From this he tried to preach a new sermon, suited to the newer day. But several times the thoughts of the past were too much for him, and he broke down with emotion.

The next day a grave committee waited on him and reported that the sense of the congregation was to call a colored gentleman from Louisville. Private objections to Peter were that he had a broken leg, wore Colonel Fields's second-hand clothes, which were too big for him, preached in the old-fashioned way, and lacked self-control and repose of manner.

Peter accepted his rebuff as sweetly as Socrates might have done. Humming the burden of an old hymn, he took his righteous coat from a nail in the wall and folded it away in a little brass-nailed deer-skin trunk, laying over it the spelling-book and the *Pilgrim's Progress,* which he had ceased to read. Thenceforth his relations to his people were never intimate, and even from the other servants of the colonel's household he stood apart. But the colonel took Peter's rejection greatly to heart, and the next morning gave him the new silk socks he had worn at the party. In paying his servants the colonel would sometimes say,

"Peter, I reckon I'd better begin to pay you a salary; that's the style now." But Peter would turn off, saying he didn't "have no use fur no salary."

Thus both of them dropped more and more out of life, but as they did so drew more and more closely to each other. The colonel had bought a home on the edge of the town, with some ten acres of beautiful ground surrounding. A high osage-orange hedge shut it in, and forest trees, chiefly maples and elms, gave to the lawn and house abundant shade. Wild-grape vines, the Virginia-creeper, and the climbing-oak swung their long festoons from summit to summit, while honeysuckles, clematis, and the Mexican-vine clambered over arbors and trellises, or along the chipped stone of the low, old-fashioned house. Just outside the door of the colonel's bedroom slept an ancient, broken sundial.

The place seemed always in half-shadow, with hedge-rows of box, clumps of dark holly, darker firs half a century old, and aged, crape-like cedars.

It was in the seclusion of this retreat, which looked almost like a wild bit of country set down on the edge of the town, that the colonel and Peter spent more of their time as they fell farther in the rear of onward events. There were no such flower-gardens in the city, and pretty much the whole town went thither for its flowers, preferring them to those that were to be had for a price at the nurseries.

There was, perhaps, a suggestion of pathetic humor in the fact that it should have called on the colonel and Peter, themselves so nearly defunct, to furnish the flowers for so many funerals; but, it is certain, almost weekly the two old gentlemen received this chastening admonition of their all-but-spent mortality. The colonel cultivated the rarest fruits also, and had under glass varieties that were not friendly to the climate; so that by means of the fruits and flowers there was established a pleasant social bond with many who otherwise would never have sought them out.

But others came for better reasons. To a few deep-seeing eyes the colonel and Peter were ruined landmarks on a fading historic landscape, and their devoted friendship was the last steady burning-down of that pure flame of love which can never again shine out in the future of the two races. Hence a softened charm invested the drowsy quietude of that shadowy paradise in which the old master without a slave and the old slave without a master still kept up a brave pantomime of their obsolete relations. No one ever saw in their intercourse aught but the finest courtesy, the most delicate consideration. The very tones of their voices in addressing each other were as good as sermons on gentleness, their antiquated playfulness as melodious as the babble of distant water. To be near them was to be exorcised of evil passions.

The sun of their day had indeed long since set, but like twin clouds lifted high and motionless into some far quarter of the gray twilight skies, they were still radiant with the glow of the invisible orb.

Henceforth the colonel's appearances in public were few and regular. He went to church on Sundays, where he sat on the edge of the choir in the centre of the building, and sang an ancient bass of his own improvisation to the older hymns, and glanced furtively around to see whether anyone noticed that he could not sing the new ones. At the Sunday-school picnics the committee of arrangements allowed him to carve the mutton, and after dinner to swing the smallest children gently beneath the trees. He was seen on Commencement Day at Morrison Chapel, where he always gave his bouquet to the valedictorian. It was the speech of that young gentleman that always touched him, consisting as it did of farewells.

In the autumn he might sometimes be noticed sitting high up in the amphitheatre at the fair, a little blue around the nose, and looking absently over into the ring where the judges were grouped around the music stand. Once he had

strutted around as a judge himself, with a blue ribbon in his button-hole, while the band played "Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt," and "Gentle Annie." The ring seemed full of young men now, and no one even thought of offering him the privileges of the grounds. In his day the great feature of the exhibition had been cattle; now everything was turned into a horse-show. He was always glad to get home again to Peter, his true yoke-fellow. For just as two old oxen—one white and one black—that have long toiled under the same yoke will, when turned out to graze at last in the widest pasture, come and put themselves horn to horn and flank to flank, so the colonel and Peter were never so happy as when ruminating side by side.

It was in the twilight of a late autumn day in the same year that nature gave the colonel the first direct intimation to prepare for the last summons. They had been passing along the garden walls, where a few pale flowers were trying to flourish up to the very winter's edge, and where the dry leaves had gathered unswept and rustled beneath their feet. All at once, the colonel turned to Peter, who was a yard and a half behind, as usual, and said:

"Give me your arm, Peter, I feel tired"; and thus the two, for the first time in all their lifetime walking abreast, passed slowly on.

"Peter," said the colonel, gravely, a minute or two later, "we are like two dried-up stalks of fodder. I wonder the Lord lets us live any longer."

"I reck'n He's managin' to use us *some* way, or we wouldn' be heah," said Peter.

"Well, all I have to say is, that if He's using me, He can't be in much of a hurry for his work," replied the colonel.

"He uses snails, en I *know* we ain' ez slow ez *dem,*" argued Peter, composedly.

"I don't know. I think a snail must have made more progress since the war than I have."

The idea of his uselessness seemed to weigh on him, for a little later he remarked, with a sort of mortified smile:

"Do you think, Peter, that we would pass for what they call representative men of the New South?"

"We done *had* ou' day, Marse Rom," replied Peter. "We got to pass fur what we *wuz*. Mebbe de *Lohd's* got mo' use fur us yit 'n *people* has," he added, after a pause.

From this time on the colonel's strength gradually failed him; but it was not until the following spring that the end came.

A night or two before his death his mind wandered backward, after the familiar manner of the dying, and his delirious dreams showed the shifting, faded pictures that renewed themselves for the last time on his wasting memory. It must have been that he was once more amid the scenes of his active farm life, for his broken snatches of talk ran thus:

"Come, boys, get your cradles! Look where the sun is! You are late getting to work this morning. That is the finest field of wheat in the county. Be careful about the bundles! Make them the same size and tie them tight. That swath is too wide, and you don't hold your cradle right, Tom. . . .

"Sell *Peter! Sell Peter Cotton!* No, sir! You might buy *me* some day and work *me* in your cotton-field; but as long as he's mine, you can't buy Peter, and you can't buy any of *my* negroes. . . .

"Boys! boys! If you don't work faster, you won't finish this field today. . . . You'd better go in the shade and rest now. The sun's very hot. Don't drink too much ice-water. There's a jug of whisky in the fence-corner. Give them a good dram around, and tell them to work slow till the sun gets lower." . . .

In the faint gray of the morning, Peter, who had been watching by the bedside all night, stole out of the room, and going into the garden pulled a handful of pinks—a thing he

had never done before—and, re-entering the colonel's bedroom, put them in a vase near his sleeping face. Soon afterwards the colonel opened his eyes and looked around him. At the foot of the bed stood Peter, and on one side sat the physician and a friend. The night-lamp burned low, and through the folds of the curtains came the white light of early day.

"Put out the lamp and open the curtains," he said, feebly. "It's day." When they had drawn the curtains aside, his eyes fell on the pinks, sweet and fresh with the dew on them. He stretched out his hand and touched them caressingly, and his eyes sought Peter's with a look of grateful understanding.

"I want to be alone with Peter for a while," he said, turning his face towards the others.

When they were left alone, it was some minutes before anything was said. Peter, not knowing what he did, but knowing what was coming, had gone to the window and hid himself behind the curtains, drawing them tightly around his form as though to shroud himself from sorrow.

At length the colonel said, "Come here!"

Peter, almost staggering forward, fell at the foot of the bed, and, clasping the colonel's feet with one arm, pressed his cheek against them.

"Come closer!"

Peter crept on his knees and buried his head on the colonel's thigh.

"Come up here—*closer";* and putting one arm around Peter's neck he laid the other hand softly on his head, and looked long and tenderly into his eyes. "I've got to leave you, Peter. Don't you feel sorry for me?"

"Oh, Marse Rom!" cried Peter, hiding his face, his whole form shaken by sobs.

"Peter," added the colonel with ineffable gentleness, "if I had served my Master as faithfully as you have served yours, I should not feel ashamed to stand in his presence."

"If my Marseter is ez mussiful to me ez you have been—"

"I have fixed things so that you will be comfortable after I am gone. When your time comes, I should like you to be laid close to me. We can take the long sleep together. Are you willing?"

"That's whar I want to be laid."

The colonel stretched out his hand to the vase, and taking the bunch of pinks, said very calmly:

"Leave these in my hand; I'll carry them with me." A moment more, and he added:

"If I shouldn't wake up any more, good-bye, Peter!"

"Good-bye, Marse Rom!"

And they shook hands a long time. After this the colonel lay back on the pillows. His soft, silvery hair contrasted strongly with his child-like, unspoiled, open face. To the day of his death, as is apt to be true of those who have lived pure lives but never married, he had a boyish strain in him—a softness of nature, showing itself even now in the gentle expression of his mouth. His brown eyes had in them the same boyish look when, just as he was falling asleep, he scarcely opened them to say:

"Pray, Peter."

Peter, on his knees, and looking across the colonel's face towards the open door, through which the rays of the rising sun streamed in upon his hoary head, prayed, while the colonel fell asleep, adding a few words for himself now left alone.

Several hours later, memory led the colonel back again through the dim gate-way of the past, and out of that gateway his spirit finally took flight into the future.

Peter lingered a year. The place went to the colonel's sister, but he was allowed to remain in his quarters. With much thinking of the past, his mind fell into a lightness and a weakness. Sometimes he would be heard crooning the burden of old hymns, or sometimes seen sitting beside the

old brass-nailed trunk, fumbling with the spelling-book and *The Pilgrim's Progress*. Often, too, he walked out to the cemetery on the edge of the town, and each time could hardly find the colonel's grave amid the multitude of the dead.

One gusty day in spring, the Scotch sexton, busy with the blades of blue-grass springing from the animated mould, saw his familiar figure standing motionless beside the colonel's resting-place. He had taken off his hat—one of the colonel's last bequests—and laid it on the colonel's head-stone. On his body he wore a strange coat of faded blue, patched and weather-stained, and so moth-eaten that parts of the curious tails had dropped entirely away. In one hand he held an open Bible, and on a much-soiled page he was pointing with his finger to the following words:

"I would not have you ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep."

It would seem that, impelled by love and faith, and guided by his wandering reason, he had come forth to preach his last sermon on the immortality of the soul over the dust of his dead master.

The sexton led him home, and soon afterwards a friend, who had loved them both, laid him beside the colonel.

It was perhaps fitting that his winding-sheet should be the vestment in which, years agone, he had preached to his fellow-slaves in bondage; for if it so be that the dead of this planet shall come forth from their graves clad in the trappings of mortality, then Peter should arise on the Resurrection Day wearing his old jeans coat.

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III

NEW ENGLAND

OLD MAN WARNER, by *Dorothy Canfield Fisher*

I MUST warn you at the outset that unless you or some of your folks came from Vermont, it is hardly worth your while to read about Old Man Warner. You will not be able to see anything in his story except, as we say in Vermont, a "gape and swallow" about nothing. Well, I don't claim much dramatic action for the story of Old Man Warner, but I am setting it down on the chance that it may fall into the hands of someone brought up on Vermont stories as I was. I know that for him there will be something in Old Man Warner's life, something of Vermont, something we feel and cannot express, as we feel the incommunicable aura of a personality.

The old man has been a weight on the collective mind of our town ever since I was a little girl, and that is a long time ago. He was an old man even then. Year after year, as our Board of Selectmen planned the year's town budget, they had this worry about Old Man Warner and what to do with him. It was not that Old Mr. Warner was a dangerous character, or anything but strictly honest and law-abiding. But he had his own way of bothering his fellow citizens.

In his young days he had inherited a farm from his father, back up in Arnold Hollow, where at that time, about 1850, there was a cozy little settlement of five or six farms with big families. He settled there, cultivated the farm, married, and brought up a family of three sons. When the Civil War came, he volunteered together with his

oldest boy, and went off to fight in the second year of the war. He came back alone in 1864, the son having fallen in the Battle of the Wilderness. And he went back up to Arnold Hollow to live and there he stayed, although the rest of his world broke up and rearranged itself in a different pattern, mostly centering about the new railroad track in the main valley.

Only the older men returned to the Arnold Hollow settlement to go on cultivating their steep, rocky farms. The younger ones set off for the West, the two remaining Warner boys with the others. Their father and mother stayed, the man hardly ever leaving the farm now even to go to town. His wife said once he seemed to feel as though he never could get caught up on the years he had missed during the war. She said he always had thought the world of his own home.

The boys did pretty well out in Iowa, had the usual ups and downs of pioneer farmers, and by 1898, when their mother died, leaving their father alone at seventy-one, they were men of forty-eight and forty-six, who had comfortable homes to which to invite him to pass his old age.

Everybody in our town began to lay plans about what they would buy at the auction when Old Man Warner would sell off his things, as the other Arnold Hollow families had. By this time, for one reason or another, the Warners were the only people left up there. The Selectmen planned to cut out the road up into Arnold Hollow, and put the tidy little sum saved from its upkeep into improvements on the main valley thoroughfare. But old Mr. Warner wrote his sons and told the Selectmen that he saw no reason for leaving his home to go and live in a strange place and be a burden to his children, with whom, having seen them at the rarest intervals during the last thirty years, he did not feel very well acquainted. And he had always liked his own home. Why should he leave it? It was pretty late in the day for him to be getting used to western ways. He'd

just be a bother to his boys. He didn't want to be a bother to anybody, and he didn't propose to be!

There were a good many protests all around, but of course the Selectmen had not the faintest authority over him, and as quite probably his sons were at heart relieved, nothing was done. The town very grudgingly voted the money to keep up the Arnold Hollow road, but consoled itself by saying freely that the old cuss never had been so very bright and was worse now, evidently had no idea what he was trying to do, and would soon get tired of living alone and "doing for himself."

That was twenty-two years ago. Selectmen who were then vigorous and middle-aged, grew old, decrepit, died, and were buried. Boys who were learning their letters then, grew up, married, had children, and became Selectmen in their turn. Old Man Warner's sons grew old and died, and the names of most of his grandchildren, scattered all over the West, were unknown to us. And still the old man lived alone in his home and "did for himself."

Every spring, when road work began, the Selectmen groaned over having to keep up the Arnold Hollow road, and every autumn they tried their best to persuade the old man to come down to a settlement where he could be taken care of. Our town is very poor, and taxes are a heavy item in our calculations. It is just all we can do to keep our schools and roads going, and we grudge every penny we are forced to spend on tramps, paupers, or the indigent sick. Selectmen in whose régime town expenses were high, are not only never reëlected to town office, but their name is a by-word and a reproach for years afterwards. We elect them, among other things, to see to it that town expenses are not high, and to lay their plans accordingly.

Decades of Selectmen, heavy with this responsibility, tried to lay their plans accordingly in regard to Old Man Warner, and ran their heads into a stone wall. One Board

of Selectmen after another knew exactly what would happen; the old dumb-head would get a stroke of paralysis, or palsy, or softening of the brain, or something, and the town Treasury would bleed at every pore for expensive medical service, maybe an operation at a hospital, and after that, somebody paid to take care of him. If they could only ship him off to his family! One of the granddaughters, now a middle-aged woman, kept up a tenuous connection with the old man, and answered, after long intervals, anxious communications from the Selectmen. Or if not that, if only they could get him down out of there in the winter, so they would not be saddled with the perpetual worry about what was happening to him, with the perpetual need to break out the snow in the road and go up there to see that he was all right.

But Old Man Warner was still not bright enough to see any reason why he should lie down on his own folks, or why he should not live in his own house. When gentle expostulations were tried, he always answered mildly that he guessed he'd rather go on living the way he was for a while longer; and when blustering was tried, he straightened up, looked the blusterer in the eye, and said he guessed there wasn't no law in Vermont to turn a man off his own farm, s'long's he paid his debts, and he didn't owe any that he knew of.

That was the fact, too. He paid spot cash for what he bought in his semi-yearly trips to the village to do "trading," as our phrase goes. He bought very little, a couple of pairs of overalls a year, a bag apiece of sugar and coffee, and rice, and salt, and flour, some raisins and pepper. And once or twice during the long period of his hermit life, an overcoat and a new pair of trousers. What he brought down from his farm was more than enough to pay for such purchases, for he continued to cultivate his land, less and less of it, of course, each year, but still enough to feed his horse and

cow and pig and hens, and to provide him with corn and potatoes and onions. He salted down and smoked a hog every fall and ate his hens when they got too old to lay.

And, of course, as long as he was actually economically independent, the town, groaning with apprehension over the danger to its treasury though it was, could not lay a finger on the cranky old codger. And yet, of course, his economic independence couldn't last! From one day to the next, something was bound to happen to him, something that would cost the town money.

Each year the Selectmen planning the town expenditures with the concentrated prudence born of hard necessity, cast an uneasy mental glance up Arnold Hollow way, and scringed at the thought that perhaps this was the year that money would have to be taken away from the road or the school fund to pay for Old Man Warner's doctoring and nursing; and finally for his burial, because as the years went by, even the tenuous western granddaughter vanished: died, or moved, or something. Old Man Warner was now entirely alone in the world.

All during my childhood and youth he was a legendary figure of "sot" obstinacy and queerness. We children used to be sent up once in a while, to take our turn in seeing that the old man was all right. It was an expedition like no other. You turned off the main road and went up the steep, stony winding mountain road, dense with the shade of sugar-maples and oaks. At the top, when your blown horse stopped to rest, you saw before you the grassy lane leading across the little upland plateau where the Arnold Hollow settlement had been. The older people said they could almost hear faint echoes of whetting scythes, and barking dogs, and cheerful homely noises, as there had been in the old days. But for us children there was nothing but a breathlessly hushed, sunny glade of lush meadows, oppressively silent and spooky, with a few eyeless old wrecks of abandoned farm houses, drooping and gray. You

went past the creepy place as fast as your horse could gallop, and clattered into the thicket of shivering white birches which grew close to the road like a screen; and then—there was no sensation in my childhood quite like the coming out into the ordered, inhabited, humanized little clearing in front of Old Man Warner's home. There were portly hens crooning around on the close-cropped grass, and a pig grunting sociably from his pen at you, and shining milk-pans lying in the sun tilted against the white birch sticks of the wood-pile, and Old Man Warner, himself, infinitely aged and stooped, in his faded clean overalls, emerging from the barn-door to peer at you out of his bright old eyes and to give you a hearty, "Well, you're quite a long ways from home, don't you know it? Git off your horse, can't ye? I've got a new calf in here." Or perhaps if it were a Sunday, he sat in the sun on the front porch, with a clean shirt on, reading the weekly edition of the *New York Tribune.* He drove two miles every Saturday afternoon, down to his R.F.D. mail-box on the main road, to get this.

You heard so much talk about him down in the valley, so much fussing and stewing about his being so "sot" and queer, that it always surprised you when you saw him, to find that he was just like anybody else. You saw his calf, and had a drink of milk in his clean, well-scrubbed kitchen, and played with the latest kitten, and then you said good-by for that time, and got on your horse and went back through the birch thicket into the ghostly decay of the abandoned farms, back down the long, stony road to the valley where everybody was so cross with the unreasonable old man for causing them so much worry.

"How *could* he expect to go along like that, when other old folks, so much younger than he, gave up and acted like other people, and settled down where you could take care of them! The house might burn down over his head, and he with it; or he might fall and break his hip and be there for days, yelling and fainting away till somebody happened

to go by; or a cow might get ugly and hook him, and nobody to send for help." All these frightening possibilities and many others had been repeatedly presented to the old man himself with the elaborations and detail which came from heart-felt alarm about him. But he continued to say mildly that he guessed he'd go on living the way he was for a while yet.

"A *while!*" He was ninety years old.

And then he was ninety-one, and then ninety-two; and we were surer and surer he would "come on the town," before each fiscal year was over. At the beginning of last winter our Selectmen went up in a body to try to bully or coax the shrunken, wizened old man, now only half his former size, to go down to the valley. He remarked that he "guessed there wasn't no law in Vermont" and so forth, just as he had to their fathers. He was so old that he could no longer straighten up as he said it, for his back was hopelessly bent with rheumatism, and for lack of teeth he whistled and clucked and lisped a good deal as he pronounced his formula. But his meaning was as clear as it had been thirty years ago. They came sulkily away without him, knowing that they would both be laughed at and blamed in the valley, because the cussed old crab had got the best of them, again.

Last February, a couple of men, crossing over to a lumber-job on Hemlock Mountain, by way of the Arnold Hollow road, saw no smoke coming out of the chimney, knocked at the door, and getting no answer, opened it and stepped in. There lay Old Man Warner, dead on his kitchen floor in front of his well-blacked cook-stove. The tiny, crooked old body was fully dressed, even to a fur cap and mittens, and in one hand was his sharp, well-ground ax. One stove-lid was off, and a charred stick of wood lay half in and half out of the fire box. Evidently the old man had stepped to the fire to put in a stick of wood before he went out to split some more, and had been stricken

instantly, before he could move a step. His cold, white old face was composed and quiet, just as it had always been in life.

The two lumbermen fed the half-starved pig and hens and turned back to the valley with the news, driving the old man's cow and horse in front of them; and in a couple of hours we all knew that Old Man Warner had died, all alone, in his own kitchen.

Well, what do you think! We were as stirred up about it—! We turned out and gave him one of the best funerals the town ever saw. And we put up a good marble tombstone that told all about how he had lived. We found we were proud of him, as proud as could be, the darned old bull-dog, who had stuck it out all alone in spite of us. We brag now about his single-handed victory over old age and loneliness, and we keep talking about him to the children, just as we brag about our grandfather's victories in the Civil War, and talk to the children about the doings of the Green Mountain Boys. Old Man Warner has become history. We take as much satisfaction in the old fellow's spunk as though he had been our own grandfather, and we spare our listeners no detail of the story: ". . . And there he stuck year after year, with the whole town plaguing at him to quit. And he earned his own living, and chopped his own wood, and kept himself and the house just as decent, and never got queer and frowzy and half-cracked, but stayed just like anybody, as nice an old man as ever you saw—all alone, all stark alone—beholden to nobody—asking no odds of anybody—yes, sir, and died with his boots on at ninety-three on a kitchen floor you could have et off of, 'twas so clean."

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IV

THE MIDDLE WEST

A Rural Community, by *Ruth Suckow*

THE station agent at Walnut, and Mrs. Jake Dietz, who was expecting her brother's wife from Pomeroy, could not place the man who got off the "Clipper" at 10.10. He did not look just like a travelling man. He was stocky, moved very briskly, had a slight moustache, wore a gray suit and a travelling-cap, and carried a bag pasted over with labels which Mrs. Dietz could not make out. She did not hear him ask the station agent where Luke Hockaday lived, or it would have come to her who he must be—that Ralph Chapin whom Luke Hockaday had "raised" and who was now a writer of some kind. But she was busy greeting her brother's wife and saying: "Well, you *got* here."

Ralph Chapin looked alertly about him, at the yellow-and-brown depot with the row of willow-trees and the pastures beyond, at the one small business street and the dingy brick Opera House and Masonic Hall. He thought: "*That* was here—*that* wasn't." The sharp white steeple of the little old Congregational Church where he had suffered every Sunday through one of Mr. Soper's half-hour prayers, no longer rose from the maple-trees beyond the Opera House. It had burned, he remembered, and now there was a modern building of pressed brick with a square English tower. He noticed that the little street "across the tracks," where the old hotel and livery barn stood, was falling into decay. One old man sat out in the Windsor chair in front of the empty livery stable. Two or three automobiles passed. They were putting up two new pebble-dash bunga-

lows on what used to be a vacant lot filled with red clover. Changes even here! You couldn't escape them.

The station agent had told him that Luke Hockaday's was just at the edge of town—"Well, you know where the old Woods place is? Well, d'you know where Art Penhollow's pasture is—where the dump is? Well, d'you know where the *cemetery* is? Well, right across from that, where the road turns." He thought that he could find it. This was the first time that he had been in Walnut since Luke Hockaday had moved into town; it must be fifteen years or more.

He went along a street that had a sidewalk only part of the way. It was "across the tracks" in the old part of town. The first thing that he had noticed when the train pulled out was the stillness everywhere—only twitterings of birds and an occasional trill of song from a fence or tree. His mind, still filled with the rumblings and shriekings of cities, could hardly take it in. Was everyone asleep? As he looked down the street, it pleased him to fancy that the whole town had fallen asleep, like the Sleeping Beauty's castle, and was waiting for him to come back to waken it.

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He looked behind the houses, at the line of low hills on the south. He stood still—almost caught his breath at the sudden stab of emotion. With a strange impulse he took off his cap, held it crushed in his hand. There they were still—the old eternal hills! How well he knew them, better than anything in the world. The "lay of the land"—something in that to stir the deepest feeling of a man. Low rolling hills, fold after fold, smooth brown and autumnal, some ploughed to soft earth-color, some set with corn stalks of pale tarnished gold. Along the farther ones, the woods lay like a colored cloud, brown, russet, red and purple-tinged. As he walked on, the houses grew fewer, everything dwindled into pasture land. The feeling of autumn grew more poignant. There was a scent of dust in the stubble. The

trees grew in scattered russet groups. One slender young cottonwood, yellow as a goldfinch and as lyric in its quality, stood in a meadow, alone. Not even spring beauty was so aching and so transient—like music fading away. Yet, under everything, something abiding and eternal.

He came to the very edge of town, almost to the woods through which Honey Creek ran. A house stood at the turn of the road. Of all things he had seen, it was the most autumnal. It stood plain and white against the depths of blue sky. Its trees were turning to pale yellow, its yard scattered with dry leaves. On the back porch, yellow seed corn hung by the bleached husks to dry. Hickory nuts and walnuts were spread out on a piece of rag carpet. On the fence posts, orange pumpkins were set in blue granite kettles to ripen. The corn in the small field was in the shock. The smell of apples came from somewhere.

"This must be where they live!" He was sure of it, would have known it if he had not seen the dump across the road in the hollow, if he had not caught sight of the black wrought-iron fence of the cemetery and the white tombstones among the sombre evergreens.

An old man was just coming out of the barn along the two planks to the back door.—He regarded the stranger with the wariness of a country man. It was Luke Hockaday.

"Well, father—good day to you!" Ralph Chapin called. He held out his hand.

The old man took it doubtfully.

"Don't you know me? Don't you know Ralph?"

Luke Hockaday leaned forward and stared at him. "Well, I believe it is! It's Ralph for a fact. Ma, come here!"

An old woman came to the door whom, in spite of all the years' change, Ralph Chapin knew for the woman he had called mother. "Who's this, ma?" the old man said. She looked at one and then the other, as if she feared some

kind of trap. Recognition began to dawn slowly in her face as the man kept on smiling at her. "It's Ralph! Sure it is!" They all laughed exultantly. She held out her arms. He came into them and stood there a long moment patting her stooped back and trying to swallow down any tears before they should come up and dim his eyes.

He had never dreamed that he would be so moved—or that they still cared so much after all these years. He knew that this would be one of those moments that would always stay with him—with these two old people here, the white house and the blue sky, the light autumn rustling of the trees, the scent of dust and apples.

They went into the house all talking.—He sat back smiling at the two old people while they went over and over the circumstances of the meeting. "Why, I didn't know no more who 'twas when I seen him opening the gate," Father Hockaday said. "Says he: 'Good day to ye, father.' Well, I knew 'twasn't any of the boys, but I couldn't figure out who't could be, then. Then says he: 'Don't ye know Ralph?' Ralph—well, I see that's who 'twas." "I knew him right off. Sure I did," the old lady declared. "No, ma, you didn't know him no more'n I did." "Sure I did."

Ralph laughed delightedly. "Why, do I look so much the same, mother?" he asked rallyingly. He did not think that he did.

"Sure you do," she replied. "Oh, you dress different and talk different and got that little *mus*tache, but then your voice is just the same, and the way you look out of your eyes—I'd know ye anywhere. Sure."

He laughed, but he was not exactly pleased. He thought himself entirely transformed from that little raw country boy. He had studied, worked, travelled. He had thought there was not a trace of his old self left. He had been feeling all the time how remote he was from them, what a long way he had come. He had been an orphan whom Luke and Sarah Hockaday had "taken to raise." They were the

only parents he had ever known. They had been kind to him, but they had boys and girls of their own and he had always remembered that after all he was not one of theirs. That was partly what had sent him out into the world while the rest had stayed close to the old home, that and his eager restless temperament. He had lived with them on the farm until he was sixteen, when he had gone to work his way through a little Methodist academy a few stations away at Wesley, and then through the State University. Then he had gone into newspaper work at Chicago, and just once, at the time of Jack Hockaday's wedding, he had come back to the farm. He always wrote to the two old people on Christmas Day and sent them a cheque. Now he was a writer, doing special articles for the big dailies and the magazines. He had been to half the cities of the globe, was in touch with all that was going on in the world, with every "movement." He was just back from a flying trip to the capitals of the new Middle European states, where he had interviewed the leaders of numberless political factions. Before that he had investigated the steel question, and before that had been a special correspondent at the war and the Peace Conference. He was going on now to do an article for *Hunter's* on "Our New South." His life was a series of flashing journeys, a kind of animated weekly. He thought of himself as a man without a home, or rather as a man capable of making a home in any café where he might chance to find a cosy seat. But somehow, after being so long in far-off countries, through such dangers, and after an illness that he had had in Prague, something had urged him to see this little town again and the two old people whom he had always called mother and father. A sudden realization had come that they would not be here for ever. He had come on from Chicago before he went South. It was not far. He might have come long ago.

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"Well, now, Ralph, I'll leave ye to yourself a bit," Mother Hockaday said a little formally. "But just make yourself at home. You *are* at home. Sure you are!"

She was going out to the kitchen. "But can't I come out with you, mother?" he asked lightly. "Tie an apron on me and set me to work. It isn't every day you have a big boy to run errands for you."

She looked horrified. He remembered now that no male Hockaday had ever invaded the kitchen except to fill the woodbox and empty the slops. "Oh, no, my dear. I wouldn't have you coming out there to work. I'm used to getting the meals, you know. Sit down and read, or walk around the place. *You* know what ye likes to do best. I'll just get us a little something to eat."

She went into the kitchen and he looked after her, smiling fondly.

Left to himself, he wandered softly about a little at first, as one does in a strange house, touching this and that, glancing at the pictures and at the plants in the front window. Then he sat down by the table and picked up a paper that lay there. *The Home Friend!* He threw back his head and laughed noiselessly. To think they were still taking that—a ridiculous old sheet with farm items and blood-and-thunder serials that they had subscribed for, God knows why, as long as he could remember. He could see Mother Hockaday putting on her glasses, sitting down by the lamp on the dining-room table, while the June bugs beat against the ceiling, and saying: "Now, Jack" (or "May," or "Dollie," or "Eddie"), "can't ye go away awhile and quit pestering and let ma read *The Home Friend?*" And they never could. He did not believe the poor woman had ever yet finished a serial! He looked down on the lower shelf for more plunder. The stereoscope! Verily, it was. With the very same views—Westminster Abbey, Mont Blanc, Unter den Linden, the Paris Opera House, the Arnold Ar-

boretum, Forest Hills, Massachusetts, with the azaleas tinted a hideous pink and the leaves a ghastly green. The old album, too, with the dark leather covers stamped with gold. But he was too restless to look at that now, at all the pictures of Hockadays and Woods, and "brother's wife's folks" and "cousins in York State." He wandered about noiselessly on an exploring expedition into the past, everything bringing up memories, acutely familiar, homely, humorous, yet always with that little ache of sadness. The combination desk and bookcase (a new acquisition, evidently, when they moved into town), but on every shelf a doily, and on the doilies Mother Hockaday's treasures—colored sand in a glass arranged in the form of a wreath of flowers from the "Picture Rocks" by the Mississippi, a blue plate and tea-pot from England, a pink shell, some grey Spanish moss that Ed Woods had sent up from Florida, an agate—oh, all those things! And on top of the bookcase the stuffed owl that Uncle Pete Hockaday had shot in the timber. A photograph, of the year 1902 pasted on a gray card—a family reunion at the farm. He could make most of them out in the group standing awkwardly in front of the old rock house—mother, father, May and Dollie in those hideous collars and berthas and crimps, Jack, Ed, Will, and their wives, numerous children held firmly in front of parents, Uncle Ben Hockaday in his suspenders. And there were other pictures—Grandpa and Grandma Hockaday framed in black walnut, Dollie at four with bangs and fair hanging hair and striped stockings, Jack and Addie's wedding picture, Dollie in her "graduation dress," holding a rolled diploma, the class of 1898, "Walnut H. S.," grandchildren, their graduation and wedding pictures—if time didn't fly! And yet what a tremendous sense of continuation—that first old couple and a child, and then another couple and another child, and another couple and another child, and another couple—nothing new, after all, but endless, slightly varied repetitions. The same baby features

appeared over and over again. He was completely absorbed when Mother Hockaday called to him from the door: "Ralph, would ye like to wash your hands before we set down?"

He jumped.

"What ye found there? Oh, photographs!" And as he stood smiling, blinking a little as if he had come out of a dream, she went on gravely to point out and explain each one: "That's Dollie's and Fred's girl Bernadine. I guess ye never seen her. That's Uncle Ben Hockaday's son's wife's sister—she's married now. That's May's youngest boy"—until Father Hockaday called out: "Ma, are ye goin' to let all the victuals get cold?"

He followed her out to the dining-room. As they sat down he noted the large window full of plants, and saw that although the table and chairs were not those they had used on the farm, he remembered many of the dishes and the starched white company table-cloth. He remembered that awkward moment when they first sat down and did not know whether to start eating or to bow their heads, until Father Hockaday began in his slow devout voice: "Heavenly Father, we thank Thee for all these Thy manifold good gifts to us," and he ducked his head hastily and looked as if he had expected it; and the awkward moment again after the blessing was over, and they all sat there, just before someone started passing things. And he knew the food! The platter of fried chicken, the mashed potatoes with the butter making a little golden hollow, the awkward bowl of gravy, the big slices of good home-made Iowa bread, the cucumber pickles, sweet pickles, beet pickles, red jelly, honey, corn relish, in a succession of little glass dishes that kept him so busy passing he hardly knew when to eat. "Now there ain't much, Ralph, but what there is you're dearly welcome to." "Help yourself, Ralph. Make out a meal." "We're plain, ma and me. *You* know that. But I guess we can manage to get ye fed." "Take it all, Ralph,

there's more in the kitchen." Of course the table should have been surrounded by children. Still the feeling was the same. Cool autumn sunshine came in through the window across the red glass pickle dish, and there was a faint odor from the plants.

"If I'd just known ye's coming, I'd sent out for some of the children to come in," Mother Hockaday said. "Why didn't we telephone 'em, pa?"

"Oh, but, mother," Ralph said hastily. "I wouldn't have you go to so much work."

"Oh, I'm used to cooking for a big raft of folks. Sure I am," she said easily. "I can still get up a meal for 'em if I *am* getting old."

"Every Sunday we're together," Father Hockaday said. "Every Sunday I got my girls and boys about me as if we's still all living together on the farm. Children and grandchildren and great-grandchildren all together."

"But what'd the children say if they knew Ralph was here, pa?" she continued. "Ralph, ye better call Jack up after dinner. See what he says!"

"I'll do that," Ralph answered heartily.

She stood listening delightedly while Ralph rang four long and a short for Jack on the old-fashioned telephone.

"Hello! Jack Hockaday speaking?—Know who this is, Jack? You *don't!*—Well, do you remember a certain brother of yours—Yes, it is. It most assuredly is Ralph—yes.—Wish I could, old fellow, but I'm here on a flying trip, you might say.—You *do* that. I'd like to see the other boys, too."

Ralph was touched at the delight with which Jack had greeted him. And Jack and his wife were coming in, and were going to stop for Fred and Dollie, and send word to Ed and Will and May. Suddenly he found himself anxious to see them all. Why, he would have thought that the younger ones, like Ed and Dollie, would have half forgotten him by this time!

"You ought to make us a real visit, Ralph," Mother

Hockaday said anxiously.—"I don't like to have ye so far away. Now we're getting old, pa and me, it's a comfort for us to have our children all living round us. Jack, he's on the old place, and Eddie where Uncle Abel Woods used to live. May, she's the farthest, out of Edinburgh. If you got to be in the city, why don't ye settle in Chicago, Ralph? That wouldn't be so bad. Then we could see ye often."

"Oh, I can't settle yet, mother," he answered lightly. "Too many places to go. Too much to do."

"Not ready to settle, Ralph? Well, when ye goin' to be? You're over forty, ain't ye? Sure ye are."

"Oh, forty's young nowadays, mother."

"Ye ought to settle, Ralph," Father Hockaday said. "It ain't right, the way you're living. It's often come to me, it ain't right. Here's all my boys, each one with his good wife and his home and his children growing up around him—only Ralph, now. And I often think, I wish ye could find a woman for ye, Ralph. Every man ought to have a helpmate. Look at ma and me. What'd either of our lives been alone?"

"It's so lonesome for you, my dear," the old lady said commiseratingly.

The light smile with which Ralph had been listening at first had gradually become set and painful on his lips. He felt the sudden shock of a different point of view. He had been easily sure of the superiority of his life—but how could he hope to explain it to them? The moving with world events, the meeting with the choice of the earth, the advantages of freedom, the sharp spur of competition, the eager gnawing need of work, the place that he had won for himself? It seemed to be melting away from him. He was all at once conscious of a void in the very centre of his being. It unsettled him, it made him feel as if he were swimming in thin air. It was hard for him to answer, to turn the talk aside.

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A wife, a home, and a child—these things continued under all the seeming revolution in the lives of men. Eagerness and striving after other things—and then a sense of emptiness, and back to the old things again. Even he himself. He might come back to them.

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He was soon talking again, in his rapid and vivid way, trying to give them some faint ghost of a notion of all the things that he had seen and done.—But while he talked, though it soothed some dissatisfaction of his to see that they were struck with naïve admiration of his having seen so many places, he could see that they did not really take it in. To their minds, it was Will and Ed and Jack who had achieved success. They admired Ralph, and yet they could not understand—how he lived, why he had no family, just what he was doing anyhow. He tried to give them some idea of what was going on in the world. But although they would exclaim: "Yes, things are changing! Nothing ever stays the same in this world," they said it comfortably, like repeating some old axiom, not as if they really grasped it at all. Once the old man said: "Yes, they talk about changin' everything, changin' everything. All this new machinery and all. But far as I see, no one's yet found the way to make the corn grow any way but from first planting the seed, and then gettin' it watered by the rains and het by the sun, tosselin' out and bein' cut. And folks stays about the same." The old lady had always been the brighter of the two. Her eyes were a little troubled as she tried to comprehend it all. But what pleased both of them was when they could catch some phrase or gesture that reminded them of the boy Ralph. Then they would exclaim in delight: "Didn't that sound like Ralph? Didn't it now?" And they would go on to relate, minutely, characteristics of his that he would have supposed no human being would have cared to remember—how he had always wanted to use that pink marbled soap to wash with,

how he would never wear a certain kind of hat that all the other boys wore, how he would not take cream in his coffee. Human relationships were what they understood, the things to which they clung.

Gradually in spite of his amusement and pleasure at arousing their amazement, he grew quiet and soon ceased talking altogether. These things of which he spoke seemed, even to him, far away. The autumn air, cool and sunny, came in through the open door. He could look out and see, along the crest of the upland pasture, oaks with blood-red patches through which the sun shone. Sometimes a rooster crowed, sometimes a flock of birds whirred up from the tree outside. Years dropped away. He began to realize in his secret mind a kind of sameness under everything. He imagined himself in the midst of whirling water suddenly touching bed-rock and finding it just about what it had always been.

They began to talk to him, to tell him all about Will and Jack and Eddie and May and Dollie; and about the boys and girls whom he had known in school—how this one had married such a one, and this one had died, and this one moved into town. He could see that all the while they were still puzzling themselves as to why *he* had never married, and feeling, in spite of their pride in his accomplishments, a kind of sorrow that they could not see *him,* like the other boys, settled. He began to feel even a kind of dissatisfaction with himself, to think with distaste of the journey he must take that night, vaguely to wish that, in all the world, there was something to which he could feel himself so attached as they were to these hills.

. . . . . .

The day was going fast. The trees threw long shadows. They had supper, and after that the children drove in.

They came in Fords instead of the old buggies, but the Fords were filled just as the buggies had been with the shy staring eyes of children. May had not been able to get in,

but all the rest had come. They seemed to make a great noise when they all came tramping into the house. They greeted Ralph with bashful loudness.

He was astounded at the rustic look of these foster-brothers, which seemed to him more rural, somehow, than that of other Middle-Western farmers. They were prosperous, he knew, and he had expected them to be what is called "up-and-doing," to have left the old people far behind. All of the boys except Will, who was the oldest, had thick untrimmed shocks of hair that curled about their ears and reddened necks, and Will had a patriarchal beard. Their calm eyes, slow speech, their clumsy shoes, and rosy cheeks—they were astonishingly like the English yokels whom he had seen about the doors of thatch-roofed cottages. So many of the old characteristics had survived. Only Dollie had the rippling hair and sweetly cut features of her mother, and was, in spite of her country dress and six children, a pretty woman. But children—what families they all had! Will with eleven and Jack with eight! It seemed to him that endless relays of them were being herded shyly up to "see Uncle Ralph."

They were all a little bashful with Ralph, even Jack, his old chum; and he had a feeling of helpless dismay at the gulf which seemed to lie between him and them.—They asked about what he had been doing "all this time," and where he had been, saying: "That so?" and "Listen to that," laughed loudly at whatever he told them that seemed odd or (to them) fanciful, and yet with a kind of blankness in their eyes that rather disconcerted him. He did not know that they were hoarding up all that he said to bring out, and to mull over, endlessly. But still, it was an effort, they were uncomfortable, until they fell into the old observations and repetitions and human discussions again. Ralph sat back listening.

"You going to have woodchoppers again this year, Dollie?"

"Oh, I guess so. Fred, he wants to thin out them willows down near the creek."

"Haul 'em into town, Fred. Willow makes good wood."

"Naw, willow don't. Maple does, now. Oak's the best wood. They ain't cutting much oak now. Got it too thinned out. *She* don't want the willow cut, even—" with a gesture of his thumb toward Dollie.

"No, I don't. I never want to see any of the old trees go down. I don't know, when they been there so long—"

"She keeps in the house where she can't hear them fall."

"Sure she does. I don't blame her. That's what I always done when pa got to woodchopping. I like the trees."

"Well, frost's holding off a good while."

"Yes, the hard maples ain't even red."

"Yes, but we'll have it. We'll have frost within a week and a frost to kill. Whenever we have a spell of real warm weather like this 'long about the first of October it's always followed by a hard frost. I ain't never known it to fail."

"Well, now, about the year 1902, we had an October like this and frost never come until the nineteenth of November."

"Well, we'll have frost. You see."

"Ed Robi'son's broke his arm, d'you know that? Broke it crankin' his car. The handle flew back on him and hit him right here above the elbow."

"Sure! I always knew he'd do that some time. He always took hold of it kind o' backhanded like. I told him so. I says: 'Ed, that'll fly back on you some day and break your arm for you.' No! He knew what he was doin'. Can't never tell a Robi'son nothing."

Ralph sat back and listened, his eyes now bright, yet full of dreamy interest. His dismay slowly wore off. The talk seemed to bring him certain country things—the bitter sappy smell of a new-felled tree, the scent of nuts in autumn woods, the tanging smell of cider in the October sun, the dry ghostly crackle of pale-gold corn stalks left standing

in the fields. He began to feel a certain something about his foster-brothers that satisfied him, that curiously pleased some primitive depth in him. He began to be glad of their slow voices, their odd turns of speech, their rustic air. These things suggested the deep stabilities of country life—the slow inevitable progression of the seasons, the nearness to earth and sky and weather, the unchanging processes of birth and death, the going of the birds in the fall and their sure return in the spring, the coming, night after night, of the familiar stars to the wide country sky.

Somehow it pleased him now to think of how deeply rooted they were. It gave him, confirmed wanderer as he was, "something to tie to." No wonder that they were so little changed. After all, where had they been? Back and forth over the same old roads, bringing their crops into Walnut. To Edinburgh to the County Fair or to the Chautauqua on the night when Krill's Band played; and when they had real shopping to do, perhaps as far as Dubuque. They might have gone farther, but they had little desire. Other places were to them a kind of dream. They laughed at them indulgently. Perhaps some day when all the children were grown and they in turn had left the farm, they might "take a trip." But it would be without pleasure, largely under protest, and they would come home sooner than they had planned. "Pa, he got sick of it. Ma, she didn't want to stay no longer." People even in Edinburgh travelled widely now. But here they stayed close to their own soil.

. . . . . .

At half past nine they began to gather the children together. The old people had already endured visible agonies of sleepiness. They all became solemn and formal again as they shook hands with Ralph and urged him to "Come and see *us* next time. Come when you can stay a little longer."

Somehow he managed to overcome Mother Hockaday's scruples against his being allowed to go to the station alone, at having no one to "see him off safely." He could see that the old man was in an agony to get to bed. For the last hour he had been squirming in his chair, easing first one leg and then the other. Mother Hockaday kept saying: "I can't think we're doing right, Ralph, to let ye go off by yourself," but he managed to take leave of them at the house.

Father Hockaday became impressively solemn. He held Ralph's hand in a hard and yet feeble grip. Ralph returned the pressure, stirred at the feel of the rough aged skin. "Ralph, the Lord keep ye," the old man said.

Ralph turned to Mother Hockaday. He took her silently in his arms. When he let her go, he could see tears in her eyes, but she followed him to the door smiling mistily.

At the gate he looked back and made a gay gesture of good-bye. He walked very slowly. He did not look back at the old house, which showed a light now in the bedroom window, but he was conscious of it. Conscious of the old people whom he might never see again. Instead, he looked at the silent street, where never a light shone, where his heels rang out loudly. He looked at the thick strewing of stars on the night sky. The low line of hills was just visible, a patch of immovable darkness.

Tomorrow this little place would seem a million miles away—almost out of existence. But he was aware that since he had stepped off the train in the morning, the current of his thoughts had been changed. He felt steadied, deeply satisfied. He looked toward the dark pastures beyond the row of dusky willow-trees. They widened slowly into the open country which lay silent, significant, motionless, immense under the stars with its sense of something abiding.

The train came in—huge, noisy, threatening in the silence.

Ralph sprang expertly aboard. The familiar sense of travel engulfed him immediately. He had found his berth, arranged things swiftly, before the station of Walnut was left behind. He was alert, modern, a traveller again.

But all night long, as he lay half sleeping, swinging lightly with the motion of the train, he was conscious of that silent spreading country outside, over which changes passed like the shadows of the clouds across the pastures; and it gave him a deep quietude.

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Prairie, by *Carl Sandburg*

I WAS born on the prairie and the milk of its wheat, the red of its clover, the eyes of its women, gave me a song and a slogan.

Here the water went down, the icebergs slid with gravel, the gaps and the valleys hissed, and the black loam came, and the yellow sandy loam.

Here between the sheds of the Rocky Mountains and the Appalachians, here now a morning star fixes a fire sign over the timber claims and cow pastures, the corn belt, the cotton belt, the cattle ranches.

Here the gray geese go five hundred miles and back with a wind under their wings honking the cry for a new home.

Here I know I will hanker after nothing so much as one more sunrise or a sky moon of fire doubled to a river moon of water.

The prairie sings to me in the forenoon and I know in the night I rest easy in the prairie arms, on the prairie heart.

. . . . . .

After the sunburn of the day
handling a pitchfork at a hayrack
after the eggs and biscuit and coffee,
the pearl gray haystacks
in the gloaming
are cool prayers
to the harvest hands.

In the city among the walls the overland passenger train is choked and the pistons hiss and the wheels curse.

On the prairie the overland flits on phantom wheels and the sky and the soil between them muffle the pistons and cheer the wheels.

. . . . . .

I am here when the cities are gone.
I am here before the cities come.
I nourished the lonely men on horses.
I will keep the laughing men who ride iron.
I am dust of men.

The running water babbled to the deer, the cotton tail, the gopher.
You came in wagons, making streets and schools,
Kin of the ax and rifle, kin of the plow and horse,
Singing *Yankee Doodle, Old Dan Tucker, Turkey in the Straw.*
You in the coonskin cap at a log house door hearing a lone wolf howl,

You at a sod house door reading the blizzards and chinooks
let loose from Medicine Hat,
I am dust of your dust, as I am brother and mother
To the copper faces, the worker in flint and clay,
The singing women and their sons a thousand years ago
Marching single file the timber and the plain.

I hold the dust of these amid changing stars.
I last while old wars are fought, while peace broods mother-
like,
While new wars arise and the fresh killings of young men.
I fed the boys who went to France in great dark days.
Appomattox is a beautiful word to me and so is Valley
Forge and the Marne and Verdun,
I who have seen the red births and the red deaths
Of sons and daughters, I take peace or war, I say nothing
and wait.

Have you seen a red sunset drip over one of my cornfields,
the shore of night stars, the wave lines of dawn up a
wheat valley?
Have you heard my threshing crews yelling in the chaff of a
strawpile and the running wheat of the wagon-boards,
my cornhuskers, my harvest hands hauling crops, sing-
ing dreams of women, worlds, horizons?

. . . . . .

Rivers cut a path on flat lands.
The mountains stand up.
The salt oceans press in
And push on the coast lines.
The sun, the wind bring rain
And I know what the rainbow writes across
the east or west in a half-circle:
A love-letter pledge to come again.

. . . . . .

Towns on the Soo Line,
Towns on the Big Muddy,
Laugh at each other for cubs
And tease as children.

Omaha and Kansas City, Minneapolis and St. Paul, sisters in a house together, throwing slang, growing up.
Towns in the Ozarks, Dakota wheat towns, Wichita, Peoria, Buffalo, sisters throwing slang, growing up.

. . . . . .

Out of prairie-brown grass crossed with a streamer of wigwam smoke—out of a smoke pillar, a blue promise—out of wild ducks woven in greens and purples—
Here I saw a city rise and say to the peoples round world: Listen, I am strong, I know what I want.
Out of log houses and stumps—canoes stripped from tree-sides—flatboats coaxed with an axe from the timber claims—in the years when the red and the white men met—the houses and streets rose.

A thousand red men cried and went away to new places for corn and women: a million white men came and put up skyscrapers, threw out rails and wires, feelers to the salt sea: now the smokestacks bite the sky line with stub teeth.

In an early year the call of a wild duck woven in greens and purples: now the riveter's chatter, the police patrol, the song-whistle of the steamboat.

To a man across a thousand years I offer a handshake.
I say to him: Brother, make the story short, for the stretch of a thousand years is short.

. . . . . .

What brothers these in the dark?
What eaves of skyscrapers against a smoke moon?
These chimneys shaking on the lumber shanties
Where the coal boats plow by on the river—
The hunched shoulders of the grain elevators—
The flame sprockets of the sheet steel mills
And the men in the rolling mills with their shirts off
Playing their flesh arms against the twisting wrists of steel

what brothers these
in the dark
of a thousand years?

. . . . . .

A headlight searches a snowstorm.
A funnel of white light shoots from over the pilot of the Pioneer Limited crossing Wisconsin.

In the morning hours, in the dawn,
The sun puts out the stars of the sky
And the headlight of the Limited train.

The fireman waves his hand to a country school teacher on a bobsled.
A boy, yellow hair, red scarf and mittens, on the bobsled, in his lunch box a pork chop sandwich and a V of gooseberry pie.

The horses fathom a snow to their knees.
Snow hats are on the rolling prairie hills.
The Mississippi bluffs wear snow hats.

. . . . . .

Keep your hogs on changing corn and mashes of grain,
O farmerman.
Cram their insides till they waddle on short legs
Under the drums of bellies, hams of fat.
Kill your hogs with a knife slit under the ear.
Hack them with cleavers.
Hang them with hooks in the hind legs.

. . . . . .

A wagonload of radishes on a summer morning.
Sprinkles of dew on the crimson-purple balls.
The farmer on the seat dangles the reins on the rumps of dapple-gray horses.
The farmer's daughter with a basket of eggs dreams of a new hat to wear to the county fair.

. . . . . .

On the left- and right-hand side of the road, marching corn—
I saw it knee high weeks ago—now it is head high—tassels of red silk creep at the ends of the ears.

. . . . . .

I am the prairie, mother of men, waiting.
They are mine, the threshing crews eating beefsteak, the farmboys driving steers to the railroad cattle pens.
They are mine, the crowds of people at a Fourth of July basket picnic, listening to a lawyer read the Declaration of Independence, watching the pinwheels and Roman candles at night, the young men and women two by two hunting the bypaths and the kissing bridges.
They are mine, the horses looking over a fence in the frost of late October saying good-morning to the horses hauling wagons of rutabagas to market.
They are mine, the old zigzag rail fences, the new barb wire.

. . . . . .

The cornhuskers wear leather on their hands.
There is no let-up to the wind.
Blue bandannas are knotted at the ruddy chins.

Falltime and winter apples take on the smoulder of the five o'clock November sunset: falltime, leaves, bonfires, stubble, the old things go, and the earth is grizzled.
The land and the people hold memories, even among the anthills and the angleworms, among the toads and woodroaches—among gravestone writings rubbed out by the rain—they keep old things that never grow old.

The frost loosens corn husks.
The sun, the rain, the wind loosen corn husks.
The men and women are helpers.
They are all cornhuskers together.
I see them late in the western evening in a smoke-red dust.

. . . . . .

The phantom of a yellow rooster flaunting a scarlet comb, on top of a dung pile crying hallelujah to the streaks of daylight,
The phantom of an old hunting dog nosing in the underbrush for muskrats, barking at a coon in a treetop at midnight, chewing a bone, chasing his tail around a corncrib,
The phantom of an old workhorse taking the steel point of a plow across a forty-acre field in the spring, hitched to a harrow in summer, hitched to a wagon among cornshocks in fall,
These phantoms come into the talk and wonder of people on the front porch of a farmhouse late summer nights.
"The shapes that are gone are here," said an old man with a cob pipe in his teeth one night in Kansas with a hot wind on the alfalfa.

. . . . . .

Look at six eggs
In a mockingbird's nest.

Listen to six mockingbirds
Flinging follies of O-be-joyful
Over the marshes and uplands.

Look at songs
Hidden in eggs.

When the morning sun is on the trumpet-vine blossoms, sing at the kitchen pans: Shout All Over God's Heaven.
When the rain slants on the potato hills and the sun plays a silver shaft on the last shower, sing to the bush at the backyard fence: Mighty Lak a Rose.
When the icy sleet pounds on the storm windows and the house lifts to a great breath, sing for the outside hills: The Ole Sheep Done Know the Road, the Young Lambs Muss Find the Way.

. . . . . .

Spring slips back with a girl face calling always: "Any new songs for me? Any new songs?"

O prairie girl, be lonely, singing, dreaming, waiting—your lover comes—your child comes—the years creep with toes of April rain on new-turned sod.

O prairie girl, whoever leaves you only crimson poppies to talk with, whoever puts a good-by kiss on your lips and never comes back—fall
There is a song deep as the redtime redhaws, long as the layer of black loam we go to, the shine of the morning star over the corn belt, the wave line of dawn up a wheat valley.

. . . . . .

O prairie mother, I am one of your boys.
I have loved the prairie as a man with a heart shot full of pain over love.
Here I know I will hanker after nothing so much as one more sunrise or a sky moon of fire doubled to a river moon of water.

. . . . . .

I speak of new cities and new people.
I tell you the past is a bucket of ashes.
I tell you yesterday is a wind gone down, a sun dropped in the west.
I tell you there is nothing in the world only an ocean of tomorrows, a sky of tomorrows.

I am a brother of the cornhuskers who say at sundown: Tomorrow is a day.

From *Cornhuskers* by Carl Sandburg, published by Henry Holt & Company. Reprinted here by permission from the publishers.

Under the Lion's Paw, by *Hamlin Garland*

IT was the last of autumn and first day of winter coming together. All day long the ploughmen on their prairie farms had moved to and fro in their wide level fields through the falling snow, which melted as it fell, wetting them to the skin—all day, notwithstanding the frequent squalls of snow, the dripping, desolate clouds, and the muck of the furrows, black and tenacious as tar.

Under their dripping harness the horses swung to and fro silently, with that marvellous uncomplaining patience which marks the horse. All day the wild geese, honking wildly, as they sprawled sidewise down the wind, seemed to be fleeing from an enemy behind, and with neck outthrust

and wings extended, sailed down the wind, soon lost to sight.

Yet the ploughman behind his plough, though the snow lay on his ragged great-coat, and the cold clinging mud rose on his heavy boots, fettering him like gyves, whistled in the very beard of the gale. As day passed, the snow, ceasing to melt, lay along the ploughed land, and lodged in the depth of the stubble, till on each slow round the last furrow stood out black and shining as jet between the ploughed land and the gray stubble.

When night began to fall, and the geese, flying low, began to alight invisibly in the near corn-field, Stephen Council was still at work "finishing a land." He rode on his sulky plough when going with the wind, but walked when facing it. Sitting bent and cold but cheery under his slouch hat, he talked encouragingly to his four-in-hand.

"Come round, there, boys!—Round again! We got t'finish this land. Come in there, Dan! *Stiddy,* Kate,—stiddy! None o' y'r tantrums, Kittie. It's purty tuff, but got a be did. *Tchk! Tchk!* Step along, Pete! Don't let Kate git y'r single-tree on the wheel. *Once* more!"

They seemed to know what he meant, and that this was the last round, for they worked with greater vigor than before.

"Once more, boys, an' then, sez I, oats an' a nice warm stall, an' sleep f'r all."

By the time the last furrow was turned on the land it was too dark to see the house, and the snow was changing to rain again. The tired and hungry man could see the light from the kitchen shining through the leafless hedge, and he lifted a great shout, "Supper f'r a half a dozen!"

It was nearly eight o'clock by the time he had finished his chores and started for supper. He was picking his way carefully through the mud, when the tall form of a man loomed up before him with a premonitory cough.

"Waddy ye want?" was the rather startled question of the farmer.

"Well, ye see," began the stranger, in a deprecating tone, "we'd like t'git in f'r the night. We've tried every house f'r the last two miles, but they hadn't any room f'r us. My wife's jest about sick, 'n' the children are cold and hungry."

"Oh, y' want'o stay all night, eh?"

"Yes, sir; it 'ud be a great accom—"

"Waal, I don't make it a practice t' turn anybuddy 'way hungry, not on sech nights as this. Drive right in. We ain't got much, but sech as it is—"

But the stranger had disappeared. And soon his steaming, weary team, with drooping heads and swinging singletrees, moved past the well to the block beside the path. Council stood at the side of the "schooner" and helped the children out—two little half-sleeping children—and then a small woman with a babe in her arms.

"There ye go!" he shouted jovially to the children. "*Now* we're all right! Run right along to the house there, and tell Mam' Council you wants sumpthin' t' eat. Right this way, Mis'—keep right off t' the right there. I'll go and git a lantern. Come," he said to the dazed and silent group at his side.

"Mother," he shouted, as he neared the fragrant and warmly lighted kitchen, "here are some wayfarers an' folks who need sumpthin' t'eat an' a place t' snooze." He ended by pushing them all in.

Mrs. Council, a large, jolly, rather coarse-looking woman, took the children in her arms. "Come right in, you little rabbits. 'Most asleep, hey? Now here's a drink of milk f'r each o' ye. I'll have s'm tea in a minute. Take off y'r things and set up t' the fire."

While she set the children to drinking milk, Council got out his lantern and went out to the barn to help the stranger about his team, where his loud, hearty voice could be heard as it came and went between the haymow and the stalls.

The woman came to light as a small, timid, and discouraged-looking woman, but still pretty, in a thin and sorrowful way.

"Land sakes! An' you've travelled all the way from Clear Lake t'day in this mud! Waal! Waal! No wonder you're all tired out. Don't wait f'r the men, Mis'—" She hesitated, waiting for the name.

"Haskins."

"Mis' Haskins, set right up to the table an' take a good swig o' tea whilst I make y' s'm toast. It's green tea, an' it's good. I tell Council as I git older I don't seem to enjoy Young Hyson n'r Gunpowder. I want the reel green tea, jest as it comes off'n the vines. Seems t' have more heart in it, some way. Don't s'pose it has. Council says it's all in m' eye."

Going on in this easy way, she soon had the children filled with bread and milk and the woman thoroughly at home, eating some toast and sweet-melon pickles, and sipping the tea.

"See the little rats!" she laughed at the children. "They're full as they can stick now, and they want to go to bed. Now, don't git up, Mis' Haskins; set right where you are an' let me look after them. I know all about young ones, though I'm all alone now. Jane went and married last fall. But, as I tell Council, it's lucky we keep our health. Set right there, Mis' Haskins; I won't have you stir a finger."

It was an unmeasured pleasure to sit there in the warm homely kitchen, the jovial chatter of the housewife driving out and holding at bay the growl of the impotent, cheated wind.

The little woman's eyes filled with tears which fell down upon the sleeping baby in her arms. The world was not so desolate and cold and hopeless after all.

"Now I hope Council won't stop out there and talk poli-

tics all night. He's the greatest man to talk politics an' read the *Tribune*— How old is it?"

She broke off and peered down at the face of the babe.

"Two months and five days," said the mother, with a mother's exactness.

"Ye don't say! I want to know! The dear little pudzy-wudzy!" she went on, stirring it up in the neighborhood of the ribs with her fat forefinger.

"Pooty tough on 'oo to go gallivantin' cross lots this way—"

"Yes, that's so; a man can't lift a mountain," said Council, entering the door. "Mother, this is Mr. Haskins from Kansas. He's been eat up 'n' drove out by grasshoppers."

"Glad t' see yeh!—Pa, empty that wash-basin 'n' give him a chance t' wash."

Haskins was a tall man, with a thin, gloomy face. His hair was a reddish brown, like his coat, and seemed equally faded by the sun and wind, and his sallow face, though hard and set, was pathetic somehow. You would have felt that he had suffered much by the line of his mouth showing under his thin yellow mustache.

"Hain't Ike got home yet, Sairy?"

"Hain't seen him."

"Waal, set right up, Mr. Haskins; wade right into what we've got; 'tain't much, but we manage to live on it—she gets fat on it," laughed Council, pointing his thumb at his wife.

After supper, while the women put the children to bed, Haskins and Council talked on, seated near the huge cooking stove, the steam arising from their wet clothing. In the Western fashion Council told as much of his own life as he drew from his guest. He asked but few questions, but by and by the story of Haskins' struggles and defeat came out. The story was a terrible one, but he told it quietly, seated with his elbows on his knees, gazing most of the time at the hearth.

"I didn't like the looks of the country, anyhow," Haskins said, partly rising and glancing at his wife. "I was ust to northern Ingyannie, where we have lots of timber 'n' lots of rain, 'n' I didn't like the looks o' that dry prairie. What galled me the worst was goin' s' far away acrosst so much fine land layin' all through here vacant."

"And the 'hoppers eat ye four years, hand runnin', did they?"

"Eat! They wiped us out. They chawed everything that was green. They jest set around waitin' f'r us to die t' eat us too. My God! I ust t' dream of 'em sittin' 'round on the bedpost, six feet long, workin' their jaws. They eet the forkhandles. They got worse and worse till they jest rolled on one another, piled up like snow in winter. Well, it ain't no use. If I was t' talk all winter I couldn't tell nawthin'. But all the while I couldn't help thinkin' of all that land back here that nobuddy was usin' that I ought to had 'stead of bein' out there in that cussed country."

"Waal, why didn't ye stop and settle here?" asked Ike, who had come in and was eating his supper.

"Fer the simple reason that you fellers wanted ten'r fifteen dollars an acre fer the bare land, and I hadn't no money fer that kind of thing."

"Yes, I do my own work," Mrs. Council was heard to say in the pause which followed. "I'm a gettin' purty heavy t' be on m'laigs all day, but we can't afford t' hire, so I keep rackin' around somehow, like a foundered horse. S'lame—I tell Council he can't tell how lame I am, f'r I'm jest as lame in one laig as t'other." And the good soul laughed at the joke on herself as she took a handful of flour and dusted the biscuit-board to keep the dough from sticking.

"Well, I hain't *never* been very strong," said Mrs. Haskins. "Our folks was Canadians an' small-boned, and then since my last child I hain't got up again fairly. I don't like to complain. Tim has about all he can bear now—but they

was days this week when I jest wanted to lay right down and die."

"Waal, now I'll tell ye," said Council, from his side of the stove, silencing everyone with his good-natured roar, "I'd go down and *see* Butler, *anyway,* if I was you. I guess he'd let you have his place purty cheap; the farm's all run down. He's ben anxious t' let it t' somebuddy next year. It 'ud be a good chance fer you. Anyhow, you go to bed and sleep like a babe. I've got some ploughing t' do anyhow, an' we'll see if somethin' can't be done about your case. Ike, you go out an' see if the horses is all right, an' I'll show the folks t' bed."

When the tired husband and wife were lying under the generous quilts of the spare bed, Haskins listened a moment to the wind in the eaves, and then said, with a slow and solemn tone,

"There are people in this world who are good enough t' be angels, an' only haff to die to *be* angels."

II

Jim Butler was one of the men called in the West "land poor." Early in the history of Rock River he had come into the town and started in the grocery business in a small way, occupying a small building in a mean part of the town. At this period of his life he earned all he got, and was up early and late sorting beans, working over butter, and carting his goods to and from the station. But a change came over him at the end of the second year, when he sold a lot of land for four times what he paid for it. From that time forward he believed in land speculation as the surest way of getting rich. Every cent he could save or spare from his trade he put into land at forced sale, or mortgages on land, which were "just as good as the wheat," he was accustomed to say.

Farm after farm fell into his hands, until he was recog-

nized as one of the leading landowners of the county. His mortgages were scattered all over Cedar County, and as they slowly but surely fell in, he sought usually to retain the former owner as tenant.

He was not ready to foreclose; indeed, he had the name of being one of the "easiest" men in the town. He let the debtor off again and again, extending the time whenever possible.

"I don't want y'r land," he said. "All I'm after is the int'rest on my money—that's all. Now if y' want to stay on the farm, why I'll give ye a good chance. I can't have the land layin' vacant." And in many cases the owner remained as tenant.

In the meantime he had sold his store; he couldn't spend time in it; he was mainly occupied now with sitting around town on rainy days smoking and "gassin' with the boys," or in riding to and from his farms. In fishing-time he fished a good deal. Doc Grimes, Ben Ashley, and Cal Cheatham were his cronies on these fishing excursions or hunting trips in the time of chickens or partridges. In winter they went to Northern Wisconsin to shoot deer.

In spite of all these signs of easy life, Butler persisted in saying he "hadn't enough money to pay taxes on his land," and was careful to convey the impression that he was poor in spite of his twenty farms. At one time he was said to be worth fifty thousand dollars, but land had been a little slow of sale of late, so that he was not worth so much.

A fine farm, known as the Higley place, had fallen into his hands in the usual way the previous year, and he had not been able to find a tenant for it. Poor Higley, after working himself nearly to death on it in the attempt to lift the mortgage, had gone off to Dakota, leaving the farm and his curse to Butler.

This was the farm which Council advised Haskins to apply for; and the next day Council hitched up his team and drove down town to see Butler.

"You jest let *me* do the talkin'," he said. "We'll find him wearin' out his pants on some salt barrel somew'ers; and if he thought you *wanted* a place he'd sock it to you hot and heavy. You jest keep quiet; I'll fix 'im."

Butler was seated in Ben Ashley's store telling fish yarns when Council sauntered in casually.

"Hello, But; lyin' agin, hey?"

"Hello, Steve! how goes it?"

"Oh, so-so. Too dang much rain these days. I thought it was goin' t' freeze up f'r good last night. Tight squeak if I get m'ploughin' done. How's farmin' with *you* these days?"

"Bad. Ploughin' ain't half done."

"It 'ud be a religious idee f'r you t' go out and take a hand y'rself."

"I don't haff to," said Butler with a wink.

"Got anybody on the Higley place?"

"No. Know of anybody?"

"Waal, no; not eggsackly. I've got a relation back t' Michigan who's ben hot and cold on the idee o' comin' West f'r some time. *Might* come if he could get a good lay-out. What do you talk on the farm?"

"Well, I d' know. I'll rent it on shares or I'll rent it money rent."

"Waal, how much money, say?"

"Well, say ten percent on the price—two fifty."

"Waal, that ain't bad. Wait on 'im till 'e thrashes?"

Haskins listened eagerly to his important question, but Council was coolly eating a dried apple which he had speared out of a barrel with his knife. Butler studied him carefully.

"Well, knocks me out of twenty-five dollars interest."

"My relation'll need all he's got t' git his crops in," said Council in the safe indifferent way.

"Well, all right; *say* wait," concluded Butler.

"All right; this is the man. Haskins, this is Mr. But-

ler—no relation to Ben—the hardest-working man in Cedar County."

On the way home Haskins said: "I ain't much better off. I'd like that farm; it's a good farm, but it's all run down, an' so'm I. I could make a good farm of it if I had half a show. But I can't stock it n'r seed it."

"Waal, now, don't you worry," roared Council in his ear. "We'll pull y' through somehow till next harvest. He's agreed t' hire it ploughed, an' you can earn a hundred dollars ploughin' an' y' c'n git the seed o' me an' pay me back when y' can."

Haskins was silent with emotion, but at last he said, "I ain't got nothin' t' live on."

"Now, don't you worry 'bout that. You jest make your headquarters at ol' Steve Council's. Mother'll take a pile of comfort in havin' y'r wife an' children 'round. Y' see, Jane's married off lately, an' Ike's away a good deal, so we'll be darn glad t' have y' stop with us this winter. Nex' spring we'll see if y' can't git a start agin." And he chirruped to the team, which sprang forward with the rumbling, clattering wagon.

"Say, looky here, Council, you can't do this. I never saw—" shouted Haskins in his neighbor's ear.

Council moved about uneasily in his seat and stopped his stammering gratitude by saying: "Hold on now; don't make such a fuss over a little thing. When I see a man down, and things all on top of'm, I jest like t' kick 'em off an' help 'm up. That's the kind of religion I got, an' it's about the *only* kind."

They rode the rest of the way home in silence. And when the red light of the lamp shone out into the darkness of the cold and windy night, and he thought of this refuge for his wife and children, Haskins could have put his arm around the neck of his burly companion and squeezed him like a lover. But he contented himself with saying, "Steve Council, you'll git y'r pay for this some day."

"Don't want any pay. My religion ain't run on such business principles."

The wind was growing colder, and the ground was covered with a white frost, as they turned into the gate of the Council farm, and the children came rushing out, shouting, "Papa's come." They hardly looked like the same children who had sat at the table the night before. Their torpidity, under the influence of sunshine and Mother Council, had given way to a sort of spasmodic cheerfulness, as insects in winter revive when laid on the hearth.

III

Haskins worked like a fiend, and his wife, like the heroic woman that she was, bore also uncomplainingly the most terrible burdens. They rose early and toiled without intermission till the darkness fell on the plain, then tumbled into bed, every bone and muscle aching with fatigue, to rise with the sun next morning to the same round of the same ferocity of labor.

The eldest boy drove a team all through the spring, ploughing and seeding, milked the cows, and did chores innumerable, in most ways taking the place of a man.

An infinitely pathetic but common figure—this boy on the American farm, where there is no law against child labor. To see him in his coarse clothing, his huge boots, and his ragged cap, as he staggered with a pail of water from the well, or trudged in the cold and cheerless dawn out into the frosty field behind his team, gave the city-bred visitor a sharp pang of sympathetic pain. Yet Haskins loved his boy, and would have saved him from this if he could, but he could not.

By June the first year the result of such Herculean toil began to show on the farm. The yard was cleaned up and sown to grass, the garden ploughed and planted, and the house mended.

Council had given them four of his cows.

"Take 'em an' run 'em on shares. I don't want to milk s' many. Ike's away s' much now, Saturdays an' Sundays, I can't stand the bother anyhow."

Other men, seeing the confidence of Council in the newcomer, had sold him tools on time; and as he was really an able farmer, he soon had round him many evidences of his care and thrift. At the advice of Council, he had taken the farm for three years, with the privilege of re-renting or buying at the end of the term.

"It's a good bargain, an' y' want to nail it," said Council. "If you have any kind ov a crop, you c'n pay y'r debts, an' keep seed and bread."

The new hope which now sprang up in the heart of Haskins and his wife grew great almost as a pain by the time the wide field of wheat began to wave and rustle and swirl in the winds of July. Day after day he would snatch a few moments after supper to go and look at it.

"Have ye seen the wheat t'day, Nettie?" he asked one night as he rose from supper.

"No, Tim, I ain't had time."

"Well, take time now. Le's go look at it."

She threw an old hat on her head—Tommy's hat—and looking almost pretty in her thin, sad way, went out with her husband to the hedge.

"Ain't it grand, Nettie? Just look at it."

It was grand. Level, russet here and there, heavy-headed, wide as a lake, and full of multitudinous whispers and gleams of wealth, it stretched away before the gazers like the fabled field of the cloth of gold.

"Oh, I think—I *hope* we'll have a good crop, Tim; and oh, how good the people have been to us!"

"Yes; I don't know where we'd be t'day if it hadn't been f'r Council and his wife."

"They're the best people in the world," said the little woman with a great sob of gratitude.

"We'll be in the field on Monday, sure," said Haskins, gripping the rail on the fence as if already at the work of the harvest.

The harvest came, bounteous, glorious, but the winds came and blew it into tangles, and the rain matted it here and there close to the ground, increasing the work of gathering it threefold.

Oh, how they toiled in those glorious days! Clothing dripping with sweat, arms aching, filled with briars, fingers raw and bleeding, backs broken with the weight of heavy bundles, Haskins and his men toiled on. Tommy drove the harvester, while his father and a hired man bound on the machine. In this way, they cut ten acres every day, and almost every night after supper, when the hand went to bed, Haskins returned to the field, shocking the bound grain in the light of the moon. Many a night he worked till his anxious wife came out at ten o'clock to call him in to rest and lunch.

At the same time, she cooked for the men, took care of the children, washed and ironed, milked the cows at night, made the butter, and sometimes fed the horses and watered them while her husband kept at the shocking.

No slave in the Roman galleys could have toiled so frightfully and lived, for this man thought himself a free man, and that he was working for his wife and babes.

When he sank into his bed with a deep groan of relief, too tired to change his grimy, dripping clothing, he felt that he was getting nearer and nearer to a home of his own, and pushing the wolf of want a little farther from his door.

There is no despair so deep as the despair of a homeless man or woman. To roam the roads of the country or the streets of the city, to feel there is no rood of ground on which the feet can rest, to halt weary and hungry outside lighted windows and hear laughter and song within,—these are the hungers and rebellions that drive men to crime and women to shame.

It was the memory of this homelessness, and the fear of it coming again, that spurred Timothy Haskins and Nettie, his wife, to such ferocious labor during that first year.

IV

"M, yes; 'm, yes; first-rate," said Butler, as his eye took in the neat garden, the pig-pen, and the well-filled barnyard. "You're getting quite a stock around yeh. Done well, eh?"

Haskins was showing Butler around the place. He had not seen it for a year, having spent the year in Washington and Boston with Ashley, his brother-in-law, who had been elected to Congress.

"Yes, I've laid out a good deal of money durin' the last three years. I've paid out three hundred dollars f'r fencin'."

"Um-h'm! I see, I see," said Butler, while Haskins went on:

"The kitchen there cost two hundred; the barn ain't cost much in money, but I've put a lot of time on it. I've dug a new well, and I—"

"Yes, yes, I see. You've done well. Stock worth a thousand dollars," said Butler, picking his teeth with a straw.

"About that," said Haskins, modestly. "We begin to feel's if we was gittin' a home f'r ourselves; but we've worked hard. I tell you we begin to feel it, Mr. Butler, and we're goin' t' begin to ease up purty soon. We've been kind o' plannin' a trip back t' *her* folks after the fall ploughin's done."

"*Eggs*-actly!" said Butler, who was evidently thinking of something else. "I suppose you've kind o' calc'lated on stayin' here three years more?"

"Well, yes. Fact is, I think I c'n buy the farm this fall, if you'll give me a reasonable show."

"Um-m! What do you call a reasonable show?"

"Well, say a quarter down and three years' time,"

Butler looked at the huge stacks of wheat which filled the yard, over which the chickens were fluttering and crawling, catching grasshoppers, and out of which the crickets were singing innumerably. He smiled in a peculiar way as he said, "Oh, I won't be hard on yeh. But what did ye expect to pay f'r the place?"

"Why, about what you offered it for before, two thousand five hundred, or *possibly* three thousand dollars," he added quickly, as he saw the owner shake his head.

"This farm is worth five thousand and five hundred dollars," said Butler in a careless and decided voice.

"What!" almost shrieked the astounded Haskins. "What's that? Five thousand? Why that's double what you offered it for three years ago."

"Of course, and it's worth it. It was all run down then; now it's in good shape. You've laid out fifteen hundred dollars in improvements, according to your own story."

"But *you* had nothin' t' do about that. It's my work and my money."

"You bet it was; but it's my land."

"But what's to pay me for all my—"

"Ain't you had the use of 'em?" replied Butler, smiling calmly into his face.

Haskins was like a man struck on the head with a sandbag; he couldn't think; he stammered as he tried to say: "But—I never'd git the use— You'd rob me! More'n that: you agreed—you promised that I could buy or rent at the end of three years at—"

"That's all right. But I didn't say I'd let you carry off the improvements, nor that I'd go on renting the farm at two-fifty. The land is doubled in value, it don't matter how; it don't enter into the question; and now you can pay me five hundred dollars a year rent, or take it on your own terms at fifty-five hundred, or—git out."

He was turning away when Haskins, the sweat pouring from his face, fronted him, saying again:

"But *you've* done nothing to make it so. You hain't added a cent. I put it all there myself, expectin' to buy. I worked an' sweat to improve it. I was workin' for myself an' babes—"

"Well, why didn't you buy when I offered to sell? What y' kickin' about?"

"I'm kickin' about payin' you twice f'r my own things,—my own fences, my own kitchen, my own garden."

Butler laughed. "You're too green t' eat, young feller. *Your* improvements! The law will sing another tune."

"But I trusted your word."

"Never trust anybody, my friend. Besides, I didn't promise not to do this thing. Why, man, don't look at me like that. Don't take me for a thief. It's the law. The reg'lar thing. Everybody does it."

"I don't care if they do. It's stealin' jest the same. You take three thousand dollars of my money—the work o' my hands and my wife's." He broke down at this point. He was not a strong man mentally. He could face hardship, ceaseless toil, but he could not face the cold and sneering face of Butler.

"But I don't take it," said Butler coolly. "All you've got to do is to go on jest as you've been a-doin', or give me a thousand dollars down, and a mortgage at ten percent on the rest."

Haskins sat down blindly on a bundle of oats near by, and with staring eyes and drooping head went over the situation. He was under the lion's paw. He felt a horrible numbness in his heart and limbs. He was hid in a mist, and there was no path out.

Butler walked about, looking at the huge stacks of grain, and pulling now and again a few handfuls out, shelling the heads in his hands and blowing the chaff away. He hummed a little tune as he did so. He had an accommodating air of waiting.

Haskins was in the midst of the terrible toil of the last

year. He was walking again in the rain and the mud behind his plough; he felt the dust and dirt of the threshing. The ferocious husking-time with its cutting wind and biting, clinging snows, lay hard upon him. Then he thought of his wife, how she had cheerfully cooked and baked, without holiday and without rest.

"Well, what do you think of it?" inquired the cool, mocking, insinuating voice of Butler.

"I think you're a thief and a liar!" shouted Haskins, leaping up. "A black-hearted houn'!" Butler's smile maddened him; with a sudden leap, he caught a fork in his hands, and whirled it in the air. "You'll never rob another man, damn ye!" he grated through his teeth, a look of pitiless ferocity in his accusing eyes.

Butler shrank and quivered, expecting the blow; stood, held hypnotized by the eyes of the man he had a moment before despised—a man transformed into an avenging demon. But in the deadly hush between the lift of the weapon and its fall, there came a gush of faint, childish laughter, and then across the range of his vision, far away and dim, he saw the sun-bright head of his baby girl as, with the pretty, tottering run of a two-year-old, she moved across the grass of the dooryard. His hands relaxed; the fork fell to the ground; his head lowered.

"Make out y'r deed an' mor'gage, an' git off'n my land, an' don't ye never cross my line agin; if ye do, I'll kill ye."

Butler backed away from the man in wild haste, and climbing into his buggy with trembling limbs drove off down the road, leaving Haskins seated dumbly on the sunny pile of sheaves, his head sunk into his hands.

From *Main-Travelled Roads* by Hamlin Garland, published by Harper & Brothers. Reprinted by permission of the author.

V

THE CITY

Skyscraper, by *Carl Sandburg*

BY day the skyscraper looms in the smoke and sun and has a soul.

Prairie and valley, streets of the city, pour people into it and they mingle among its twenty floors and are poured out again back to the streets, prairies and valleys.

It is the men and women, boys and girls so poured in and out all day that give the building a soul of dreams and thoughts and memories.

(Dumped in the sea or fixed in a desert, who would care for the building or speak its name or ask a policeman the way to it?)

Elevators slide on their cables and tubes carry letters and parcels and iron pipes carry gas and water in and sewage out.

Wires climb with secrets, carry light and carry words, and tell terrors and profits and loves—curses of men grappling plans of business and questions of women in plots of love.

Hour by hour the caissons reach down to the rock of the earth and hold the building to a turning planet.

Hour by hour the girders play as ribs and reach out and hold together the stone walls and floors.

Hour by hour the hand of the mason and the stuff of the mortar clinch the pieces and parts to the shape an architect voted.

Hour by hour the sun and the rain, the air and the rust, and the press of time running into centuries, play on the building inside and out and use it.

Men who sunk the pilings and mixed the mortar are laid in graves where the wind whistles a wild song without words

And so are men who strung the wires and fixed the pipes and tubes and those who saw it rise floor by floor.

Souls of them all are here, even the hod carrier begging at back doors hundreds of miles away and the bricklayer who went to prison for shooting another man while drunk.

(One man fell from a girder and broke his neck at the end of a straight plunge—he is here—his soul has gone into the stones of the building.)

On the office doors from tier to tier—hundreds of names and each name standing for a face written across with a dead child, a passionate lover, a driving ambition for a million dollar business or a lobster's ease of life.

Behind the signs on the doors they work and the walls tell nothing from room to room.

Ten-dollar-a-week stenographers take letters from corporation officers, lawyers, efficiency engineers, and tons of letters go bundled from the building to all ends of the earth.

Smiles and tears of each office girl go into the soul of the building just the same as the master-men who rule the building.

Hands of clocks turn to noon hours and each floor empties its men and women who go away and eat and come back to work.

Toward the end of the afternoon all work slackens and all jobs go slower as the people feel day closing on them.

One by one the floors are emptied . . . The uniformed elevator men are gone. Pails clang . . . Scrubbers work, talking in foreign tongues. Broom and water and mop clean from the floors human dust and spit, and machine grime of the day.

Spelled in electric fire on the roof are words telling miles of houses and people where to buy a thing for money. The sign speaks till midnight.

Darkness on the hallways. Voices echo. Silence holds . . . Watchmen walk slow from floor to floor and try the doors. Revolvers bulge from their hip pockets . . . Steel safes stand in corners. Money is stacked in them.

A young watchman leans at a window and sees the lights of barges butting their way across a harbor, nets of red and white lanterns in a railroad yard, and a span of glooms splashed with lines of white and blurs of crosses and clusters over the sleeping city.

By night the skyscraper looms in the smoke and the stars and has a soul.

From *Chicago Poems* by Carl Sandburg, published by Henry Holt & Company. Reprinted by permission of the publishers.

Gayheart, a Story of Defeat, by *Dana Burnet*

I

GAYHEART came in June, I saw his heels
Go through the door, and broken heels they were.
His eyes were big, and blue, and young. He said,
"Could you direct me to the Basement, Sir?"

I knew the Basement; I had grubbed there once
Before a client tumbled in my net
And brought me riches. It was coffin-cold
And on the bare walls seeped a moldy sweat.

'Twas next the kitchen, too, and had the breath
Of cheap things cooking—but I led him down.
The stairs dropped naked through the clammy dark—
He paused, and gasped, as men do when they drown.

"Is it down there?" I turned and took his arm
(Thin as a boy's it was: all skin and bone);
I said: "The dark is just a pleasant cloak
To veil you off, and keep your thoughts alone.

"A Boarding-House is all-inquisitive:
You're safer here." "How did you know," he said,
"That I would want to be alone? Am I
An open book to be so simply read?"

We stumbled down until I felt the door
Beneath my fingers. Then I struck a light—
The room grinned at us like an ugly face
Caught in a heart-beat from the cloak of night.

The boy's breath cracked his lips. I saw his soul
Stand in his eyes, and look, and shrink again,
Sick with the moment's shattered visionings,
And on his face went the slow feet of pain.

"It strikes you bleak, eh? Come, it's not so bad.
The gas won't whimper if you turn it low.
The bed is lame, but friendly. Here's a desk
To scribble at." He said: "I write, you know.

"I've come to be a writer." And he smiled,
As boys do when they say their heart's desire;
"I'm from the South—a paper took me on,
But that's just keeping fagots in my fire."

He smiled again, for he had all his youth
To smile from. "My real work," he said, "will be

To sketch the City—not in prosy books,
  But in its native, living poetry.

"Cities were made for measures and for rhyme,
  They have an ancient minstrelsy of feet,
And rivers sweep their shipping like a song,
  And there is endless music in a street.

"Endless, I say, and never caught by man.
  Your books? Ah, how they walk, walk, walk, with words;
But verse runs on light feet, as Cities do—
  O God, I've dreamed it till it hurts like swords.

"Not to be writing; but I've got to learn,
  Learn, learn it all—the streets, the parks, the ships,
The subway and the skyscrapers!" He stopped
  And brushed his hand across his trembling lips.

"Excuse me, sir. You were the first kind soul
  I'd spoken to—the rest are like the tomb."
He smiled and touched my hand; and then I turned,
  Leaving him standing in his wistful room.

II

June passed, and weather came that seared our flesh.
  The soft streets crawled; old men dropped down and died;
Within the House our summer tempers snarled,
  And every night the lady boarder cried.

Her alcove shouldered mine—and so I knew.
  She came at six, her feet as slow as lead;
Dragged through her door, and cried till supper-time.
  I never saw her but her eyes were red.

Poor Gayheart whitened slowly, till his face
  Was like the paper that he scribbled on.
But he had youth, and some vague bravery
  That held him taut until his task was done.

He rasped our nerves, though, with his restless ways,
  His restless, silent ways. . . . He never seemed
To see us when we passed him in the hall—
  His eyes were distant with the thing he dreamed.

He bolted dinner like a dog, as though
  He feared his fate would snatch him unaware
With all his dreams unproved—then, starting up,
  Would grope the shadowed hallway to the stair.

And down to his eternal folderol,
  His spitting gaslight and his scratching pen,
Until we cursed him for his industry,
  His being different from the ruck of men.

Then one dead night when all the stars did sweat
  He plucked my sleeve, and smiled, and drew me down
His damned black stairs. Then, while the clogged jet whined,
  He read me what he'd written of the Town.

It struck me wonderful. It had the ache
  Of rush-hour traffic in it, and the swing
Of wheels, as though he'd listened in a street,
  A crowded street where life ran thundering. . . .

It made me think of going to my work;
  Of men in crowds, and women's faces drawn
With painted lines, and shops and ships and spires
  And skyscrapers that reached up for the dawn.

And then beneath the step of rhyme I heard
The boy's soul speaking. . . . And I knew that he
Had spent himself like dust among the crowd
To catch the heart-beat for his poetry.

His voice went out like flame. I found myself
Shocked by the still, small room. To me it seemed
Great throngs had passed with various noise. He said:
"That's just the gateway to the thing I've dreamed!"

III

There is a street's end, where the coasters sleep,
And there, at twilight, purple waters run,
And o'er their breast the crimson-coated day
Trails the last silver of the fallen sun.

A wall is there, for men to dream upon;
And so young Gayheart went, with all his scars
Unhealed . . . and saw the lights sown through the dusk,
And his tall city in a cloak of stars.

Tier upon tier the golden windows burned,
As though men sought new freedom in the skies;
And somehow, lured by starlight and by dawn,
Built his blind cities up to paradise!

Afar the bridges spun their silver webs,
The mellow whistles talked along the stream;
But Gayheart leaned athirst upon a stone,
Hurt with the shining beauty of his dream.

And he was like a child with wistfulness,
Holding his hands out through the summer night,
Where in the dusk the great, clean towers flared,
Like swords thrust up in some red battle-light!

And then he turned, all dumb with his desire,
  And stumbled through still streets, until he found
The great bridge trembling underfoot and heard
  The trains go by him with a tempest sound.

Black, shapeless forms came shrieking with bright eyes;
  The sea-wind rolled like drums against his ears,
And he was singing, singing as he trod,
  And in his eyes were sudden, smarting tears.

The tallest spire enraptured him! He strode
  Under the roofed bridge, where the newsboys cry,
And out into that little breathing-space
  From whence the windows go into the sky.

And there he sought a bench and sat him down,
  Between two snoring vagabonds, who lay
Sprawled on their faces, . . . but his wakefulness
  Was like a lamp within him till the day.

. . . . . .

What did it mean? the stone flung like a song?
  The desk-light brothering the star? The whole
Up-sweep of roofs that is our native-land—
  What meaning had it, and what secret soul?

He sat with upturned eyes, as young men do,
  Until the lamp upon his face grew wan;
He saw his nation toiling in its House,
  Its tall, strange House that reached up for the dawn!

And dreaming, saw the Elder Worlds asleep
  In their low houses, beautiful with Time. . . .
The vagrant at his left side groaned and breathed,
  Lifting a face of cumulative grime—

"What's in yer gizzard, lad, that twists ye so?
I know! You're one of them wot's got a brain!
Now me—" His brother raised a blowzy head:
"Aw, hell!" He snarled, and fell asleep again.

Across the roofs the first, faint gold of dawn
Streaked the dun heavens, and the Day Men took
The windows of the sleepless, so that life
Went smoothly like a never-written book.

And Gayheart shook the cramps from his dull limbs,
Rose and went up the paper's curling stair
Until he reached the City Room. The Staff,
Half stripped of cloth, already sweated there.

But he dropped at his crazy, limping desk,
In the dim corner where the cubs are kept,
And wrote: *"America is wakefulness!"*
And fell face upon the words, and slept.

IV

Gayheart's book came back, and back again,
And still he mailed it out, with little lies
To cloak its failure—but I think we saw
The naked, frightened soul behind his eyes.

The lady boarder knew. I heard her say
A cruel thing: "Your book is home," she said,
"For Sunday dinner." But he passed her by
Without the slightest turning of his head.

She hated him. . . . And so mid-autumn fell,
With no abating coolness. Each new sun
Was like a murderer let out of locks,
And life went sickly, praying to be done.

A night fell when all sleep was vain. . . . I rose
And stumbled to the windowful of stars,
That was my share of heaven. . . . There I stood
Letting the soft night seep into my scars.

The window opened on a little court,
And suddenly a feeble thrust of flame
Stabbed like a pettish dagger through the dark,
Out of the night a ragged breathing came.

. . . I saw the Basement boarder stooping down,
His lean face bloodied with the touch of light.
A tongue of fire licked his hands . . . and died,
Brief as the flutter of a star in flight.

Somehow I sensed a tragedy. . . . The gloom
Was like a grave, the light leaped up no more.
I turned and groped down through the breathless house;
Until I saw him crouching by his door.

He stood there, staring at his empty hands
As though they'd done his dearest dream to death;
The palms were soiled and smeared with paper ash;
There was a reek of whisky on his breath.

"What's this?" I said. He raised his head and smiled
With a deep drunkenness that touched his soul.
"I'll tell you what it is! I've been a fool—
The sort of fool that makes a dream his goal.

"I've worked my heart out; done a decent thing—
And no one wants it! No one wants to look
Beneath the surface of this world of ours.
It's all damned artifice. . . . I've burned my book."

Even to me the thing seemed tragical—
As though he'd set a torch to half himself.

"What!" I cried, "burned your splendid poetry?
Laid yourself out like that upon a shelf?

"What will you do?" "I'll do as other men;
Harness my talent as a modern should
I'll do the obvious with all my age—
The cheap, the counterfeit, the understood!

"I've a new job this night; a fine, new job—"
He spat into the shadows of the place—
"Verse-making on a magazine! The sort
That wears a painted simper on its face.

"I'm rich . . . and drunk. I had to drink or scream,
And drink goes deep with me, . . . get me to bed.
I've slaughter on my soul—and verse to make.
My editor wants—something light—he said—

"Something that's brisk and—funny!" There he stood,
With those raw, suffering eyes and stared at me,
Until I near cried out. He was so white!
And older . . . older than a man should be.

I swear whole ages crumbled in his face,
For he had dreamed, and dreams are ancient things,
Bearing a harsher reckoning than Time
When once despair has crumbled up their wings.

I got him stripped and into bed at last,
The poor, spent lad! He lay there still and stark,
His smudged hands clenched across his shallow chest,
And moaned once as I crept out through the dark.

. . . . . .

Success came to him swiftly; made him drunk.
He gulped life as a drunkard gulps his bowl,

Forgetting all his splendid futile dreams—
He was an altered person to his soul.

He fattened and grew flushed; he learned to sneer;
His verses ran like swift, malignant flame,
Smirching the thing they touched and burning on
To wipe the pathway for his striding fame.

He left the Basement then; soared up two flights
With braggart wings, bought furniture and prints,
Nonsense, we called it!—and to crown the show
Decked out his trappings in a flowered chintz.

But that phase passed. His true self's tide flowed back,
We saw him drowning in his own strange deeps;
A crawling restlessness crept from his eyes,
The sort of serpent thing that never sleeps.

A month or two he clung to his gay nest,
Beat his wings breathlessly within a shell,
Made himself live with all his flaunted things,
Grim as a tortured convict in a cell.

And then his self's self conquered. . . . One May night
When earth was breathing fragrance to its core,
And open windows drank the breath of Spring,
He came and stood within my open door.

"Please," he said, "would you mind?" . . . And there he stopped,
Sucking his cheeks in like a timid boy.
"I've gone back to the Basement. . . . I've gone back!
The other room made life seem just a toy.

"And that's not right . . . There's something more to life
Than turning it to playthings . . . I've gone back,

To find my book again, to do the work
I'd planned to do according to my knack."

"Your book," I said. "Your book? You burned it, boy!"
He flinched. "I know. I feel its ashes still
Here on my hands. That's what I want of you—
I know that you can help me if you will."

His tone was light, and yet I heard him breathe
As men do in the ache and grip of strife.
I rose and went with him. Again he said,
"There's something more than toys to make of life."

The Basement, with its yellow tooth of light,
Grinned at us like a long-familiar face,
Whose daily wont of ugliness, revealed,
Mounts to a sin within the moment's space.

Its gaping door still breathed the winter's chill,
Its single window level with the street
Flickered with fragments of the passing world,
Hummed with whispered drudgery of feet.

And yet to him its very barrenness
Was like a savage penance. Standing there
He bruised himself upon its ugliness
Until the sweat stood out beneath his hair.

"I asked you down," he said, "to help me think,
To help remember." Once again the sweat
Stood out on him, and as I looked I knew
It was his soul had made his body wet.

He gripped me with the hunger of his eyes,
Hard as a knife his glance was, hard as steel.
"How did it go?—My book? I've thought and thought
Until my brain is like a going wheel."

I stared at him in sudden choking pain.
"Boy," I said. "For my life—" He cried, "You must!
It's all behind a door inside your mind;
It's there, if you will brush aside the dust!

"My own mind's locked against me. Now and then
A line comes back, a bare crumb at the most.
My plan, my meaning—all the soul within
Peers with the faded features of a ghost."

"It was the Town," I said, "in all its guise.
The Town! It was the crowds along the street;
Faces and spires and stately ships and dreams,
Desires, and winnings, and I think—defeat."

"Defeat," he gasped, "defeat!" And then he dropped
Down at his palsied desk and bowed his head
Upon his arms . . . I felt my flesh grow cold
As though that gesture meant a man struck dead.

"Oh," he said, from the prison of his arms,
"What god would wreck a man with one mistake?
Give him two selves and to each self a sword
So he's half slain or ever he's awake!"

He raised his haggard face. "In every man
There is division of the dust and dream,
And Youth is just the crossing of the swords
Before he takes his place within the scheme.

"The Town's a citadel for all things flesh,
And yet a man might storm it with a song,
Played he not traitor to himself . . . I quit,
And oh, it was the quitting that was wrong!

"I was so lonely for a thing to love,
A single look, a passing word of praise—

I was as near to triumph as a smile,
And now defeat, defeat for all my days!

"Cities are cruel things," he whispered then,
"Their slaves are Failure, and their gods Defeat."
In at the window came a thrust of wind,
Bearing the weary music of the street . . .

He leaped up with an oath, snapped off the light,
An instant, unforgetable, there gleamed
His white face . . . Then a whisper through the dark,
"I would to God that I had never dreamed."

. . . . . .

The years go slowly in a boarding-house
Sharpened with neither passions nor despairs;
Time seems to falter in those dim, gray halls—
The days are only footsteps on the stairs.

The Basement yawned for tenants, but none came;
It seemed completer for its emptiness.
Gayheart had been its last. . . . To me the room
Still wore the mantle of his soul's distress.

I never saw his face but once again;
It was a sharp cold midnight in the fall;
Broadway lay flaming like a polished sword,
As though one night were given to flame its all.

The theatres, bright-mouthed, poured forth a stream
Of pallid faces that the glare struck dead.
The street crawled, and the noise went up to God
In formless cries, like some great need unsaid.

The buffet of false brightness swept the night
With rosy blushes to the firmament.

Here ran the riot of a hoarded world,
  Here life was only reckoned to be spent!

And here, carved in that graceless art of fire,
  Stood Gayheart's name, a star's height o'er the street.
His words came back to me as clear as bells,
  "Their slaves are Failure, and their gods Defeat!"

Was this defeat, then? Was his fame defeat?
  I knew the sort of comic thing he'd done.
Had he forgot those ashes on his hands?
  Had he by hard forgetting played and won?

Then suddenly I saw him in the crowd,
  Beneath that scarlet flaunting of his name.
A smooth, smug mask of flesh was on him now;
  He was the very creature of his fame.

His boyishness had died . . . His hard, clean youth
  Was gone forever 'neath a whelm of clay.
Yet as I looked I saw him lift his head,
  And all his grossness seemed to fall away.

His hungry look went straight to Heaven's throne,
  High up into the folded book of stars,
And on his face I saw the Quest again—
  He was the seeker, fainting with his scars!

One glimpse and he was gone, . . . a soul blown on
  And lost at last beneath those painted skies.
Yet he still lives! There never dawns a day
  But I behold him in the City's eyes.

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THE COG, by *James Oppenheim*

MOLLY, with her hand on the door knob, turned to the two children in the kitchen.

"Won't you be still, children? Children, won't you?"

Then she softly opened the door and stepped noiselessly into the twilight room. Her husband lay asleep on the bed, stretched flat and fully dressed. She leaned over the breathing, living bulk of man, and brought her tender face close to his hot fevered cheeks and his rough gray hair. In the darkness he seemed so near and so far—so real and so unsubstantial.

. . . . . .

She felt swiftly over his soft warm cotton shirt for his hand; it was as if she were trying to take hold of him and keep him; and then a tear slid down to her chin and fell and touched the hot, fevered cheek.

The man stirred uncomfortably. "You, Moll?" His voice was thick and husky.

"Richard!" she cried.

She suddenly pushed her arm behind the pillow and drew his head up and kissed him passionately.

"Do you love me?" she whispered.

He did not answer.

"Richard!"

And then he suddenly pushed her off, struggled and sat up.

"Love!" he muttered. "You've let me oversleep." He leaned close, menacingly. *"You've let me oversleep."*

He gripped her arm hard and looked into her face.

"Damn you—it's time to go to work, ain't it so?"

"Yes, Dick," she murmured, "it's time to go to work. But you're not fit."

He tumbled out of bed, stood up, and then, as he was very sick and felt dizzy, he held on to the bedpost. But he spoke in a blaze of anger:

"And you know we're piling up a tonnage record, and you know the blooming mill depends on me, and you know I'll be fired if I don't mark time"—his voice put on a cutting edge—"and you come babying around—do I love you—shucks! Get me my supper and be quick about it."

He added something under his breath as he went reeling into the kitchen. The two children, Nellie and Bob, playing in a corner, stopped when they saw him and slid out the back door into the evening.

"You better get out," he muttered.

Then he sank all in a lump in a kitchen chair and leaned his head on the oilcloth-covered table. His fingers ran through his rough gray hair; and his lean face, with its burning blue eyes and knotty flushed cheeks, and big lips, was half shadowy, half starting out in the gaslight above him. Behind him the shiny black stove was breathing up heat about a sputtering coffee pot and a pan of potatoes.

Molly came in quietly, her face very pale. She poured off a cup of coffee, lightened it with milk, and set it before him. Then she hesitatingly pushed some potato slices on a plate and set it beside the coffee. He roughly pushed the plate aside.

"Take it away—fool!"

She made up her mind then to keep him from the mill at any cost. She spoke quietly: "You're sick; you're not going to work tonight."

"Who's going to stop me?"

"*I.*"

She leaned toward him, and lowered her voice. "I've been silent years—now I'm going to speak."

He clenched his fists and loosed his quick temper again. "Shut up! My God, you woman—"

Then she broke in with a sharp cry: "See! See! *What an animal you're getting to be!*"

He looked at her quickly then, and saw the fire in her clear gray eyes. "Animal?"

"Yes," she whispered tensely, "you're not a man any more. You're not even a decent father any more.—You don't love me any more!"

His mouth opened to speak, but he said nothing. He looked at her with a tragic sullenness, a bitter defiance.

"Richard," she cried again, "your work's come between us. You—a man of thirty-five—your hair's *gray!*—The steel mill's killing you. It's the twelve-hour day. Twelve hours a day for a whole week—and then twelve hours for seven nights. Seven nights you don't sleep with me. I never see you more than an hour at a time, and then you're dead tired." She raised her voice to a quivering cry: "It'd been better if we'd 'a' been found dead in each other's arms the night after we married, when we knew there was a God in this world! Our children were *damned,* not born!—This isn't a home for our children. It's no home where the man only eats and sleeps, and the woman drudges all day. Don't you understand, Dick? We have no time for any pleasures—and you're too tired to even read any more—and you haven't time to have friends in the house, or call and see people—and you're not any father. And what have the children got? This mill town—soot, smoke, noise, not a patch of green, not a clear sky, not a place to play—and all the ragged children here. Oh, when I think it's our children going to waste like this—and they so full of things that might be turned to good—and something so sweet in them—"

She stopped, staring into a terrible future.

"It's all the twelve-hour day," she muttered. "It makes the men cogs in the mills—no more. That's what you are. You're not a man; you're a cog."

His face struggled violently, he opened and closed his mouth. Then he half closed his eyes and snarled: "Now, you've spoke—and what are we going to *do,* eh?"

She spoke intensely: *"Strike!"*

"Strike, eh?" He smote the table with his fist. "Didn't

we strike here in Homestead in '92, and wasn't our union busted up good and thorough? And ain't they spies all through the mills, and it's worth a man's job to open his mouth or make a kick? And don't they own us on election day and it's vote with the bosses or quit? Talk's cheap!" he snapped his fingers. "But let me tell you, I hold down a thirty-five dollar a week job, and I couldn't earn half that elsewhere. I'm stuck. *They've got me—they've got me for life.* We have a few hundred in the bank, eh? But how long would that last? Do you want me to get a job at ten or twelve per, and live like a Hunk? A cog, eh? Well, what should I do?"

He staggered across the room, picked his hat and coat from a wall-hook and put them on. Molly leaped up with a low cry, rushed to the door, and stood with an arm across it.—He seized her two arms and pushed her aside. She gave a wild cry that called the children home, as he slammed the door and reeled down the street.

The evening was chilly, making him shiver, and in the smoky air street-lamps burned dimly about him. He turned the corner and walked down the hill. On one side, at the end of the street, stood the black wall of the mill grounds, on the other the smoke-blackened mill houses, each set in a cinder-dead soil that never bloomed.

Richard felt sick, utterly sick. He reeled through the smoky air, turned a corner and crossed a bridge into the mill grounds. Many other men were hurrying with him. As they went on, suddenly their grim faces were splashed by far fires and strange lights. They began stepping over intricate tangles of railway tracks in the yards, and all the time their faces shone brighter. Yet not a man of them took any interest, though all about them was one of the sublimest scenes of America.

They did not seem to see the shining tracks, the glistening red and green lanterns, the mills glowing through their windows like buildings eaten with fire, the tongues of flame

through the roofs, the vast swirls of blaze and red-shuddering smoke clouds, and the thousand chimney pipes looking through the changing lights. Through all this, among the buildings, over the rails, in the thick of a roar of machinery, a thunder and thirr and crash of tools, a confusion of yard-engines, shrieking up and down with little flat-cars, a hurry of lanterns—through it all, the men moved silently, dully, lit on every side, their black greasy overalls glistening as they moved.

Richard entered a large, square building where the sloping, many-beamed roof was in huge shadows. Set in the solid masonry of the floor were steel trapdoors. A man grasping a lever stood in front of one of these, just as an overhead crane, like a bridge running down the room, came whizzing along. From the crane hung suspended a huge steel hand. It stopped above the man; he at once pulled the lever, and the trap-door at his feet opened like a huge mouth, revealing the "soaking pit." This was a well of fire—white-hot—intolerable to the eye. Nor could the flesh come near it. But the huge steel hand never faltered. It reached down into the very hell of fire, and slowly drew out a dazzling, sizzling, white-hot ten-ton ingot of steel. This it bore down the room and shoved on to steel rollers that ran off into the adjoining room.

Richard entered this next room. At his side the rollers, one next to the other in a long path, were turning, and the ingot slid over them, and made straight for a huge "clothes wringer" that stood in its path. Suddenly it hit this steel-wringer with a loud "spla!"—there was a shower of sparks, and it went through with a wild "klong-a-a" like the howl of a hungry lioness. The great wringer pressed the steel out, but no sooner had it emerged on the other side, longer and flatter, than it was shot back, and so, back and forth, until it was thinned into a long, wide ribbon of steel, and was rolled away to the next room to be cooled and sheared.

Laborers hovered about the immense and intricate

wringer, and as the blazing ingot passed, their faces and forms came and went sharp and shadowy. Two men stood at opposite sides on a little platform above the "wringer," each with his hand on a lever. One controlled the direction of the rolls, the other the force of the pressure. Richard relieved the man at the pressure-lever, and at once his work began.

It was one of the most terrible nights of his life. He was sick; he could hardly hold his head straight; and yet he had to have a clear eye, a steady hand, and infinite patience. His gaze never left the hurrying ingot, and he had to gauge its thickness and what it would stand. Each time it drew near, it shot over him a consuming heat that burnt and smothered and made the flesh tingle intolerably. Ordinarily he would not have felt this, but tonight he was sick. The glare, too, hurt his eyes, and the steel lever got hot under his gloves.

There was no breathing spell. Ingot followed ingot without pause. He pulled the lever, and then with the wild howl, a shower of sparks, a smell of powder, the ingot was squeezed. The speed was terrific and grew worse, for the little foreman had given out the impression that his men must pile up a record and beat the output of the other mills. And the responsibility was what made a man old—for if anything went wrong, if an ingot was spoiled or the mill stopped, the money loss to the workers, as well as to the mill, was very large, for the men were paid by the ton.

Hour followed hour, and Richard pressed the lever down or pulled it up, his face twisted with the torture of the toil, every nerve, every muscle strained and alert and in action. His head now and then went dizzy and his face paled. Whenever he winked he saw a red ingot sliding back and forth. And worst of all, his heart was in wild and new revolt. He heard the cry of his wife—her words kept beating through his brain. Sick and desperate and struggling, he could not shun the truth. He knew that everything she

had said was true. Look at this machine—it did all the work—he, the man, merely waited on it, pulling a lever for it. That was his life. He was nothing but a cog. It was this for twelve hours, and then a bite, a sleep, and this again. What was he but an animal? Yes, Molly had told him.

And then, each time an ingot hit the wringer, some phrase went through his head and made him struggle inwardly. Bang—went an ingot!—and Molly was murmuring that he had no soul and did not love her.—Bang!—and she was speaking of the children.—Bang!—and she told him how he had stopped his reading.—Bang!—and his friends.—Bang!—And he didn't love Molly; how could he?—Bang!—He was getting to be an animal!

On and on it went, the noise, the glare, the heat, the dizzying sickness. Hour followed hour through the terrible night—hour after hour and no end near. His tongue and throat grew parched, and he seemed to be toiling over a sun-stricken desert of measureless, dazzling sand, toiling, lifting, sinking, burning. Now and then a shower of sparks leaped as through his brain; now and then the whole room turned red. Now he seemed to be pushing the lever down over the floating face of Molly, and her fearful cry rang through the mill. Now by a mighty effort he saw clearly again—the hovering laborers all sharp and shadowy, the advancing ingot, the gloomy, dark wringer, the menacing heights above him. But Molly kept saying: "Richard, you don't love me any more—you don't love me!"

So he gave the lever a good jam. There was a weird, unusual crash, a splutter, and a dozen men roared together. The rolls stopped, and in the queer silence Richard saw clearly again. He had jammed an ingot and broken a coupling sleeve. A sickening horror went through him. It meant the loss of an hour's time. He had tied up the whole mill. And all the other workers would lose in their wages, too.

All the men of the section came rushing toward him, shouting angrily. And then suddenly the little foreman came dancing up.

The little fellow swung a fist in Richard's face, and shrieked: "Damn you—damn you! Just as we're piling up a tonnage record!—I'll trim you for this—"

Then suddenly fifteen years of silent pressure blew off. Demons raged in Richard's heart; his brain went hot. With his powerful hands he gripped the little foreman by the throat.

"You damned little pusher," he snapped, "go to hell!"

The foreman choked and sputtered as he was released, and the ring of workmen stifled their smiles. Then the foreman backed away, muttering: "I suppose you know what this means?"

"Yes," said Richard, "it means good-night!"

He turned and walked off quietly. He went out into the yards. A brown dawn was searching its way through the swirling smoke, and in the vague light all the confusion and stir of the yards went on. But it never stopped, neither day nor night, through the years. The sick man, hot from the flames, trembled in the chilly air of the morning. His head, however, was acutely clear. He saw all about him. It must have been the blood in him, he reasoned. He came of old American stock—men and women who had given up the comfort and ease of home and followed their God to worship Him in the West—there in sweat, poverty, and hardship finding a freedom for the soul. He, too, could make the sacrifice. He, too, could go West. The West still called the freeman. The mighty farmlands needed labor—the Northwest needed pioneers. There, too, was room for little children—and sun and wind and a green space for the soul.

He was astonished to find how calmly he took it all. He felt as if he had left himself in the mill, and was a different man. A world slid off his shoulders. He was free, his

lips were loosed. In one stroke he had regained his manhood. For years the mills had muzzled him, worked him, sweated him, flung him out for a sleep and a bite, pulled him back into the machinery, taken from him his home, his friends, his books, his church, his leisure, his citizenship, his free speech—and wasted the man that might have been. Now he had jerked himself free.

He reached the street. The wind was blowing away, and the skies were clear above him. He looked up. He beheld the fading stars. And suddenly he stood still, and a wave of glory swept over him. Something broke within him—some crust about his heart—and like a revelation he was charged with light. The glad tears came to his eyes. He felt that he was beginning to live. He wanted to open his lips that his open heart might send its glory into words. He heard the wind singing about him, he heard the night-world laboring, the engines puffing, the mills roaring; he saw the lights of the street and human beings beneath them. His heart went out to the great world.

And then, as he went on, with fresh tides of life pouring through him, his soul went out to his own. He thought of his own children, he thought of his own wife. He marvelled at the strange years he had lived through—he marvelled at the miserable father and husband he had been. The father-passion, long numb, awoke and struck his heart; his man's love for this woman made him yearn with tenderness. And the glory bore him along like a boy in love.

He turned up the dim street,—the house was alight. He stepped around to the rear and pushed open the kitchen door and entered very softly. Molly was building a fire in the stove. She paused with a stick of kindling-wood in her hand, and looked at him.

He spoke in a queer, suppressed voice: "I want to see the children."

He pushed open his bedroom door and passed through to the room beyond. He was gone several minutes. When

he came back his lips were twitching, and tears were trickling down his face.

"Molly."

"Yes."

He drew a step nearer. He tried to control himself. He spoke softly. "I've—been—fired."

She stared at him. *"Fired?"* she cried.

"Fired! And we're as poor as mice."

She gave a great cry and held out her arms, and drew him close—and closer—passionately hugging him.

And as he felt her arms about him—tight, tight—her lips pressed to his—her living presence closing with his soul—suddenly it was as if there was a rip in his heart: love made him tremble, and he murmured:

"Molly, I love you—I love you again!"

And life was sweet again, and they were poor.

From *Pay Envelopes* by James Oppenheim, published by B. W. Huebsch. Reprinted here by permission from the publishers.

A Prairie City, by *Waldo Frank*

SURELY no other American city lives so close to its earth. You must think of prairie. Beyond the flatness of Lake Michigan another flatness. A thousand miles of it, rising with incalculable leisure to the sudden climax of the Rocky Mountains. This is the prairie. Rich black earth spread like the sky. The Mississippi and his legion of waters make it fecund. Nations of Indians called it their world and their mother. Buffalo roamed over it like the winds. And then the white man. Buffalo and Indians vanished. But the loam of the plains was ready like a wantom woman. Here was a race who would plant endless wheat and corn, a race of insatiate desire. The prairie would have fruit to dower and dominion the world. Here at last was a race of lovers to satisfy a prairie.

The train flows over the flat land. Green farms, the warm, brown lurch of country roads wither away. Here is a sooty sky hanging forever lower. The sun is a red ball retreating. The heave of the prairie lies palpable still to the grimed horizons. But on it, a thick deposit: gray, drab, dry—litter of broken steel, clutter of timber, heapings of brick. The sky is a stain: the air is streaked with runnings of grease and smoke. Blanketing the prairie, this fall of filth, like black snow—a storm that does not stop. . . . The train glides farther in toward the storm's center. Chimneys stand over the world, and blackness upon it. There is no sky now. Above the bosom of the prairie, the spread of iron and wooden refuse takes on form. It huddles into rows: it rises and stampedes and points like a lay of metal splinters over a magnet. This chaos is polarized. Energy makes it rigid and direct. Behold the roads without eyes wrench into line: straighten and parallel. The endless litter of wood is standing up into wooden shanties. The endless shanties of wood assemble to streets. Iron and smoke and brick converge and are mills and yards. The shallow streets mount like long waves into a sea of habitations. And all this tide is thick above the prairie. Dirt, drab houses, dominant chimneys. A sky of soot under the earth of flaming ovens. Rising into a black crescendo as the train cuts underneath high buildings, shrieking freight-cars, to a halt. But on all sides still, with vast flanks spreading and breathing and inviting, the unburied prairie. . . .

Chicago is a symbol. A splendid one, not subtle and hidden away but brutal like itself, and naked clear. A symbol that speaks in the facts of life. An open city. On the east, the fresh Michigan sea. Prairie everywhere else. Let it spread free like the dirty winds that tear it to bits. Even the Lake makes contribution to its mud. Widens the shores. Even the Lake—and all else to what measure!—gives of its depths to fatten Chicago.

You have come in on a train. Everywhere trains come

into Chicago. In the moneyed precincts by the Lake, in the endless wooden miles of the poor West Side, in the industrial hells to the South. A vast flat city, cut to bits by tracks of steel. A lacerated city. A city destroyed by the iron flails that beat it into being.

There is no peace in the Chicago streets. But there are freight-cars.

A mile of avenue. Low houses, soiled and blind, with garish fronts for shops, facing a clanging gutter. And then, the trolley lurches with gnashing wheel and there is a freight-yard. Myriad tracks, burdened with unloading box-cars, along which the engines scatter their black message over the city. A dim place at day with its soot and grime and the dust of the plains shedding from its iron conduits. And at night an inferno: red flame and black shadow and the loom of masses sliding on tracks through the torn city.

With the long steel thrusts of its railways, all America mangles Chicago: and by the channels of its thrusts pours produce, pours wealth, pours of its life, and makes Chicago. Freight-cars block streets, engine-smoke blinds windows. Even the water comes in upon the open city. Two rivers curl about the town like sleepy pythons. High boats from the Lake stand also above the houses. Like roads of steel, the river-roads play havoc with the streets: cut them open, choke traffic. Masses of men black the fenders of a drawbridge while three fat tugs laze by, piled up with onions and manure. By the river as by the tracks, the streets have their shapes and their meaning.

Warehouses stand sheer from the waters, where boats can moor and time be saved. And on the houses' other side, the frenzy of shops and merchantmen, selling the stuff of the ships. Factories make their way close to the train-yards. The cars run their coal and their ore to the ovens' mouth. Such are the masters, hewing the city to their imperious needs. Houses where men dwell merely are shoved away, out of sight, into off-hand pools where neither rail nor river

runs. For these are the true blood-conduits of Chicago. By them, the life is quickest, life's meaning clearest. Factory and mill, standing insatiate over the train yards and the rivers, speak for the city which they have gathered about them.

In the South Side, in what has become the heart of Chicago, stretch the stinking miles of stockyards. Dante would have recognized this world. A sunken city of blood. Black buildings loom over narrow, muddy paths where the sun cannot dry the slime. Fantastic chutes and passageways twist against the sky, leading into the shadow of muffled houses. Muffled sounds disappear against the reeking walls. Men move about with bloody hands and the whites of their eyes gleaming. Beyond, the pens of the cattle. Miles of them also. A prostrate, charted world for the towering hell. Cut through by steel-rails and snorting locomotives. And on the other side, the pens of the men and women who slay the cattle and who, in turn, are consumed.

Less regular, these pens of men. Streets? Scarcely. Rather alleys that limp through puddles and broken gutters to other alleys—or into refuse piles—or into walls. Low, sodden houses of wood. Windows tight shut in summer, in order to keep out the thickest of the stench. Acid-eaten, soot-stained houses, soaked with all the floating excrement of the meat-mills. In them at night, Slav and Magyar and Croat who dreamed of a Promised Land. And at day, children playing in the filth of the streets, waiting to grow up, waiting to join their parents.

On the one side, trains pour in the cattle and the hogs. On the other, trains pour in the men and the women. Cattle and hogs from the West. Women and men from the East. Between, stockaded off by the dripping walls, the slaughter houses stand mysterious, and throb to their ceaseless profit. High buildings over a sunken world, knitted together by elevated rails and secret compacts. Knitted into a sort of hierarchy whose sort of power is manifest about them. But

over all, and joining all, over the meat and the men and the feudal masters, is something else. The spirit of the place—perhaps its soul: an indescribable stench. It is composed of mangled meat, crushed bone, blood soaking the floors, corroding the steel, and sweat. A stench that is warm and thick, and that is stubborn. A stench somehow sorrowful and pregnant, as if the sweat of men joined with the guts of beasts brought forth a new drear life. And when the wind is from the south, this stench is wafted out to the entire city.

. . . . . .

Chicago is the dream of the industrial god. Chaos incarnate.

The miracle of Chicago is that it is also something else. The miracle of Chicago is that this stew of steel and smoke should be inhabited by men and women.

Looking upon Chicago, you might see no miracle. Here is a sticky smudge on the face of the prairie. Alive it must be with maggots and with midges. Makers of soot: eaters of soot: dwellers in iron. Not men and women. So the observer might have it. The poet has only his dream. . . .

Go into the Chicago streets. The elevated trains make greater noise, the street cars are more brutal tangents of commotion, than in the Eastern cities. The murky coating over the sky shuts in the fever of life, raises it to a higher, stifled power. But though the city reaches up in stone, or flattens to an unending desert of wood dwellings, there is an unbridled force about, that is not these things.

The Chicagoan is alive. He is not cowed: he is not refined away; there is a part of him still which the Machine has not sucked nor the black air blighted. The Chicagoan walks with swift step through the harshness of his city. But his feet are somehow planted on the prairie. His feet have not forgotten the feel of the rich loam: nor the greenness which comes forth from it.

Do not talk to the Chicagoan! He will talk business. He will talk size. He will talk ugly. He will boast of the steel strait-jacket which has not yet quite girthed him. He will compare his mills and railroads with the cash of New York. He does not know what he is saying. He does not know that he is still alive. He is like a young free man, with happy gait, aping the authoritative stiffness of his Papa. This life in him is all unuttered: and he is pouring it fast into a mold that must destroy it. Only the hell in which he somehow has survived speaks and knows its meaning. He gives his life to the furtherance of that death. He rushes like a poet through the streets. But it is to serve the Mills.

Therefore, if Chicago is the city of Hope, the reason is that there, Despair has simply not yet altogether won. Chicago is still fluent, still chaotic. In the black industrial cloak are still interstices of light.

New York has *set*. New York is so perfectly Industrialism's flower, that no flower is left. Industrial disorder has its order. Industrial anarchy has its law. New York is clutched in them. But in Chicago, the chaos is still chaos. The material is still raw, and therefore pregnant. In many ways, this turbulent city represents today what New York was years ago. It is unkempt, uncouth, ceremonious and callous. It has little inkling of Metropolitan behavior. It is not organized. It lacks coordination. It is not altogether and irrevocably pledged. New York was once like this, but with a difference. Thirty years ago, Industrialism was still hale and absolute in its blighting sway. It held New York in a grip that no other forces contested, no vision in America could swerve. New York was doomed. Today, Chicago moves in the same course, is driven by the same control. But during these thirty years Industrialism has grown weaker, Puritanism paler. They have proved their failure to supply the loves and desires of already one non-pioneer-

ing generation. A new Order raises its rebel head and looks about for itself. A new vision disputes the encompassing blindness.

Another thirty years like the thirty that have passed, and the Miracle would live no more in the Chicago streets. It would be dead. The prairie would be buried under the smoke and the steel and the stench. The men who walk would not feel the loam beneath their feet: the touch of creative life would be gone from their blood. They would be altogether bound by the dead world they gave their lives to build. But another thirty years like the thirty that have passed—?

From *Our America* by Waldo Frank. Reprinted here by permission from the publishers, Boni & Liveright.

THE TOWERS OF MANHATTAN, by *Don Marquis*

ON the middle arch of the bridge
I stood,
And mused, as the twilight failed—
The bridge that murmurs and sings
Swinging between the tides and the skies
Like a harp that the sea winds sweep—
Night flooded in from the bay,
With billow on billow of shadow and beauty,
With wave upon wave
Of illusion and dusk,
And before me, apparelled in splendour,
Banded with loops of light,
Clothed on with purple and magic,
Rose the tall towers of Manhattan,
Wonderful under the stars.

Whence has this miracle sprung
To challenge the skies?

From the plinth of our girdled island,
Guarded by sentinel waters,
How has this glory arisen?
Whence is the faith,
What is the creed,
That has dowered the dumb brute rock and sullen iron
With a beauty so vital,
With a grace so vivid and real?
Whence the strong wings of this lyric that soars like a song
in stone?

For the builders
Builded in blindness;
Little they thought of the ultimate
Uses of beauty!
Little they kenned and nothing they recked
Of the raptures of conscious and masterful art—
They builded as blind as the men who raised
The naïvely blasphemous challenge of Babel—
For they wrought in the sordid humour
Of greed
And the lust for power;
And wrought in the heat of the bitter
Battle for gold;
And some of them ground men's lives for their mortar,
Taking the conquerors' toll
From the veins and bones of the driven millions—
Of curses and tears they builded,
Of cruelty and crime and sorrow—
And behold!
By a baffling magic
Is the work of these builders transmuted
To temples and towers that are crowned
With a glamour transcendent
That lifts up the heart like the smile of a god.

And how has this beauty sprung out of greed?
The dust is the dust, and forever
Receiveth its own;
But the dreams of a man or a people
Forever survive—
These builders, their crimes and their curses,
Their greed and their sordid endeavour,
Lie in the dust,
Dead in the dust,
But the vision, the dream and the glory
Remain.

Triumphantly over all
Rises the secret hope,
Rises the baffled illusion,
Rises the broken dream
That hid in the heart of the conquered,
That dwelt in the conqueror's breast—
By the side of each man as he laboured,
Unseen and unknown
Laboured his dream—

Now, eminent,
Fronting the morning,
Mysterious,
Clothed with the night,
Rises the crushed aspiration,
The unconscious and scarcely articulate prayer,
Rises the faith forgotten,
Rises the spurned ideal,
Triumphs the god denied,
Conquers the creed betrayed,
Rises the broken spirit.
All flowering in visible, durable marvel of stone and of steel,
Miraculous under the heavens,
Wonderful under the stars.

Mock at the gods if you will,
Even forget their existence,
But always they labour in secret
To bring to a sudden and golden achievement their subtle intentions—
And lo! from the dung a lily!
A temple out of the clay!
A city out of a rabble!
And behold
The strong hands of Manhattan
Mightily lifted up
And grasping the gold of the sunset
For a crown for her head!

From *Poems and Portraits* by Don Marquis. Copyright, 1922, by Doubleday, Doran & Company, Inc.

THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. WOOLWORTH, by *A. G. Gardiner*

THROUGH the grey mists that hang over the water in the late autumn afternoon there emerges a deeper shadow. It is like the serrated mass of a distant range of mountains, except that the sky-line is broken with a precision that suggests the work of man rather than the careless architecture of nature. The mass is compact and sheer on either side, in bold precipitous cliffs, broken by horizontal lines, and dominated by one kingly, central peak that might be the Matterhorn if it were not so suggestive of the spire of some cathedral fashioned for the devotions of a Cyclopean race. As the vessel from afar moves slowly through the populous waters and between the vaguely defined shores of the harbor, another shadow emerges ahead, rising out of the sea in front of the mountain mass. It is a colossal statue, holding up a torch to the open Atlantic.

Gradually, as you draw near, the mountain range takes definition. It turns to houses made with hands, vast struc-

tures with innumerable windows. The day begins to darken. Points of light begin to shine from the windows like stars in the darkening firmament, and soon the whole mountain range glitters with thousands of tiny lamps. The sombre mass has changed to a fairy palace, glowing with illuminations from the foundations to the topmost height of the giddy precipices, the magic spectacle culminating in the scintillating pinnacle of the slender cathedral spire. The first daylight impression was of something as solid and enduring as the foundations of the earth; the second, in the gathering twilight, is of something slight and fanciful, of towering proportions but infinitely fragile structure, a spectacle as airy and dream-like as a tale from the Arabian Nights.

It is "down town." It is America thrusting out the spearhead of its astonishing life to the Atlantic. On the tip of this tongue of rock that lies between the Hudson River and the East River is massed the greatest group of buildings in the world. Behind the mountain range, all over the tongue of rock for a dozen miles or more, stretches an incalculable maze of streets, not rambling about in the easy-going fashion of the London street, which generally seems a little uncertain of its direction, but running straight as an arrow, north and south, or east and west, crosswise between the Hudson and the East River, longwise to the Harlem River, which joins the two streams, and so forms this amazing island of Manhattan. And in this maze of streets, through which the noble Fifth Avenue marches like a central theme, there are many lofty buildings that shut out the sunlight from the causeway and leave it to gild the upper stories of the great stores and the towers of the many churches and the gables of the houses of the merchant princes, giving, on a sunny afternoon, a certain cloistral feeling to the streets as you move in the shadows with the sense of the golden light filling the air above, while around the Grand Central Station, which is one of the architectural glories of "up

town" New York, the great hotels stand like mighty fortresses to dwarf the delicate proportions of the great terminus.

But it is in "down town," the tip of the tongue put out to the Atlantic, that New York reveals itself most startlingly to the stranger. It is like a gesture of power. Generally the great cities are untheatrical enough. There is not an approach to London, or Paris, or Berlin, which offers any shock of surprise. You are sensible that you are leaving the green fields behind, that factories are becoming more frequent, and streets more continuous, and then you find that you have arrived. But New York and, through New York, America, greets you with its most typical spectacle before you land. It holds it up as if in triumphant assurance of its greatness. It ascends its topmost tower and shouts its challenge and its invitation over the Atlantic. "Down town" stands like a strong man on the shore of the ocean, asking you to come in to the wonderland that lies behind these terrific battlements. See, he says, how I toss these towers to the skies. Look at this muscular development. And I am only the advance agent. I am only a symbol of what lies behind. I am only a foretaste of the power that heaves and throbs through the veins of the giant that bestrides this continent for three thousand miles, from this gateway to the Atlantic to his gateway to the Pacific and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico.

And if, after the long monotony of the sea, the impression of this terrific gateway from without holds the mind, the impression from within stuns the mind. You stand in the Grand Cañon, in which Broadway ends, a street here no wider than Fleet Street, but a street imprisoned between two precipices that rise perpendicular to an altitude more lofty than the cross of St. Paul's Cathedral—square towers, honeycombed with thousands of rooms, with scurrying hosts of busy people, flying up in lifts—called "elevators" for

short—clicking at typewriters, performing all the myriad functions of the great god Mammon, who reigns at the threshold of the giant.

For this is the very keep of his castle. Here is the throne from which he rules the world. This little street running out of the Grand Cañon is Wall Street, and that low, modest building, looking curiously demure in the midst of these monstrous bastions, is the House of Morgan, the high priest of Big Money. A whisper from his street and distant worlds are shaken. Europe, beggared by the war, stands, cap in hand, on the kerbstone of Wall Street, with its francs and its marks and its sovereigns wilting away before the sun of the mighty dollar. And as you stand in devout respect before the modest threshold of the high priest a babel of strange sounds comes up from Broad Street near by. You turn towards it and come suddenly upon another aspect of Mammon, more strange than anything pictured by Hogarth —in the street a jostling mass of human beings, fantastically garbed, wearing many-colored caps like jockeys or pantaloons, their heads thrown back, their arms extended high as if in prayer to some heathen deity, their fingers working with frantic symbols, their voices crying in agonized frenzy, and at a hundred windows in the great buildings on either side of the street little groups of men and women gesticulating back as wildly to the mob below. It is the outside market of Mammon.

You turn from this strange nightmare scene and seek the solace of the great cathedral that you saw from afar towering over these battlements like the Matterhorn. The nearer view does not disappoint you. Slender and beautifully proportioned, it rises in great leaps to a pinnacle nearly twice as high as the cross of St. Paul's Cathedral. It is the temple of St. Woolworth. Into this masterpiece he poured the wealth acquired in his sixpenny bazars, and there it stands, the most significant building in America and the first turret to catch the noose of light that the dawn flings daily over the

Atlantic from the East. You enter its marble halls and take an express train to the forty-ninth floor, flashing in your journey past visions of crowded offices, tier after tier. Offices of banks and publishers and merchants and jewelers, like a great street, Piccadilly or the Strand, that has been miraculously turned skywards by some violent geological "fault." And at the forty-ninth floor you get out and take another "local" train to the top, and from thence you look giddily down, far down even upon the great precipices of the Grand Cañon, down to the streets where the moving throng you left a few minutes ago looks like a colony of ants or black beetles wandering uncertainly over the pavement.

And in the midst of the great fortresses of commerce, two toy buildings with tiny spires. You have been in them, perhaps, and know them to be large churches, St. Paul's and Trinity, curiously like our own city churches. Once New York nestled under their shadows; now they are swallowed up and lost at the base of the terrific structures that loom above them. In one of them you will have seen the pew of George Washington still decorated with the flag of the thirteen stars of the original union. Perhaps you will be tempted to see in this inverted world an inverted civilization. There will flash on your mind's eye the vision of the great dome that seems to float in the heavens over the secular activities of another city, still holding aloft, to however negligent and indifferent a generation, the symbol of the supremacy of spiritual things. And you will wonder whether in this astonishing spectacle below you, in which the temples of the ancient worship crouch at the porch of these Leviathan temples of commerce, there is the unconscious expression of another philosophy of life in which St. Woolworth and not St. Paul points the way to the stars.

And for the correction to this disquieting thought you turn from the scene below to the scene around. There in front lies the harbor, so near that you feel you could cast a stone into it. And beyond the open Atlantic, with all its sug-

gestions of the tide of humanity, a million a year, that has flowed, with its babel of tongues and its burden of hopes, past the statue with the torch that stands in the midst of the harbor, to be swallowed up in the vastness of the great continent that lies behind you. You turn and look over the enormous city that, caught in the arms of its two noble rivers, extends over many a mile before you, with its overflow of Brooklyn on the far bank of one stream, and its overflow of Jersey City on the far bank of the other. In the brilliant sunshine and the clear, smokeless atmosphere the eye travels far over this incredible vista of human activity. And beyond the vision of the eye, the mind carries the thought onward to the great lakes and the seething cities by their shores, and over the illimitable plains westward to sunny lands more remote than Europe, but still obedient to the stars and stripes, and southward by the great rivers to the tropic sea.

And, as you stand on this giddy pinnacle, looking over New York to the far horizons, you find your mind charged with enormous questionings. They will not be diminished when, after long journeyings towards these horizons, after days and nights of crowded experiences in many fields of activity, you return to take a farewell glimpse of America. On the contrary, they will be intensified. They will be penetrated by a sense of power unlike anything else the world has to offer—the power of immeasurable resources, still only in the infancy of their development, of inexhaustible national wealth, of a dynamic energy that numbs the mind, of a people infinitely diverse, yet curiously one—one in a certain fierce youthfulness of outlook, as of a people in the confident prime of their morning and with all the tasks and possibilities of the day before them. In the presence of this tumultuous life, with its crudeness and freshness and violence, one looks back to Europe as to something avuncular and elderly, a mellowed figure of the late afternoon, a little tired and more than a little disillusioned and battered by the journey.

For him the light has left the morning hills, but here still clothes those hills with hope and spurs on to adventure.

That strong man who meets you on the brink of Manhattan Rock and tosses his towers to the skies is no idle boaster. He has, in his own phrase, "the goods." He holds the world in fee. What he intends to do with his power is not very clear, even to himself. He started out, under the inspiration of a great prophet, to rescue Europe and the world from the tyranny of militarism, but the infamies of European statesmanship and the squalid animosities of his own household have combined to chill the chivalrous purpose. In his perplexity he has fallen a victim to reaction at home. He is filled with panic. He sees Bolshevism behind every bush, and a revolutionist in everyone who does not keep in step. Americanism has shrunk from a creed of world deliverance to a creed of American interest, and the "100 percent American" in every disguise of designing self-advertisement is preaching a holy war against everything that is significant and inspiring in the story of America. It is not a moment when the statue of Liberty, on her pedestal out there in the harbor, can feel very happy. Her occupation has gone. Her torch is no longer lit to invite the oppressed and the adventurer from afar. On the contrary, she turns her back on America and warns the alien away. Her torch has become a policeman's baton.

And as, in the afternoon of another day, brilliant, and crisp with the breath of winter, you thread your way once more through the populous waters of the noble harbor and make for the open sea, you look back upon the receding shore and the range of mighty battlements. The sun floods the land you are leaving with light. At this gateway he is near his setting, but at the far gateway of the Pacific he is still in his morning prime, so vast is the realm he traverses. You are conscious of a great note of interrogation taking shape in the mind. Is that Cathedral of St. Woolworth the authentic expression of the soul of America, or has this

mighty power you are leaving another gospel for mankind? And as the light fades and battlements and pinnacle merge into the encompassing dark there sounds in the mind the echoes of an immortal voice—"Let us here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth!"

And with that resounding echo in the mind you bid farewell to America, confident that, whatever its failures, the great spirit of Lincoln will outlive and outsoar the pinnacle of St. Woolworth.

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PART V

CRITICISM

INTRODUCTION

NATURE, says Oliver Wendell Holmes, when she made artists contrived to make critics of the chips that were left.

This recognition of the essential kinship of creator and critic, of the fact that the critic too is made of the creative stuff, has expressed itself in a new school of criticism, defined by Spingarn and defended by Mencken as "creative criticism." Evaluation of the product becomes only a point of departure; the critic's real joy, his real mission is to express himself.

In other words, the critic is always meddling in the creative process of making things in his own image,—only the critic is making them over; instead of starting with the raw material, he starts with what other men have done, and then proceeds to remold it nearer to his heart's desire.

In this spirit of daring reconstruction, of creative enterprise, critics have approached America, have revaluated her literature, her art, her cities, her industries, her education,—all the complex fabric of her civilization. In the clash of ideas stirred up by this revaluation, the fun begins. "It's difference of opinion," Mark Twain said, "that makes horse-races," and certainly it's difference of opinion that makes criticism. Mr. Mencken's most violent prejudices are Mr. Sherman's most revered traditions. Mr. Mencken leading the extreme left, Mr. Sherman defending the right, are captains of two schools of criticism whose pitched battles are directing attention to the new America of letters. The Old Guard rallies to the defence of the Great Twin Brethren, Puritanism and Industrialism; the self-styled Younger Intellectuals retort that the wine of the Puritans is only vinegar, that the idol of the marketplace is a Juggernaut, crush-

ing its mad devotees. A committee of thirty serious-minded intelligentsia sat as a self-appointed coroner's jury upon Civilization in the United States, and found it murdered by the vicious conspiracy of Puritanism and Capitalism. Randolph Bourne, indomitable frail spirit, sounded the clarion call of the Youth movement. Lewis Mumford has traced in American architecture the changing idols of American culture, in American literature the dawning and the waning of a Golden Day. These United States have been investigated one at a time by informed observers, but in no state from Maryland, Apex of Normalcy to California the Prodigious, did the appraiser find the Ideal Commonwealth, the Utopia where the good life is the precious birthright of all citizens.

But perhaps we are a little too intimately involved in the point at issue to take an entirely detached and dispassionate view of our case. If we prefer the verdict of an outsider, plenty of willing candidates offer themselves for jury duty. We Americans have no need to echo the pious wish of Burns:

> "O wad some power the giftie gie us
> To see ourselves as ithers see us."

In our case the prayer has been answered before it could be formulated. It has become a regular procedure, with almost the binding power of an unwritten law, that every English man of letters who spends six weeks or so on this side the Atlantic, lecturing and being lionized, should follow up his trip with a book of dogmatic and usually damning generalizations about his late hosts. When Dickens ridiculed us in *American Notes* and *Martin Chuzzlewit,* when Mrs. Trollope turned up her nose at the Domestic Manners of the Americans, when Matthew Arnold criticised General Grant's grammar, Americans reacted with natural resentment. But we have long since become inured to that sort of thing and ceased to feel either resentment or an inferior-

ity complex before the animadversions of roving critics. Or perhaps an astute psychologist would say that we have covered our inferiority complex by a defense mechanism and have built up a consoling belief in our immense superiority to other men of other nations. Lowell, in the mid-nineteenth century, when the strictures of Dickens and Arnold were still smarting, wrote of "A Certain Condescension in Foreigners." Agnes Repplier, writing in the third decade of the twentieth century, admits that the tables have been turned, and that the condescension of recent years has been on the side of the Americans. This fatuous condescension has been immortalized in Babbitt's speech before the Realtors' Board of Zenith, with its peppy contrast of the Ideal Citizen, who may also be a successful writer or picture painter, with "the shabby bums living in attics and feeding on booze and spaghetti" who have sustained the tradition of European art.

Timorous dependence may be the attitude of childhood, —of the period of our cultural humility; cocksure independence may be the attitude of adolescence,—the gilded age of moronic Babbitts; but appreciative interdependence, neither abjectly humble nor aggressively self-confident, is the attitude of America's Coming of Age. In this spirit the American from the Port of New York stands between the Old World and the New, conscious that whatever his heritage from European culture, that heritage must be re-created in terms of These States. So Alwyn Tower in *The Grandmothers* turns from his European acquaintance to memories of the old stories of the frontier, the dimly remembered, half-glimpsed tales of his grandmothers. "For a moment all Europe seemed less significant than the vicissitudes of pioneers.—Whether he liked them or not, he was their son." He must understand them if he was to understand himself. "There is a time in every man's education," wrote Emerson, "when he arrives at the conviction that envy is ignorance,

that imitation is suicide, that he must take himself for better, for worse as his portion." That time comes also to nations. America has arrived at this crossroads of criticism, this abdication of both cultural humility and crass egotism, this attempt at honest self-analysis.

I

AS OTHERS SEE US

THE SIMPLE LIFE IN AMERICA, by *Frances Trollope*

THE "simple" manner of living in Western America was more distasteful to me from its levelling effects on the manners of the people than from the personal privations that it rendered necessary; and yet, till I was without them, I was in no degree aware of the many pleasurable sensations derived from the little elegances and refinements enjoyed by the middle classes in Europe. There were many circumstances, too trifling even for my gossiping pages, which pressed themselves daily and hourly upon us, and which forced us to remember painfully that we were not at home. It requires an abler pen than mine to trace the connexion which I am persuaded exists between these deficiencies and the minds and manners of the people. All animal wants are supplied profusely at Cincinnati, and at a very easy rate; but alas! these go but a little way in the history of a day's enjoyment. The total and universal want of manners, both in males and females, is so remarkable that I was constantly endeavoring to account for it. It certainly does not proceed from want of intellect. They appear to me to have clear heads and active intellects; are more ignorant on subjects that are only of conventional value than on such as are of intrinsic importance; but there is no charm, no grace in their conversation. I very seldom, during my whole stay in the country, heard a sentence elegantly turned and correctly pronounced from the lips of an American. There is always something either in the expression or the accent that jars the feelings and shocks the taste.

I will not pretend to decide whether man is better or worse off for requiring refinement in the manners and customs of the society that surrounds him, and for being incapable of enjoyment without them; but in America, that polish which removes the coarser and rougher parts of our nature is unknown and undreamed of.—

Captain Hall, when asked what appeared to him to constitute the greatest difference between England and America, replied, like a gallant sailor, "the want of loyalty." Were the same question put to me, I should answer, "the want of refinement."

Were Americans, indeed, disposed to assume the plain, unpretending deportment of the Switzer in the days of his picturesque simplicity (when, however, he never chewed tobacco) it would be in bad taste to censure him; but this is not the case. Jonathan will be a fine gentleman, but it must be in his own way. Is he not a free-born American? Jonathan, however, must remember, that if he will challenge competition with the old world, the old world will now and then look out to see how he supports his pretensions.

With their hours of business, whether judicial or mercantile, civil or military, I have nothing to do; I doubt not they are all spent wisely and profitably; but what are the hours of recreation? Those hours that with us are passed in the enjoyment of all that art can win from nature; when, if the elaborate repast be more deeply relished than sages might approve, it is redeemed from sensuality by the presence of elegance and beauty. What is the American pendant to this? I will not draw any comparisons between a good dinner party in the two countries; I have heard American gentlemen say that they could perceive no difference between them; but in speaking of general manners, I may observe, that it is rarely they dine in society, except in taverns and boarding-houses. Then they eat with the greatest possible rapidity and in total silence.

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On one occasion, I passed an evening in company with a gentleman, said to be a scholar and a man of reading.—To me he spoke as Paul to the offending Jews; he did not, indeed, shake his raiment at me, but he used his pocket-handkerchief so as to answer the purpose; and if every sentence did not end with "I am clean," pronounced by his lips, his tone, his look, his action fully supplied the deficiency.

Our poor Lord Byron, as may be supposed, was the bull's eye against which every dart in his black little quiver was aimed. I had never heard any serious gentleman talk of Lord Byron at full length before, and I listened attentively. It was evident that the noble passages which are graven on the hearts of the genuine lovers of poetry had altogether escaped the serious gentleman's attention; and it was equally evident that he knew by rote all those that they wish the mighty master had never written. I told him so, and I shall not soon forget the look he gave me.

Of other authors his knowledge was very imperfect, but his criticisms were amusing. Of Pope, he said, "He is so entirely gone by, that in *our* country it is considered quite fustian to speak of him."

But I persevered, and named "The Rape of the Lock" as evincing some little talent, and being in a tone that might still hope for admittance in the drawing-room; but on the mention of this poem, the serious gentleman became almost as strongly agitated as when he talked of Don Juan; and I was unfeignedly at a loss to comprehend the nature of his feelings, till he muttered, with an indignant shake of the handkerchief, "The very title!"

At the name of Dryden he smiled, and the smile spoke as plainly as a smile could speak, "How the old woman twaddles!"

"We only know Dryden by quotations, Madam, and these, indeed, are found only in books that have long since had their day."

"And Shakespeare, Sir?"

"Shakespeare, Madam, is obscene, and, thank God, WE are sufficiently advanced to have found it out! If we must have the abomination of stage plays, let them at least be marked by the refinement of the age in which we live."

This was certainly being *au courant du jour.*

Of Massenger, he knew nothing. Of Ford, he had never heard. Gray had had his day, Prior he had never read, but understood he was a very childish writer. Chaucer and Spenser he tied in a couple, and dismissed by saying that he thought it was neither more nor less than affectation to talk of authors who wrote in a tongue no longer intelligible.

This was the most literary conversation I was ever present at in Cincinnati.

In truth, there are many reasons which render a very general diffusion of literature impossible in America. I can scarcely class the universal reading of newspapers as an exception to this remark; if I could, my statement would be exactly the reverse, and I should say that America beat the world in letters. The fact is, that throughout all ranks of society, from the successful merchant, which is the highest, to the domestic serving man, which is the lowest, they are all too actively employed to read, except at such broken moments as may suffice for a peep at a newspaper.

From *The Domestic Manners of the Americans* by Frances Trollope, published by Dodd, Mead & Company. Reprinted here by permission from the publishers.

Civilization in the United States, by *Matthew Arnold*

WHAT is civilization? It is the humanization of man in society, the satisfaction for him, in society, of the true law of human nature. Man's study, says Plato, is to discover the right answer to the question *how to live?* our aim, he says, is very and true life. We are more or less

civilized as we come more or less near to this aim, in that social state which the pursuit of our aim essentially demands. But several elements or powers, as I have often insisted, go to build up a complete human life. There is the power of conduct, the power of intellect and knowledge, the power of beauty, the power of social life and manners; we have instincts responding to them all, requiring them all. And we are perfectly civilized only when all these instincts in our nature, all these elements in our civilization, have been adequately recognized and satisfied.

And meanwhile, people use the term *civilization* in the loosest possible way, for the most part attaching to it, however, in their own mind some meaning connected with their own preferences and experiences. The most common meaning thus attached to it is perhaps that of a satisfaction, not of all the main demands of human nature, but of the demand for the comforts and conveniences of life and of this demand as made by the sort of person who uses the term.

For all that large number of men, so prominent in this country and who make their voice so much heard, men who have been at the public schools and universities, men of the professional and official class, men who do the most part of our literature and our journalism, America is not a comfortable place of abode. A man of this sort has in England everything in his favor; society appears organized expressly for his advantage.—On the other hand, for that immense class of people, the great bulk of the community, the class of people whose income is less than three or four hundred (pounds) a year, things in America are favorable. It is easier for them there than in the Old World to rise and to make their fortune; but I am not now speaking of that. Even without making their fortune, even with their income below three or four hundred a year, things are favorable to them in America, society seems organized there for their benefit. To begin with, the humbler kind of work is

better paid in America than with us; the higher kind, worse. The official, for instance, gets less, his office-keeper gets more.—

Well, now, what would a philosopher or a philanthropist say in this case? which would he say was the more civilized condition—that of the country where the balance of advantage is greatly in favor of the people with incomes below three hundred a year, or that of the country where it is greatly in favor of those with incomes above that sum?

Many people will be ready to give an answer to that question without the smallest hesitation. They will say that they are, and that all of us ought to be, for the greatest happiness of the greatest number. Of course, if happiness and civilization consists in being plentifully supplied with the comforts and conveniences of life, the question presents little difficulty. But I believe neither that happiness consists in being supplied with the comforts and conveniences of life, nor that civilization consists in being so supplied; therefore, I leave the question unanswered.

I prefer to seek for some other and better test by which to try the civilization of the United States.—I have said how much the word civilization really means—the humanization of man in society; his making progress there towards his true and full humanity. Partial and material achievement is always being put forward as civilization. We hear a nation called highly civilized by reason of its industry, commerce, and wealth, or by reason of its liberty or equality, or by reason of its numerous churches, schools, libraries, and newspapers. But there is something in human nature, some instinct of growth, some law of perfection, which rebels against this narrow account of the matter. And perhaps what human nature demands in civilization, over and above all those obvious things which first occur to our thoughts,—what human nature, I say, demands in civilization, if it is to stand as a high and satisfying civilization, is best described by the word *interesting*.—

Now the great sources of the *interesting* are distinction and beauty: that which is elevated and that which is beautiful. Let us take the beautiful first, and consider how far it is present in American civilization. Evidently, this is that civilization's weak side. There is little to nourish and delight the sense of beauty there. In the long-settled states east of the Alleghanies the landscape in general is not interesting, the climate harsh and in extremes. The Americans are restless, eager to better themselves and to make fortunes; the inhabitant does not strike his roots lovingly down into the soil, as in rural England. In the valley of the Connecticut you will find farm after farm which the Yankee settler has abandoned in order to go West, leaving the farm to some new Irish immigrant. The charm of beauty which comes from ancientness and permanence of rural life the country could not have in a high degree, but it has it in an even less degree than might be expected. Then the Americans come originally, for the most part, from that great class in English society amongst whom the sense for conduct and business is much more strongly developed than the sense for beauty. If we in England were without the cathedrals, parish churches, and castles of the Catholic and feudal age, and without the houses of the Elizabethan age, but had only the towns and buildings which the rise of our middle class has created in the modern age, we should be in much the same case as the Americans. We should be living with much the same absence of training for the sense of beauty through the eye, from the aspect of outward things. The American cities have hardly anything to please a trained or a natural sense of beauty.

I asked a German portrait-painter whom I found painting and prospering in America, how he liked the country. "How *can* an artist like it?" was his answer. The American artists live chiefly in Europe; all Americans of cultivation and wealth visit Europe more and more constantly. The mere nomenclature of the country acts upon a cultivated person

like the incessant pricking of pins. What people in whom the sense for beauty and fitness was quick could have invented, or could tolerate, the hideous names ending in *ville,* the Briggsvilles, Higginsvilles, Jacksonvilles, rife from Maine to Florida; the jumble of unnatural and inappropriate names everywhere? On the line from Albany to Buffalo you have in one part, half the names in the classical dictionary to designate the stations; it is said that the folly is due to a surveyor who, when the country was laid out, happened to possess a classical dictionary; but a people with any artist-sense would have put down that surveyor. The Americans meekly retain his names; and indeed, his strange Marcellus or Syracuse is perhaps not much worse than their congenital Briggsville.

So much as to beauty, and as to the provision in the United States for the sense of beauty. As to distinction, and the interest which human nature seeks from enjoying the effect made upon it by what is elevated, the case is much the same. There is very little to create such an effect, very much to thwart it. Goethe says somewhere that "the thrill of awe is the best thing humanity has"—

Das Schaudern ist der Menschheit bestes Theil.

But if there be a discipline in which the Americans are wanting, it is the discipline of awe and respect. An austere and intense religion imposed on their Puritan founders the discipline of respect, and so provided for them the thrill of awe; but this religion is dying out. The Americans have produced plenty of men strong, shrewd, upright, able, effective; very few who are highly distinguished. Alexander Hamilton is indeed a man of rare distinction; Washington, though he has not the high mental distinction of Pericles or Cæsar, has true distinction of style and character. But these men belong to the pre-American age. Lincoln's recent American biographers declare that Washington is but an Englishman, an English officer; the typical American, they say, is Abra-

ham Lincoln. Now Lincoln is shrewd, sagacious, humorous, honest, courageous, firm; he is a man with qualities deserving the most sincere esteem and praise, but he has not distinction.

In truth, everything is against distinction in America, and against the sense of elevation to be gained through admiring and respecting it. The glorification of "the average man," who is quite a religion with statesmen and publicists there, is against it. The addiction to "the funny man," who is a national misfortune there, is against it. Above all, the newspapers are against it.

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In America, he who craves for the *interesting* in civilization, he who requires from what surrounds him satisfaction for his sense of beauty, his sense for elevation, will feel the sky over his head to be of brass and iron. The human problem, then, is as yet solved in the United States most imperfectly; a great void exists in the civilization over there; a want of what is elevated and beautiful, of what is interesting.

The want is graver because it is so little recognized by the mass of Americans; nay, so loudly denied by them. If the community over there perceived the want and regretted it, sought for the right ways of remedying it, and resolved that remedied it should be; if they said, or even if a number of leading spirits amongst them said: "Yes, we see what is wanting to our civilization, we see that the average man is a danger, we see that our newspapers are a scandal, that bondage to the common and the ignoble is our snare; but under the circumstances our civilization could not well have been expected to begin differently. What you see are *beginnings,* they are crude, they are too predominantly material, but they could not have been otherwise, they have been inevitable, and we will rise above them"; if the Americans frankly said this, one would not have a word to bring against it.—But now the Americans seem to have agreed as a

people to deceive themselves, to persuade themselves that they have what they have not, to cover the defects in their civilization by boasting, to fancy that they well and truly solve, not only the political and social problem, but the human problem too. One would say that they do really hope to find in tall talk and inflated sentiment a substitute for that real sense of elevation which human nature instinctively craves. The thrill of awe, which Goethe pronounces to be the best thing humanity has, they would fain create by proclaiming themselves at the top of their voices to be "the greatest nation upon earth," by assuring one another, in the language of their national historian, that "American democracy proceeds in its ascent as uniformly and majestically as the laws of being, and is as certain as the decrees of eternity."

To sum up then. What really dissatisfies in American civilization is the want of the *interesting,* a want due chiefly to the want of those two great elements of the interesting, which are elevation and beauty. And the want of these elements is increased and prolonged by the Americans' being assured that they have them when they have them not. And it seems to me that what the Americans now most urgently require is a steady exhibition of cool and sane criticism by their men of light and leading.

From *Civilization in the United States* by Matthew Arnold. Date of original publication, 1888.

The American People, by *André Siegfried*

NO other country is so difficult to understand or so complex in its moral structure. Not that the psychology of the typical American is at all complicated superficially. Assimilation, like a steam-roller, ruthlessly crushes the finest flowers of the older civilizations, and as a rule only allows to survive an æstheticism that is sadly childish and im-

placably standardized. The immigrant arrives old with centuries of inherited experience, but America makes him young and boyish again. So many and such varied elements have been drawn on to produce this people! These broken stalks torn from the old roots of European culture, after being precariously transplanted, continue to produce new sprouts as well as the fruits of unexpected throwbacks and the mysterious vagaries of heredity. Hence the past still means much more than a forgotten dream.

Theoretically it is quite possible to trace all the different races that have contributed to the formation of the American nation; in fact, official statistics give the exact proportions due to each race. But I cannot but feel that it would be impossible for any one man to possess such varied knowledge that he would be able to sympathize with the innermost aspirations of all the races that have been cast into the Melting Pot. He would have to have a combination of heredity and personal experience which the study of books cannot, and which life does not, grant to any one individual.

The first essential would be a heritage of English Protestantism. No one can possibly understand the United States without a profound, almost innate, appreciation of their Puritanism, with its self-satisfaction and its privileged relationships with God. Just as in England a Catholic is always more or less a foreigner, so one must have, in order to understand America, one of Cromwell's Roundheads as an ancestor, or at least an early disciple of Wesley. Then you are one of the family! These are fine distinctions. Of course you could substitute a pious Lutheran from Germany as a great-uncle, or an old aunt from the Canton of Neuchâtel, both pillars of the orthodox church, full of missionary zeal towards the heathen, vulnerable to the follies of a Welsh revival, willing to be pyschoanalyzed by Freud, and suspicious of French "frivolity." Such forbears would give you an insight into the problem.

On the other hand, French Catholicism in one's ancestry

is quite useless. The cousin from the Sarthe, baptized but yet sceptic, will give you no clue, nor will the village priest, pacing his proverbial and charming garden, but indifferent alike to anti-alcoholism and the attractions of moral uplift. Above all, no help need be expected from that college friend, the Radical-Socialist from the provinces. As an introduction to American Catholicism, you should have a working knowledge of an Irish extremist and the atmosphere of fanaticism and conspiracy of Dublin, Cork, or Galway. Hunt up an Irish Father with a blue chin like an Italian bishop, or a local politician from a stormy country of Connaught, and either of them will make plain many things in Boston, New York, or San Francisco.

Also it is well to have a little Teutonic blood in one's veins, and with it, traditions handed down from some disciplined German Herr Professor solidly ensconced in his systems and unshakable in his faith in statistics, in orthodox science, and in police regulations, until they regulate his very thoughts. Again I repeat, no French in this collection of ancestors, except possibly a gay dog from Montmartre or a Bohemian from Montparnasse, to give you an insight into Greenwich Village. The individualism of the Gaul and the intellectual realism of our Latin culture will only lead you astray. France is at the opposite pole from the gregarious nation that is America.

We have more than exhausted our potential ancestors, and yet we have not provided that which is absolutely indispensable, an insight into the soul of the Jew and of the Orient. Surely you can lay claim to some Israelite uncle from London or Frankfort. He is sure to turn up again in New York! Or even better, can you not unearth some Alsatian Jew, a "kike" from Breslau, a "sheeny" from Lemberg or Salonika, or even—and I do not exaggerate—some Hebrew from Asia, with goat eyes and patriarchal beard? We must beware of falling into the error that it is only the Wall Street Jew that must be studied. If you are

to appreciate the United States, the synagogue Jew, just escaped from the ghetto, is equally important.

So we keep coming back to our religious origins—Luther, Calvin, Cromwell, Wesley, and the prophets of Israel—not to mention the Catholicism of the New World, a Catholicism subdivided by racial jealousies far more extreme than ours, and yet less actually Roman than Irish, German or French-Canadian.

But even now we are far from the end of the list! You must still find among your ancestors an Italian macaroni-eater, a Slav from the lower Danube, a Greek with his devotion to his clan, and finally a cringing, insinuating Armenian. Penetrating still farther into the mysterious past, we must have had personal experience in order to understand the modern spirit of the Hungarians and the Bulgars, in whose veins still ferments the indomitable blood of Attila. And then unless we turn back to the taciturn Fins of northern Europe, how can we possibly comprehend the Finnish lumbermen of Oregon, isolated, anarchistic, and obstinate?

But I have not finished yet. We still need a nigger mammy, some typical Aunt Jemima, to instil in us the poetry of the southern night, and the wailing melodies of the negro slaves, and all the confused legends of the Congo that persist in the mind of the sentimental African. Then, on the Mexican frontier, we must be able to penetrate the soul of the Spanish and combine it with the haughty reserve of the Indian. And if the yellow races mean nothing more to us than a grinning mask, can we ever react fully to the bitterness of the race question in California, that furthermost boundary of the Occident?

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The America that Columbus discovered was to our ancestors geographically a new world. Today, as a result of the revolutionary changes brought about by modern methods of production, it has again become a new world, and furthermore we have still to discover it.

Having first cleared away all hampering traditions and political obstacles, the American people are now creating on a vast scale an entirely original social structure which bears only superficial resemblance to the European. It may even be a new age, an age in which Europe is to be relegated to a niche in the history of mankind; for Europe is no longer the driving force of the world. The old European civilization did not really cross the Atlantic, for the American reawakening is not, as is generally supposed, simply a matter of degrees and dimensions; it is the creation of new conceptions. Many of the most magnificent material achievements of the United States have been made possible only by sacrificing certain rights of the individual, rights which we in the Old World regard as among the most precious victories of civilization. In spite of their identical religious and ethnic origin, Europe and America are diverging in their respective scales of value. This contrast was brought to a head by the War, which installed the United States prematurely in an unassailable position of economic supremacy. To America the advent of the new order is a cause for pride, but to Europe it brings heart-burnings and regrets for a state of society that is doomed to disappear.

From an economic point of view, America is sane and healthy. Her prosperity in spite of possible setbacks rests on her vast natural resources and on the unexcelled efficiency of her means of production. Thanks to the abundance of her raw materials, her conquest of wealth has reached a point unknown elsewhere. To the American, Europe is a land of paupers, and Asia a continent of starving wretches. Luxury in every-day consumption and the extension to the many living conditions previously reserved for the few—these are new phenomena in the history of mankind, and are undoubtedly evidence of splendid progress. But what is absolutely new about this society which is accomplishing such marvels is that in all its many aspects—even including idealism and religion—it is working toward the single goal of

production. It is a materialistic society, organized to produce things rather than people, with output set up as a god. Never before in history have social forces converged on so vast and so intensive a scale, but even the extent of the created wealth is less remarkable than the dynamic force of the human impulse that has brought this wealth into being.

Europe squanders her man-power and spares her substance, but America does exactly the reverse. For the past half-century, and especially during the last ten years, the Americans have been concentrating on the problem of obtaining the maximum efficiency of each worker. As a result of the use of machinery, of standardization, and of intensive division and organization of labour, productive methods have been renovated to a degree that few Europeans have ever dreamed of. In this super-collectivism, however, lies grave risk for the individual. His integrity is seriously threatened not only as a producer, but as a consumer as well.

If the aim of society is to produce the greatest amount of comfort and luxury for the greatest number of people, then the United States of America is in a fair way to succeed. And yet a house, a bath, and a car for every workman—so much luxury within the reach of all—can only be obtained at a tragic price, no less than the transformation of millions of workmen into automatons. "Fordism," which is the essence of American industry, results in the standardization of the workman himself. Artisanship, now out of date, has no place in the New World, but with it have disappeared certain conceptions of mankind which we in Europe consider the very basis of civilization. To express his own personality through his creative efforts is the ambition of every Frenchman, but it is incompatible with mass production.

We must not imagine that thoughtful Americans are unaware of the peril which is threatening their manhood, but it is too much to expect them to sacrifice their machines; for they give production priority over everything else. Having

refused to save the individuality of the factory worker, they shift their defence to other grounds. During the day the worker may only be a cog in the machine, they say; but in the evening at any rate he becomes a man once more. His leisure, his money, the very things which mass production puts at his disposal, these will restore to him the manhood and intellectual independence of which his highly organized work has deprived him. This change in the centre of gravity in the life of the individual marks an absolute revolution in the ideas on which society in Western Europe has been built up. Can it be possible that the personality of the individual can recover itself in consumption after being so crippled and weakened in production? Have not the very products, in the form in which they are turned out by the modern factory, lost their individuality as well?

One of the finest attainments of American democracy has been to give much the same things to her poorest and richest citizens alike. The banker has his Rolls-Royce and the workman has his Ford. The banker's wife has her Paquin gown, and the working-girl chooses a similar one from the enormous quantities produced after the minimum of delay. The same applies all through the list. This generalized comfort is possible, first, because production is concentrated on a limited number of models repeated *ad infinitum,* and secondly, because the public is willing to put up with it. Thus we are forced to conclude that the price that America pays for her undeniable material progress is the sacrifice of one aspect of civilization.

Thus they are advancing in one direction and retrogressing in another. The material advance is immeasurable in comparison with the Old World, but from the point of view of individual refinement and art, the sacrifice is real indeed. Even the humblest European sees in art an aristocratic symbol of his own personality, and modern America has no national art and does not even feel the need of one.

Once it is admitted that their conception of society is

materialistic in spite of the idealism of its leaders, it is only logical that the doctrine of efficiency should become the central idea of the country. Today in America no sacrifice is too great to be endured for this sacred principle. There is no possible escape. Big profits overshadow liberty in all its forms, and the exercise of intelligence is encouraged only if it fits in with this common aim. Anyone who turns aside to dabble in research or dilettantism is regarded as almost mentally perverted. Hence a growing tendency to reduce all virtues to the primordial ideal of conformity.

This point of view is not imposed by the upper classes or the government, but by the great masses of the people themselves. In the universities the majority of students are satisfied if they memorize an array of ready-made facts, and they seek from their professors not culture but the fundamentals of a successful career. In nothing does America more resemble Germany than in this discipline of thought. It may lead to splendid material results, and it is undoubtedly a marvellous aid to economic achievement; but under it originality and individual talent, and often art and genius, rebel or are stifled. France has the same instinctive fear of American methods as symbolized by Ford as she had of the German system on the eve of the War. Although she fully realizes that by the triumph of these methods the productivity of the world will increase tremendously, that things which now lie latent in our grasp, restricted and materially sterile, will blossom anew in the conquest of wealth, yet she hesitates to pay the price. She recalls with the force of a warning the quotation from Lucretius: *Propter vitam vitæ perdere causas.*

An important transformation of society results from this concentration of energy on the one supreme object of mass production. The individual, having become a means rather than an end, accepts his rôle of cog in the immense machine without giving a passing thought to the effect on his personality. Religion, also enrolled in the movement, exalts

production as an ideal akin to the mysticism of life and of human progress. The ideal of "service" sanctifies this collaboration and its superb material rewards. Caught between the atrophied individual and the over-disciplined community, the family finds its field of action greatly restricted; for in the eyes of the apostles of efficiency, the family is regarded as a barrier impeding the current. Though the Catholic Church still defends it, believing it to be one of its strongholds, yet society as a whole no longer relies on the home for the early training of the nation. It is to the public schools, the churches, to the ten thousand Y.M.C.A.'s and other associations for education and reform, to the press and even to publicity that they look instead for the education of the masses. They pay little heed to the need of preserving for the jaded individual either the refuge of the family circle or the relaxation of meditation and culture. On the contrary, they consider them as obstacles in the way of progress. In the absence of an intermediate type of social institution in which co-operation is moderated by freedom, American society tends to adopt an aspect of practical collectivism. This collectivism is approved of by the upper classes and is whole-heartedly accepted by the masses; but it is subtly undermining the liberty of the individual and restricting his outlook to such an extent that without so much as regretting or realizing it, he himself assents to his own abnegation. In this respect the American community is closer to the ancient civilizations in which the individual belonged to the City State than is the social fabric of Western Europe which has evolved from the Middle Ages and the French Revolution. The dreams of Rousseau have at length been realized, but not by the methods or under the conditions that he imagined, but, strange to relate, by a régime of industrialism that he could not possibly have foreseen.

Those who seem to suffer most under this discipline are the foreign-born of the upper classes, but certain mature

Americans also protest against it. The youth of the country makes no objection, and there is no reaction of the individual against this moral tyranny. The nation is not individualistic in mentality, and it therefore accepts this collectivism as part of itself; and the régime really suits it. The material advantages are so great, the security so perfect, and the enthusiasm of collective action in accomplishing stupendous tasks so overwhelming, that in an almost mystical abandon, other considerations are neither heeded nor missed.

But can the individual possibly survive in such an atmosphere? In her enthusiasm to perfect her material success, has not America risked quenching the flame of individual liberty which Europe has always regarded as one of the chief treasures of civilization? At the very moment that America is enjoying a state of prosperity such as the world has never known before, an impartial observer is forced to ask whether this unprecedented abundance of wealth will in the long run lead to a higher form of civilization. Europe, where industrial mass production was initiated, hesitates, terrified by the logical consequences. Will she end by adopting them? On the contrary, are they not incompatible with the old-established civilization which so expresses her personality? Some who are eager to rejuvenate industrial Europe look to America for inspiration and guidance; but others hold back, deeming the past superior and preferable.

When we visit America, we see Europe from a new perspective. It seems different from what we had imagined, and very different from the impression gained from the reproaches of Oriental thinkers. In the light of the American contrast we see that material pursuits have not entirely absorbed the soul of Europe, and that it can still appreciate free and disinterested thought and spiritual joys which can often be obtained only by renouncing comforts and fortune.

The chief contrast between Europe and America is not so much one of geography as a fundamental difference between two epochs in the history of mankind, each different

with its own conception of life. We have the contrast between industrial mass production which absorbs the individual for its material conquests, as against the individual considered not merely as a means of production and progress but as an independent ego. From this unusual aspect we perceive certain traits that are common to the psychology of both Europe and the Orient. So the discussion broadens until it becomes a dialogue, as it were, between Ford and Ghandi.

From *America Comes of Age* by André Siegfried. Copyright, 1927, by Harcourt, Brace & Company.

Good-bye, America!, by *H. W. Nevinson*

IN mist and driving snow the towers of New York fade from view. The great ship slides down the river. Already the dark, broad seas gloom before her. Good-bye, most beautiful of modern cities! Good-bye to glimmering spires and lighted bastions, dreamlike as the castles and cathedrals of a romantic vision! Good-bye to thin films of white steam that issue from central furnaces and flit in dissolving wreaths around those precipitous heights! Good-bye to heaven-piled offices, so clean, so warm, where lovely stenographers, with silk stockings and powdered faces, sit leisurely at work or converse in charming ease! Good-bye, New York! I am going home. I am going to an ancient city of mean and mouldering streets, of ignoble coverts for mankind, extended monotonously over many miles, of grimy smoke clinging closer than a blanket; of smudgy typists who know little of silk or powder, and less of leisure and charming ease. Good-bye, New York! I am going home.

Good-bye to beautiful "apartments" and "homes." Good-bye to windows looking far over the city as from a mountain-peak! Good-bye to central heating and radiators, fit symbols of the hearts they warm! Good-bye to frequent

and well-appointed bathrooms, glory of the plumber's art! Good-bye to suburban gardens running into each other without hedge or fence to separate friend from friend or enemy from enemy! Good-bye to shady verandas where rocking-chairs stand ranged in rows, ready for reading the voluminous Sunday papers and the *Saturday Evening Post!* Good-bye, America! I am going home. I am going to a land where every man's house is his prison—a land of open fires and chilly rooms and frozen waterpipes, of washing stands and slop pails, and one bath per household at the most; a land of fences and hedges and walls, where people sit aloof and see no reason to make themselves seasick by rocking upon shore. Good-bye, America! I am going home.

Good-bye to the copious meals—early grapefruit, the "cereals," eggs broken in a glass! Good-bye to oysters, large and small, to celery and olives beside the soup, to "sea food," to sublimated viands, to bleeding duck, to the salad course, to the "individual pie" or the thick wedge of apple pie, to the invariable slab of ice cream, to the coffee, also bland with cream; to the home-brewed alcohol! I am going to the land of joints and roasts and solid puddings; the land of ham and eggs and violent tea; the land where oysters are good for suicides alone, and where mustard grows and whiskey flows. Good-bye, America! I am going home.

Good-bye to the long stream of motors—"limousines" or "flivvers!" Good-bye to the signal lights upon Fifth Avenue, gold, crimson, and green; the sudden halt when the green light shines, as though at the magic word an enchanted princess had fallen asleep; the hurried rush for the leisurely lunch at noon; the deliberate appearance of hustle and bustle in business; the Jews, innumerable as the Red Sea sand! Good-bye to outside staircases for escape from fire. Good-bye to scrappy suburbs littered with rubbish of old boards, empty cans, and boots! Good-bye to standardized villages and small towns, alike in litter, in ropes of electric

wires along the streets, in clanking "trolleys," in chapels, stores, railway stations, Main Streets, and isolated houses flung at random over the country! Good-bye to miles of advertisement imploring me in ten-foot letters to eat somebody's cod-fish ("No Bones!") or smoke somebody's cigarettes ("They Satisfy") or sleep with innocence in the "Faultless Nightgown"! Good-bye to long trains where one smokes in a lavatory, and heated with stifling air, while over your head or under your back the baby yells, and the mother tosses moaning, until at last you reach your "stopping-off place," and a semi-negro sweeps you down with a little broom, as in a supreme rite of worship! Good-bye to the house that is labelled "One Hundred Years Old," for the amazement of mortality! Good-bye to thin woods and fields inclosed with casual pales, old hoops and lengths of wire! I am going to the land of a policeman's finger, where the horse and the bicycle still drag out a lingering life; a land of old villages and towns as little like each other as one woman is like the next; a land where trains are short, and one seldom sleeps in them, for in any direction within a day they will reach a sea; a land of vast and ancient trees, of houses time-honoured three centuries ago, of cathedrals that have been growing for a thousand years, and of village churches built while people believed in God. Good-bye, America! I am going home.

Good-bye to the land of a new language in growth, of split infinitives and cross-bred words; the land where a dinner-jacket is a "Tuxedo," a spittoon a "cuspidor"; where your opinion is called your "reaction," and where "vamp," instead of meaning an improvised accompaniment to song, means a dangerous female! Good-bye to the land where grotesque exaggeration is called humour, and people gape in bewilderment at irony, as a bullock gazes at a dog straying in his field! Good-bye to the land where strangers say "Glad to meet you, sir," and really seem glad; where children whine their little desires, and never grow much older;

where men keep their trousers up with belts that run through loops, and women have to bathe in stockings! I am going to a land of ancient speech where we still say "record" and "concord" for "recud" and "concud," where "necessarily" and "extraordinarily" must be taken at one rush—a hedge-ditch-and-rail in the hunting field; where we do not "commute" or "check" or "page," but "take a season" and "register" and "send a boy round"; where we never say we are glad to meet a stranger, and seldom are; where humour is understatement and irony is our habitual resource in danger or distress; where children are told they are meant to be seen and not heard; where it is "bad form" to express emotions, and suspenders are a strictly feminine article of attire. Good-bye, America! I am going home.

Good-bye to the multitudinous papers, indefinite of opinion, crammed with insignificant news, and asking you to continue a first-page article on page 23, column 5! Good-bye to the weary platitude, accepted as wisdom's latest revelation! Good-bye to the docile audiences that lap rhetoric for substance! Good-bye to the politicians contending for aims more practical than principles! Good-bye to Republicans and Democrats, distinguishable only by mutual hatred! Good-bye to the land where Liberals are thought dangerous and Radicals show red! Where Mr. Gompers is called a Socialist, and Mr. Asquith would seem advanced! A land too large for concentrated indignation; a land where wealth beyond the dreams of British profiteers dwells, dresses, gorges, and luxuriates, emulated and unashamed! I am going to a land of politics violently divergent; a land where even coalitions cannot coalesce; where meetings break up in a turbulent disorder, and no platitude avails to soothe the savage breast; a land fierce for personal freedom and indignant with rage for justice; a land where wealth is taxed out of sight, or for very shame strives to disguise its luxury; a land where an ancient order is passing away and leaders whom you call extreme are hailed by Lord Chancellors as

the very fortifications of security. Good-bye, America! I am going home.

Good-bye to prose chopped up to look like verse! Good-bye to the indiscriminate appetite which gulps lectures as opiates and "printed matter" as literature! Good-bye to the wizards and witches who ask to psychoanalyze my complexes, inhibitions and silly dreams! Good-bye to the exuberant, religious or fantastic beliefs by which unsatisfied mankind still strives desperately to penetrate beyond the flaming bulwarks of the world! Good-bye, Americans! I am going to a land very much like yours. I am going to your spiritual home.

From *Farewell to America* by H. W. Nevinson. New York. The Viking Press. Copyright, 1922, by B. W. Huebsch, Inc.

II

AS WE SEE OURSELVES

Our Cultural Humility, by *Randolph Bourne*

IT was Matthew Arnold, read and reverenced by the generation immediately preceding our own, who set to our eyes a definition and a goal of culture which has become the common property of all our world. To know the best that had been thought and said, to appreciate the masterworks which the previous civilizations had produced, to put our minds and appreciations in contact with the great of all ages,—here was a clear ideal which dissolved the mists in which the vaguenesses of culture had been lost. And it was an ideal that appealed with peculiar force to Americans. For it was a democratic idea; everyone who had the energy and perseverance could reasonably expect to acquire by taking thought that orientation of soul to which Arnold gave the magic name of culture. And it was a quantitative idea; culture was a matter of acquisition—with appreciation and prayerfulness perhaps, but still a matter of adding little by little to one's store until one should have a vision of that radiant limit, when one knew all the best that had been thought and said and pictured in the world.

I do not know in just what way the British public responded to Arnold's eloquence; if the prophetic wrath of Ruskin failed to stir them, it is not probable that they were moved by the persuasiveness of Arnold. But I do know that, coming at a time when America was producing rapidly an enormous number of people who were "comfortably off," as the phrase goes, and who were sufficiently awake to feel their limitations, with the broader horizons of Europe just

opening on the view, the new doctrine had the most decisive effect on our succeeding spiritual history. The "land-of-liberty" American of the era of Dickens still exists in the British weeklies and in observations of America by callow young journalists, but as a living species he has long been extinct. His place has been taken by a person whose pride is measured not by the greatness of the "land of the free," but by his own orientation in Europe.

Already in the nineties, our college professors and our artists were beginning to require the seal of a European training to justify their existence. We appropriated the German system of education. Our millionaires began the collecting of pictures and the endowment of museums with foreign works of art. We began the exportation of school-teachers for a summer tour of Europe. American art and music colonies sprang up in Paris and Berlin and Munich. The movement became a rush. That mystical premonition of Europe, which Henry James tells us he had from his earliest boyhood, became the common property of the talented young American who felt a certain starvation in his own land, and longed for the fleshpots of European culture. But the bourgeoisie soon followed the artistic and the semi-artistic, and Europe became so much the fashion that it is now almost a test of respectability to have traveled at least once abroad.

Underlying all this vivacious emigration, there was of course a real if vague thirst for "culture," and, in strict accord with Arnold's definition, the idea that somehow culture could be imbibed, that from the contact with the treasures of Europe there would be rubbed off on us a little of that grace which had made the art. So for those who could not travel abroad, our millionaires transported, in almost terrifying bulk and at staggering cost, samples of everything that the foreign galleries had to show. We were to acquire culture at any cost, and we had no doubt that we had dis-

covered the royal road to it. We followed it, at any rate, with eye single to the goal. The naturally sensitive, who really found in the European literature and arts some sort of spiritual nourishment, set the pace, and the crowd followed at their heels.

This cultural humility of ours astonished and still astonishes Europe. In England, where "culture" is taken very frivolously, the bated breath of the American, when he speaks of Shakespeare or Tennyson or Browning, is always cause for amusement. And the Frenchman is always a little puzzled at the crowds who attend lectures in Paris on "How to See Europe Intelligently," or are taken in vast parties through the Louvre. The European objects a little to being so constantly regarded as the keeper of a huge museum. If you speak to him of culture, you find him frankly more interested in contemporaneous literature and art and music than in his worthies of the olden time, more interested in discriminating the good of today than in accepting the classics. If he is a cultivated person, he is much more interested usually in quarreling about a living dog than in reverencing a dead lion. If he is a French lettre, for instance, he will be producing a book on the psychology of some living writer, while the Anglo-Saxon will be writing on Shakespeare. His whole attitude towards the things of culture, be it noted, is one of daily appreciation and intimacy, not that attitude of reverence with which we Americans approach alien art, and which penalizes cultural heresy among us.

The European may be enthusiastic, polemic, radiant, concerning his culture; he is never humble. And he is, above all, never humble before the culture of another country. The Frenchman will hear nothing but French music, read nothing but French literature, and prefers his own art to that of any other nation. He can hardly understand our almost pathetic eagerness to learn of the culture of other

nations, our humility of worship in the presence of art that in no sense represents the expression of any of our ideals and motivating forces.

To a genuinely patriotic American this cultural humility of ours is somewhat humiliating. In response to this eager inexhaustible interest in Europe, where is Europe's interest in us? Europe is to us the land of history, of mellow tradition, of arts and graces of life, of the best that has been said and thought in the world. To Europe we are the land of crude racial chaos, of skyscrapers and bluff, of millionaires and "bosses." A French philosopher visits us, and we are all eagerness to get from him an orientation in all that is moving in the world of thought across the seas. But does he ask about our philosophy, does he seek an orientation in the American thought of the day? Not at all. Our humility has kept us from forcing it upon his attention, and it scarcely exists for him. Our advertising genius, so powerful and universal where soap and biscuits are concerned, wilts and languishes before the task of trumpeting our intellectual and spiritual products before the world. Yet there can be little doubt which is the more intrinsically worth advertising. But our humility causes us to be taken at our own face value, and for all this patient fixity of gaze upon Europe, we get little reward except to be ignored, or to have our interest somewhat contemptuously dismissed as parasitic.

And with justice! For our very goal and ideal of culture has made us parasites. Our method has been exactly wrong. For the truth is that the definition of culture, which we have accepted with such devastating enthusiasm, is a definition emanating from that very barbarism from which its author recoiled in such horror. If it were not that all our attitudes showed that we had adopted a quite different standard, it would be the merest platitude to say that culture is not an acquired familiarity with things outside, but an inner and constantly operating taste, a fresh and responsive power of discrimination, and the insistent judging of everything

that comes to our minds and senses. It is clear that such a sensitive taste cannot be acquired by torturing our appreciations into conformity with the judgments of others, no matter how "authoritative" those judgments may be. Such a method means a hypnotization of judgment, not a true development of soul.

At the back of Arnold's definition is, of course, the implication that if we have only learned to appreciate the "best," we shall have been trained thus to discriminate generally, that our appreciation of Shakespeare will somehow spill over into admiration of the incomparable art of Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson. This is, of course, exactly to reverse the psychological process. A true appreciation of the remote and the magnificent is acquired only after the judgment has learned to discriminate with accuracy and taste between the good and bad, the sincere and the false, of the familiar and contemporaneous art and writing of every day. To set up an alien standard of the classics is merely to give our lazy taste a resting-point, and to prevent forever any genuine culture.

This virus of the "best" rages throughout all our Anglo-Saxon campaign for culture. Is it not a notorious fact that our professors of English literature make no attempt to judge the work produced since the death of the last consecrated saint of the literary canon,—Robert Louis Stevenson? In strict accordance with Arnold's doctrine, they are waiting for the judgment upon our contemporaries which they call the test of time, that is, an authoritative objective judgment, upon which they can unquestioningly rely. Surely it seems as if the principle of authority, having been ousted from religion and politics, had found a strong refuge in the sphere of culture. This tyranny of the "best" objectifies all our taste. It is a "best" that is always outside of our native reactions to the freshnesses and sincerities of life, a "best" to which our spontaneities must be disciplined. By fixing our eyes humbly on the ages that are past, and on foreign

countries, we effectually protect ourselves from that inner taste which is the only sincere "culture."

Our cultural humility before the civilizations of Europe, then, is the chief obstacle which prevents us from producing any true indigenous culture of our own. I am far from saying, of course, that it is not necessary for our arts to be fertilized by the civilizations of other nations past and present. The culture of Europe has arisen only from such an extensive cross-fertilization in the past. But we have passed through that period of learning, and it is time for us now to set up our individual standards. We are already "heir of all the ages" through our English ancestry, and our last half-century of European idolatry has done for us all that can be expected. But, with our eyes fixed on Europe, we continue to strangle whatever native genius springs up. Is it not a tragedy that the American artist feels the imperative need of foreign approval before he can be assured of his attainment? Through our inability or unwillingness to judge him, through our cultural humility, through our insistence on the objective standard, we drive him to depend on a foreign clientele, to live even in foreign countries, where taste is more confident of itself and does not require the label, to be assured of the worth of what it appreciates.

The only remedy for this deplorable situation is the cultivation of a new American nationalism. We need that keen introspection into the beauties and vitalities and sincerities of our own life and ideals that characterizes the French. The French culture is animated by principles and tastes which are as old as art itself. There are "classics," not in the English and Arnoldian sense of a consecrated canon, dissent from which is heresy, but in the sense that each successive generation, putting them to the test, finds them redolent of those qualities which are characteristically French, and so preserves them as a precious heritage. This cultural chauvinism is the most harmless of patriotisms; indeed it is absolutely necessary for a true life of civilization. And it

can hardly be too intense, too exaggerated. Such an international art exhibition as was held recently in New York, with the frankly avowed purpose of showing American artists how bad they were in comparison with the modern French, represents an appalling degradation of attitude which would be quite impossible in any other country. Such groveling humility can only have the effect of making us feeble imitators, instead of making us assert, with all the power at our command, the genius and individuality which we already possess in quantity, if we would only see it.

In the contemporary talent that Europe is exhibiting, or even in the genius of the last half-century, one will go far to find greater poets than our Walt Whitman, philosophers than William James, essayists than Emerson and Thoreau, composers than MacDowell, sculptors than Saint-Gaudens. In any other country such names would be focuses to which interest and enthusiasms would converge, symbols of a national spirit about which judgments and tastes would revolve. For none of them could have been born in another country than our own. If some of them had their training abroad, it was still the indigenous America that their works expressed,—the American ideals and qualities, our pulsating democracy, the vigor and daring of our pioneer spirit, our sense of camaraderie, our dynamism, the bigheartedness of our scenery, our hospitality to all the world. In the music of MacDowell, the poetry of Whitman, the philosophy of James, I recognize a national spirit, "l'esprit americain," as superbly clear and gripping as anything the culture of Europe has to offer us, and immensely more stimulating, because of the very body and soul of to-day's interests and aspirations.

To come to an intense self-consciousness of these qualities, to feel them in the work of these, to feel them masters, and to search for them everywhere among the lesser artists and thinkers who are trying to express the soul of this hot chaos of America,—this will be the attainment of culture

for us. Not to look on ravished while our marvellous millionaires fill our museums with "old masters," armor, and porcelains, but to turn our eyes upon our own art for a time, shut ourselves in with our own genius, and cultivate with an intense and partial pride what we have already achieved against the obstacles of our cultural humility. Only thus shall we conserve the American spirit and saturate the next generation with those qualities which are our strength. Only thus can we take our rightful place among the cultures of the world, to which we are entitled if we would but recognize it. We shall never be able to perpetuate our ideals except in the form of art and literature; the world will never understand our spirit except in terms of art. When shall we learn that "culture," like the kingdom of heaven, lies within us, in the heart of our national soul, and not in foreign galleries and books? When shall we learn to be proud? For only pride is creative.

From *History of a Literary Radical* by Randolph Bourne. New York. The Viking Press. Copyright, 1920, by B. W. Huebsch, Inc.

Babbitt the Booster, by *Sinclair Lewis*

BABBITT'S reputation for oratory established, at the dinner of the Zenith Real Estate Board he made the Annual Address. Besides outlining the progress of Torrensing real estate titles, Mr. Babbitt spoke in part as follows:

Gentlemen, it strikes me that each year at this annual occasion when friend and foe get together and lay down the battle-ax and let the waves of good-fellowship waft them up the flowery slopes of amity, it behooves us, standing together eye to eye and shoulder to shoulder as fellow-citizens of the best city in the world, to consider where we are both as regards ourselves and the common weal.

It is true that even with our 361,000 or practically 362,-

000 population, there are, by the last census, almost a score of larger cities in the United States. But, gentlemen, if by the next census we do not stand at least tenth, then I'll be the first to request any knocker to remove my shirt and to eat the same with the compliments of G. F. Babbitt, Esquire! It may be true that New York, Chicago and Philadelphia will continue to keep ahead of us in size. But aside from these three cities, which are so notoriously overgrown that no decent white man, nobody who loves his wife and kiddies and God's good out-o'-doors and likes to shake the hand of his neighbor in greeting, would want to live in them—and let me tell you right here and now, I wouldn't trade a high-class Zenith acreage development for the whole length and breadth of Broadway or State Street!—aside from these three, it's evident to anyone with a head for facts that Zenith is the finest example of American life and prosperity to be found anywhere.

I don't mean to say we're perfect. We've got a lot to do in the way of extending the paving of motor boulevards, for believe me, it's the fellow with four to ten thousand a year, say, and an automobile and a nice little family in a bungalow on the edge of town, that makes the wheels of progress go round!

That's the type of fellow that's ruling America today; in fact, it's the ideal type to which the entire world must tend, if there's to be a decent, well-balanced, Christian, go-ahead future for this little old planet! Once in a while I just naturally sit back and size up this Solid American Citizen, with a whale of a lot of satisfaction.

Our Ideal Citizen—I picture him first and foremost as being busier than a bird-dog, not wasting a lot of good time in day-dreaming or going to sassiety teas or kicking about things that are none of his business, but putting the zip into some store or profession or art. At night he lights up a good cigar, and climbs into the little old 'bus, and maybe cusses the carburetor, and shoots out home. He

mows the lawn, or sneaks in some practice putting, and then he's ready for dinner. After dinner he tells the kiddies a story, or takes the family to the movies, or plays a few fists of bridge, or reads the evening paper, and a chapter or two of some good lively Western novel if he has a taste for literature, and maybe the folks next door drop in and they sit and visit about their friends and the topics of the day. Then he goes happily to bed, his conscience clear, having contributed his mite to the prosperity of the city and to his own bank-account.

In politics and religion this Sane Citizen is the canniest man on earth; and in the arts he invariably has a natural taste which makes him pick out the best, every time. In no other country in the world will you find so many reproductions of the Old Masters and of well-known paintings on parlor walls as in these United States. No country has anything like our number of phonographs, with not only dance records and comic, but also the best operas, such as Verdi, rendered by the world's highest-paid singers.

In other countries, art and literature are left to a lot of shabby bums living in attics and feeding on booze and spaghetti, but in America the successful writer or picture-painter is indistinguishable from any other decent business man; and I, for one, am only too glad that the man who has the rare skill to season his message with interesting reading matter and who shows both purpose and pep in handling his literary wares has a chance to drag down his fifty thousand bucks a year, to mingle with the biggest executives on terms of perfect equality, and to show as big a house and as swell a car as any Captain of Industry! But mind you, it's the appreciation of the Regular Guy who I have been depicting which has made this possible, and you got to hand as much credit to him as to the authors themselves.

Finally, but most important, our Standardized Citizen, even if he is a bachelor, is a lover of the Little Ones, a sup-

porter of the hearthstone which is the basic foundation of our civilization, first, last, and all the time, and the thing which most distinguishes us from the decayed nations of Europe.

I have never yet toured Europe—and as a matter of fact, I don't know that I care to such an awful lot, as long as there's our own mighty cities and mountains to be seen—but the way I figure it out, there must be a good many of our own sort of folks abroad. Indeed, one of the most enthusiastic Rotarians I ever met boosted the tenets of one-hundred-per-cent pep in a burr that smacked o' bonny Scutland and all ye bonny braes o' Bobby Burns. But same time, one thing that distinguishes us from our good brothers, the hustlers over there, is that they're willing to take a lot off the snobs and journalists and politicians, while the modern American business man knows how to talk right up for himself, knows how to make it good and plenty clear that he intends to run the works. He doesn't have to call in some high-brow hired man when it's necessary for him to answer the crooked critics of the sane and efficient life. He's not dumb like the old-fashioned merchant. He's got a vocabulary and a punch.

With all modesty, I want to stand up here as a representative business man and gently whisper, "Here's our kind of folks! Here's the specifications of the Standardized American Citizen! Here's the new generation of Americans: fellows with hair on their chests and smiles in their eyes and adding-machines in their offices. We're not doing any boasting, but we like ourselves first-rate, and if you don't like us, look out—better get under cover before the cyclone hits town!"

So! In my clumsy way I have tried to sketch the Real He-man, the fellow with Zip and Bang. And it's because Zenith has so large a proportion of such men that it's the most stable, the greatest, of our cities. New York also has its thousands of Real Folks, but New York is cursed with

unnumbered foreigners. So are Chicago and San Francisco. Oh, we have a golden roster of cities—Detroit and Cleveland with their renowned factories, Cincinnati with its great machine-tool and soap products, Pittsburg and Birmingham with their steel, Kansas City and Minneapolis and Omaha that open their bountiful gates on the bosom of the ocean-like wheatlands, and countless other magnificent sister-cities, for, by the last census, there were no less than sixty-eight glorious American burgs with a population of over one hundred thousand! And all these cities stand together for power and purity, and against foreign ideas and communism—Atlanta with Hartford, Rochester with Denver, Milwaukee with Indianapolis, Los Angeles with Scranton, Portland, Maine with Portland, Oregon. A good live wire from Baltimore or Seattle or Duluth is the twin-brother of every like fellow booster from Buffalo or Akron, Fort Worth or Oskaloosa!

But it's here in Zenith, the home for manly men and womanly women and bright kids, that you find the largest proportion of these Regular Guys, and that's what sets it in a class by itself; that's why Zenith will be remembered in history as having set a pace for a civilization that shall endure when the old time-killing ways are gone forever and the day of earnest efficient endeavor shall have dawned all round the world!

Some time I hope folks will quit handing all the credit to a lot of moth-eaten, mildewed, out-of-date old European dumps, and give proper credit to the famous Zenith spirit, that clean fighting determination to win Success that has made the little old Zip city celebrated in every land and clime, wherever condensed milk and pasteboard cartons are known! Believe me, the world has fallen too long for these worn-out countries that aren't producing anything but bootblacks and scenery and booze, that haven't got one bathroom per hundred people, and that don't know a loose-

leaf ledger from a slip-cover; and it's just about time for some Zenithite to get his back up and holler for a showdown!

I tell you Zenith and her sister-cities are producing a new type of civilization. There are many resemblances between Zenith and these other burgs, and I'm darn glad of it! The extraordinary growing and sane standardization of stores, offices, streets, hotels, clothes and newspapers throughout the United States shows how strong and enduring a type is ours.

I always like to remember a piece that Chum Frink wrote for the newspapers about his lecture-tours. It is doubtless familiar to many of you, but if you will permit me, I'll take a chance and read it. It's one of the classic poems, like "If" by Kipling, or Ella Wheeler Wilcox's "The Man Worth While"; and I always carry this clipping of it in my note-book:

When I am out upon the road, a poet with a pedlar's load, I mostly sing a hearty song, and take a chew and hike along, a-handing out my samples fine of Cheero brand of sweet sunshine, and peddling optimistic pokes and stable lines of japes and jokes to Lyceums and other folks, to Rotarys, Kiwanis' Clubs, and feel I ain't like other dubs. And then old Major Silas Satan, a brainy cuss who's always waitin', he gives his tail a lively quirk, and gets in quick his dirty work. He fills me up with mullygrubs; my hair the backward way he rubs; he makes me lonelier than a hound, on Sunday when the folks ain't round. And then b'gosh I would prefer to never be a lecturer, a-ridin' round in classy cars and smoking fifty-cent cigars, and never more I want to roam; I simply want to be back home, a-eatin' flap-jacks, hash and ham, with folks who savvy whom I am!

But when I get that lonesome spell, I simply seek the best hotel, no matter in what town I be—St. Paul, Toledo or K. C., in Washington, Schenectady, in Louisville, or Albany. And at that inn it hits my dome that I again am right at home. If I should stand a lengthy spell in front of that first-class hotel, that to the drummers loves to cater, across from some big film theayter; if I should look around and buzz, and wonder in what town I was, I swear that I could never tell! For all the crowd would be so swell, in just the same fine sort of jeans they wear at home, and all the queens with spiffy bonnets on their beans, and all the fellows standing round a-talkin' always, I'll

be bound, the same good jolly kind of guff, 'bout autos, politics and stuff and baseball players of renown that Nice Guys talk in my home town!

Then when I entered that hotel, I'd look around and say, "Well, well!" For there would be the same news-stand, same magazines and candies grand, same smokes of famous standard brand, I'd find at home, I'll tell! And when I saw the jolly bunch come waltzing in for eats at lunch, and squaring up in natty duds to platters large of French-fried spuds, why then I'd stand right up and bawl, "I've never left my home at all!" And all replete I'd sit me down beside some guy in derby brown upon a lobby chair of plush, and murmur to him in a rush, "Hello, Bill, tell me, good old scout, how is your stock a-holdin' out?" Then we'd be off, two solid pals, a-chatterin' like giddy gals of flivvers, weather, home, and wives, lodge-brothers then for all our lives! So when Sam Satan makes you blue, good friend, that's what I'd up and do, for in these States where'er you roam, you never leave your home sweet home.

Yes, sir, these other burgs are our true partners in the great game of vital living. But let's not make any mistake about this. I claim that Zenith is the best partner and the fastest-growing partner of the whole caboodle. I trust I may be pardoned if I give a few statistics to back up my claims. If they are old stuff to any of you, yet the tidings of prosperity, like the good news of the Bible, never becomes tedious to the ears of a real hustler, no matter how oft the sweet story is told! Every intelligent person knows that Zenith manufactures more condensed milk and evaporated cream, more paper boxes, and more lighting-fixtures, than any other city in the United States, if not in the world. But it is not so universally known that we also stand second in the manufacture of package-butter, sixth in the giant realm of motors and automobiles, and somewhere about third in cheese, leather findings, tar roofing, breakfast food, and overalls!

Our greatness, however, lies not alone in punchful prosperity but equally in that public spirit, that forward-looking idealism and brotherhood, which has marked Zenith ever since its foundation by the Fathers. We have a right, indeed, we have a duty toward our fair city, to announce

broadcast the facts about our high schools, characterized by their complete plants and the finest school-ventilating systems in the country, bar none; our magnificent new hotels and banks and the paintings and carved marble in their lobbies; and the Second National Tower, the second highest business building in any inland city in the entire country. When I add that we have an unparalleled number of miles of paved streets, bathrooms, vacuum cleaners, and all the other signs of civilization; that our library and art museum are well supported and housed in convenient and roomy buildings; that our park system is more than up to par, with its handsome driveways adorned with grass, shrubs, and statuary, then I give but a hint of the all-round unlimited greatness of Zenith.

I believe, however, in keeping the best to the last. When I remind you that we have one motor car for every five and seven-eighths persons in the city, then I give a rock-ribbed practical indication of the kind of progress and braininess which is synonymous with the name Zenith!

But the way of the righteous is not all roses. Before I close, I must call your attention to a problem we have to face, this coming year. The worst menace to sound government is not the avowed socialists but a lot of cowards who work under cover—the long-haired gentry who call themselves "liberals" and "radicals" and "non-partisan" and "intelligentsia" and God only knows how many other trick names! Irresponsible teachers and professors constitute the worst of this whole gang, and I am ashamed to say that several of them are on the faculty of our great State University! The U is my own Alma Mater, and I am proud to be known as an alumni, but there are certain instructors there who seem to think we ought to turn the conduct of the nation over to hoboes and roustabouts.

Those profs are the snakes to be scotched—they and all their milk-and-water ilk! The American business man is generous to a fault, but one thing he does demand of all

teachers and lecturers and journalists: if we're going to pay them our good money, they've got to help us by selling efficiency and whooping it up for rational prosperity! And when it comes to these blab-mouth, fault-finding, pessimistic, cynical University teachers, let me tell you that during this golden coming year it's just as much our duty to bring influence to have these cusses fired as it is to sell all the real estate and gather in all the good shekels we can.

Not till that is done will our sons and daughters see that the ideal of American manhood and culture isn't a lot of cranks sitting around chewing the rag about their Rights and their Wrongs, but a God-fearing, hustling, successful, two-fisted Regular Guy who belongs to some church with pep and piety to it, who belongs to the Boosters or the Rotarians or the Kiwanis, to the Elks or Moose or Redmen or Knights of Columbus or any one of a score of organizations of good, jolly, kidding, laughing, sweating, upstanding, lend-a-handing Royal Good Fellows, who plays hard and works hard, and whose answer to his critics is a square-toed boot that'll teach the grouches and smart alecks to respect the He-man and get out and root for Uncle Samuel, U.S.A.!

From *Babbitt* by Sinclair Lewis. Copyright, 1922, by Harcourt, Brace & Company.

Safe in the Arms of Crœsus, by *Owen Wister*

THE home voyage promised no dullness. Next my chair on deck was that of André Renaud; and the talk of this lively minded Frenchman would cheer the densest fog. Below in the dining-saloon my companions at table were: a gentle lady with eyes full of the past and an unmarried voice; a handsome brute with an important necktie and teeth of strength; a Harvard boy, graduate of the Law School, home-bound for the bottom rung in a busy office,

after a wise holiday with work flung to the winds and Europe in his arms; and the youthful editor of Cute Cracks, bald before his time, with a blue vital alertness beaming behind his spectacles.

"And so you have been Seeing America First?"

This was Renaud to me, both tucked in our rugs, and the coast fading behind us.

"Not seeing it at all," I replied. "I've made a point of keeping clear of Americans."

"Of that I was sure. And so you should be able to tell me where it is that wicked Americans go when they die. When good ones die, they go to Paris. A wise Bostonian announced this many years ago. If Paris is your American Paradise, what is your American Hell? I had been not yet six months in your inexpressibly amusing country when I discovered where it is that the wicked Americans go."

"Out with it," said I.

"No. You shall meditate."

The coast of France was fading, fading; a spring and summer of delight were over; a not quite extinct sense of duty was dragging me back to the Statue of Liberty and all that it misrepresents. Out of my memories I spoke to André:

"Once in my travels I met rudeness. It was in a train. They were Americans. Nobody I saw anywhere was drunk, except several Americans in Paris. But since travel-agencies have turned the vulgar Briton loose on lake and mountain, the American voice has dropped to the third instead of the second worst noise in Europe."

"I heard no noises," said André, "after one reception at your American Library in the rue de l'Elysee. To that I was compelled officially to go. I had to welcome one of your popular novelists. When I asked what he was writing, he answered, 'I am waking them up.' Was it not characteristic? Then I went to my mother, who is very old. I hid myself deep in my petit pays. I walked among poppies

and vineyards, listening to larks in the sky and to the bell of our little beautiful, ancient church. And, ah, I met leisure once more!" "But I am certain," he concluded, "that you have been Seeing America First. Come find an epithet for the occasionally great American people. Where is the word that will fit Manhattan, San Francisco, Kansas, Charles Eliot, Bryan, and all the rest of our miscellaneous jungle? Subconsciously you know it already—it remains for you to become conscious of it. You have nine days. When you find it you'll find also where it is that wicked Americans go when they die."

But now the trumpeter sounded his call to dress for dinner. So we got out of our rugs and went to our cabins.

Something had gone on before I reached our table: a misty distress was in the face of the gentle lady (she came from St. Paul); the Editor's eyes were brilliant; an alert and roguish mockery sported in the smile of the Harvard boy; and the important man was saying in a voice like heavy bronze:

"Sure we won the War for 'em. But it appears there is such a thing as being too proud to pay."

I saw the St. Paul lady clasp her hands under the table-cloth.

"England is paying us quite a lot." This was the Editor.

"I know the figures."

"But do you think Belgium . . . Doesn't it seem as if we ought? . . . The French surely—" The poor lady left it there.

"Business is business. Loans are loans," asserted the important man and ceased attending to the conversation. I certainly did envy him his teeth.

"Not Uncle Shylock, then?" inquired the Harvard boy.

But the important man was far away. "Not Uncle Shylock," repeated the boy, looking innocently at him. "Just Uncle Sham."

The lady's hands were clasped again. She looked as if she would like to leave the table.

"This your first trip?" asked the important man, coming back, but not waiting to hear. "My home's in Los Angeles. I sailed January 29th. Cunard to Cherbourg. Made no stop in New York. Never was east of Chicago before. There's nothing east of Chicago for us Californians. My company manufactures the greatest nerve food on earth. Here's our new ad."

He dealt leaflets about the table, somewhat as if they were cards. They varied as cards do; some said, "Eat Muscatol and forget the Doctor"; others, "Eat Muscatol and forget the Dentist"; or, "Eat Muscatol and forget Worry"; or "Forget Wakefulness"; or Cold Feet, or Drab Thoughts—there must have been a dozen things which eating Muscatol would make you forget. It was Nature's Nerve Food, the cards said.

"Most interesting," murmured the lady from St. Paul, drawing away from her leaflet as if it were a beetle.

"But forgetting so many things—mightn't it make you absent-minded?" suggested the boy.

"It's a grape product," said the man. "Nature's Nerve Food. I've been pushing it among those folks." And he jerked his large head toward Europe. "Slow. That's what I call the British. If they don't drop their 'We've never done it that way,' they'll drop out. They're dense. Los Angeles had one million one hundred thousand inhabitants today. By 1935, we'll hit the two million mark."

"Superb!" exclaimed the boy. "Inspirational. Five thousand two hundred and eighty feet make a mile. Allow five feet per capita as the average length of your population." We watched him pencil a rapid sum. "Well, if you park your population end to end in 1935, they'll make a string of Los Angelians 1,893 miles long. Most of the way to Chicago. Simply inspirational!"

"Will you say that again?" asked Muscatol, attentively. Certain words and topics rang up his attention like a telephone.

The Harvard boy said it again. Muscatol whipped a pencil from where it was hooked in his vest pocket, and made some quick notes on his cuff.

"That's good publicity stuff," he remarked with approval. "Mind if I work it up?"

"Delighted!" said the boy heartily.

"I sailed on January 29th," continued Muscatol. "Cunard to Cherbourg. Europe must have been alive once. I've seen it all I want—London, Paris, Rome, their whole show. I've got specifications for a pan-Christian temple for our employees to read, swim, exercise, worship, and lunch in. All denominations. Surface area bigger than St. Peter's. Those cathedrals and Michael Angelos are fair bric-a-brac. We'll buy some and move 'em here, maybe. I guess their Rheims cathedral would advertise our products among the high brows—if properly handled. Say, the blue water off our California coast makes their Mediterranean look white. This your first trip? I landed at Cherbourg."

"My eleventh," said the boy.

"Well, their hotels are falling over one another putting in bathrooms. We're telling Europe where to get off."

"Isn't it glorious to lead the world in plumbing!" exclaimed the boy.

"Oh!" protested the gentle lady. "We lead it in kindness and generosity to all in misfortune."

"And in Art and Letters," said the boy.

She looked at him reproachfully.

"And in enterprise," said the Editor. "And energy. And resourcefulness."

She looked at him gratefully.

"And in charm of manner," said the boy, "and courtesy to all nations."

Muscatol had not been attentive to any of this. But

he spoke abruptly. "Well, come out and shake hands with Los Angeles. See our city grow overnight. We'll help you make up the time Harvard wasted on you. If those colleges back East don't drop their high-brow stuff and teach our boys how to make money, they'll be dead as Europe. It's Europe's jealousy that calls us dollar-chasers. When a European catches sight of an American dollar he develops a speed that puts us among the Also Rans."

Just then André Renaud passed us on his way out. He glanced curiously at Muscatol.

"What does America need most?" I inquired, reminded of the main epithet I was to find.

"Bigger and better publicity," said Muscatol, hitting the cloth with his fist.

"Our compartment sleeping-cars are un-American," said the Harvard boy. "They're too private. Undemocratic."

"Well," said Muscatol, dubiously, "maybe the sixteen-section sleeper is more typically American. Those Europeans build high walls round their places. Shut the public out. Americans like to look at one another's yards. Have a right to."

"Where in Europe can we see our neighbor's Monday wash wave in the wind?" asked the boy. "Once a week I pass the shirts and drawers of fifty Homes of Distinction a contractor has just put up outside our gate. Every neighbor can see through his neighbor's window what they're having for dinner and hear the tunes of their phonograph. Publicity, sir, is the breath of our national soul. Who, I ask you," and the boy looked at us all, "who cares for scenery? What message have the woods? Will a bare rock tell you what soups you need? When a road-side board informs you that you are in Ophelia, the town that built the first Chinese laundry in Petroleum County, why waste money on school histories?"

"We want no books," said Muscatol. "Literature is what the American people want, and our company is hand-

ing it to them right now. One million spent on literature this year. Free educational literature. By 1937 I'll have the American people educated up to eating Muscatol three times a day."

. . . . . .

When I sat down by André in the smoking room that night he said: "Who is your Roman?"

And then, before I took his meaning, he went on:

"His words I did not catch, but his conquering voice reached me as I passed your table."

"He does not speak loud," said I.

"He had no need. He possesses the voice of the conqueror. He comes from your West, is it not so?"

"Los Angeles."

"I could not be precise as to the city or state: but I begin to observe many like him, all from your West. There he comes."

Muscatol was taking a snug corner with the Editor, behind a table. They were plainly talking business, and at length plainly struck a bargain. The Harvard boy was across the room, sipping a lonely liqueur. Muscatol beckoned him to come over, and the steward brought them further refreshments, and continued to do so.

"I do not desire the society of your Roman," said André. "I have met several superior to him. That is more than enough. But I admire the predatory power of his eye, and the massive breadth of his brow, and his vital hair, and his battering-ram expression. From head to foot he is able, ruthless, and sensual—the stuff of the eternal conqueror. See them listen to him! They bend their heads closer, because he is telling them an intimate anecdote, very probably from his recent European experience. Now they grow confidential and impart anecdotes to him. Your Charles Eliot type is extinct. Don't look disgusted, my friend. The Romans were rough-necks when they started, and in a thousand years your American type will have developed a mag-

nificent civilization. His chief delusion at present is to think that he has invented short cuts to experience."

"A thousand years!" said I. "You talk as if I could wait."

"I am not offering consolation: I am reminding you that Rome was not built in a day. If the Romans when Athens was at her zenith in the fifth century before Christ had claimed that they were civilized, all Greece would have smiled—as Europe smiles at you today—except when your bad manners provoke a less indulgent emotion. Consider carefully the Roman at your table. He illustrates the main epithet. Yes, he will go to—you'll tell me where, before we land. As for me, I shall go to bed."

André proved partly right—Muscatol did do his bit toward my finding the main epithet—but a younger and greater than he precipitated the solution.

Wireless brought the news. All other news was struck dumb. No ear listened but to this, no tongue spoke but of it. Under its spell passengers and crew were magically made one beating heart for a while. The emotion of it lingered among us; we might talk of other things, but throughout the days following we came back to it like the burden of a ballad or a song. Our ship steamed west across a sea over which from the west had passed a boy on wings, unknown, alone, unadvertised, with silent daring, without a boast. Out of the world's noise and murk he had sailed up to where the vikings are, and Hector of the glancing helm, and the swift-footed Achilles—an apparition, he and his airship, swimming into our ken like Lohengrin and his swan. Like a breath from the heights he had come and breathed upon our drugged ideals, and they lived. And an American! And already among the legends! Without a Homer to sustain him there, could he remain? Ten thousand arms would reach out to pull down this quiet star that shone so clear above the glare of our hissing fireworks.

Wireless brought more news. The nations were choiring anthems to the young viking of the air.

"Only twenty-five!" said the lady at table; and her lips trembled. "When I think of his mother! . . . It makes the world seem brighter."

"He's not being handled right," said Muscatol. And he shook his head somberly.

"Does seem as if unpractical people had got hold of him," said the Editor. He, too, was glum.

"What would be your idea of right handling?" inquired the Harvard boy.

"If he doesn't watch out," declared Muscatol, "he'll overstay his apex. They're not used to him yet. But they'll get used. They'll start thinking about somebody else—and there goes the biggest publicity value we'll ever see."

"Then here's to his being handled wrong!" exclaimed the boy; and he finished a second bottle of stout. "You'll get none ashore," he explained.

"See here," said Muscatol to him kindly and with true concern, "you don't want him handled wrong. You don't want to talk that high-brow stuff. It's un-American. Sounds snobbish."

"I hope I'm a snob!"

"Now, boy, you know you don't mean that. You've got a big potential asset. Your personality is crying to be capitalized. Honest. You're one of us, only you don't know it. If I had the handling of you—"

"Spare my blushes," laughed the boy, and suddenly fired a random shot. He looked from Muscatol to the Editor and back, paused, and took aim. "I know what's the matter with you two! He turned you down!"

There was a thunder-clay of silence.

"A bull's eye!" I shouted.

The gentle lady did not grasp it.

"They both wirelessed," the boy explained.

Still it failed to get home to her.

"Wirelessed Lindbergh. Tried to harness him to their own carts. Wanted to capitalize his personality."

"Oh," breathed the lady, taking it in at length.

"Bet he didn't spend any cash on answering," added the boy. "I'm afraid somebody is handling him wrong."

It was the Editor who first found his speech again.

"I have to be on my job, don't you see? I'd have met any figures he wanted for five thousand words."

"I thank whatever gods there be that a boy I can claim as my fellow-countryman has made me feel again as I used at times to feel in the Great War, and have not felt since till now. I thank whatever gods there be that an American boy has done this thing in an un-American way."

"How can you call his courage un-American?"

"Have Americans a monopoly in courage? Have you never heard of English courage or French courage? Courage is everywhere. But this boy took thought about every need, tested every inch and bolt, made ready, without haste, set off without noise, arrived as if he had done nothing, stood the strain of mobs and kings, and medals without a single break, and has flatly declined to capitalize his publicity, as our friend from Los Angeles puts it."

. . . . . .

For a while I walked the deck, and after this exceedingly dull performance in the name of exercise, during which I passed and repassed the Harvard boy and Muscatol and the Editor playing shuffle-board, I settled in my chair to read a detective story. André's chair was vacant.

In time, I found myself at the two-hundredth page of the detective story, and quite unaware of what had so far happened in the plot. At this point I saw the Harvard boy coming along the deck alone, very slowly, very pensively.

"Look here a minute," I said.

He quickened his walk towards me. What was the matter with him?

"Well, sir?" said he, civil, but still preoccupied. Was he

reflecting that his student days were over, his last long holiday at an end?

"Tell me where wicked Americans go when they die," I said.

He broke into a smile, and whatever had been in his face left it.

"How much time am I allowed?" he asked.

"Take time, and a cocktail with me."

"Here's with you, sir."

We met André, and I suggested that he join us.

"A cocktail? Yes, indeed. Ah, that is not the least of America's gifts to humanity!"

Before drinking he lifted his glass to the student.

"May I congratulate you on your high honors at graduation?"

"Why, how do you come to know that?"

"We professors hear things. You were recommended as secretary to the most distinguished member of your Supreme Court at Washington."

"My father wished me to get down to work." The cloud was in his face again. "By the time I'm thirty-five, I suppose I may be making ten thousand a year. That's an income you can't see with the naked eye in these days."

"It's a long ladder," said I. "But one reaches the top."

"Oh, yes. In some forty years." His eyes went to the door, and he frowned.

Muscatol was standing there and hailed him very audibly.

The lady from St. Paul and I were the first at table, and others came some ten minutes late.

"Ten thousand when I'm thirty-five," said the boy to the lady, without preamble, and speaking with great care, as if he feared he might fumble it.

"Fifty thousand in half the time," asserted Muscatol. "Unless I misjudge you. And I don't misjudge usually. Steward, two bottles of Pommery for the last dinner on board."

"Tomorrow night we'll be dining in God's Country," said the boy with deliberate fervor.

Muscatol took him literally, of course. "You bet we will!"

"Here's to God's Country!" said Muscatol.

The boy would drink but one glass. "I give you one toast. Are your glasses charged?" He lifted his without spilling a drop, and said slowly and steadily: "To the chap who flew over the sea. Don't forget I drank to him!" he added earnestly, almost poignantly, to me. "Never forget that." A curious effect of cocktails.

"I'll drink to his grit," said Muscatol. "Not to his brains."

"Let-letting himself be handled wrong?" suggested the boy.

"Sure he is."

"Might have leaped at a bound to the top of the ladder," the boy again suggested.

"Sure. He's a business failure."

"I'll drink to him again," whispered the boy to himself; and then to Muscatol, "Ain't it lucky for Am-America there are so few like him and so many like you!"

"May the youngest begin?" he asked, charmingly. Tipsy or sober, he was irresistible. "It flashed on me like an inspiration. Just as if I were a genius! But let me lead up to it. There's America, I thought. There's George Washington. He always wanted to retire beneath his vine and fig tree. First in war and first in peace, but he spoke only once during the whole Constitutional convention. Do Americans want to retire anywhere? Watch 'em parade. Always parading. Elks, Mystic Shriners; and Muscatol is a parade all by himself, all the time. Do Americans speak only once? Listen to 'em. Do you notice much silence? Then the boosters. Publicity. If you're giving a dinner, put it in the paper. If you're getting hanged, put it in the paper. So I said to myself, What do

most Americans love most? Answer, Publicity. Therefore, my guess is: Wicked Americans when they die go to Eternal Privacy. Why, that's a poem!" he cried, and chanted it rhythmically. "Milton might have written it."

"I pay for your bottle," said André. "And I know you will succeed in life."

"Oh, yes, I shall succeed!" And a sudden tragic hardness aged his youthful face.

"It sort of flashed on me, too. The main epithet for America just now is immodest."

"I am not sure that I pay for your bottle."

"Understand, I don't mean indecent. We're a decent people—though our young writers are trying hard to be indecent—but they can't do it gracefully. I mean immodest, self-praising, self-advertising, loud."

"I must pay for your bottle also," said Andre.

. . . . . .

When we had docked and the gangway was lowered, and the passengers were moving down its slant from the deck to the wharf, I saw the boy descending in the company of the Editor and Muscatol. And just then, as I waited among the crowded passengers and the stewards and the hand baggage, a gentle hand was laid upon my arm. It was the lady from St. Paul.

"I am to deliver a message to you. He asked me to tell you that he has decided not to practice law in Boston. He is going into that grape-food company in Los Angeles."

We stood looking at each other.

"Going to capitalize his personality," I said after some silence. "He's in great luck. He will be handled right."

Scarce six months later a brilliant Muscatol literature was blazing in every magazine and every landscape. It held the eye, it caught the brain. Quite obviously the boy was being handled right.

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Mr. Mencken, the Jeune Fille and the New Spirit in Letters, by *Stuart Sherman*

A WOMAN whose husband has made money in the war likes to have her portrait painted and her friends coming in to admire it. So a new public, grown conscious of itself, demands a new literature, and a new literature demands a new criticism. Fine gentlemen with a touch of frost above the temples, sitting at ease in quiet old clubs under golden-brown portraits of their ancestors, and turning the pages of the *Athenæum* or Mr. More's *Nation,* have seen the arrival of all three: the formation of a reading public of which they are not a part, the appearance of a literature which they do not care to read, the development of a criticism in which their views are not represented. Since a critic is of no importance except with reference to what he criticizes, you will please bear with me while I bring in the new literature and the new readers. When the stage is properly set, Mr. Mencken will appear.

How shall one indicate the color and spirit of it?—this new public now swarming up the avenues of democratic opportunity; becoming prosperous, self-conscious, voluble; sunning itself in the great cities; reaching out greedily to realize its "legitimate aspirations." This latest generation of Americans, so vulgar and selfish and good-humored and sensual and impudent, shows little trace of the once dominant Puritan stock and nothing of the Puritan temper. It is curiously and richly composed of the children of parents who dedicated themselves to accumulation, and toiling inarticulately in shop and field, in forest and mine, never fully mastered the English definite article or the personal pronoun. It is composed of children whose parents or grandparents brought their copper kettles from Russia, tilled the soil of Hungary, taught the Mosaic law in Poland, cut Irish turf, ground optical glass in Germany, dispensed Bavarian beer, or fished for mackerel around the Skagerrack. The young people laugh at the oddities of their forbears, dis-

card the old kettles, the Mosaic law, the provincial dialect, the Lutheran pastor. Into the new society breaking without cultural inheritance, they derive all their interests and standards from their immediate environment, and gravitate toward refinement through more and more expensive gratifications of the senses.

The prettiest type of this swift civilization—and I must have something pretty to enliven a discourse on current criticism—the prettiest type is the *jeune fille,* who, to modernize the phrase of the old poet, aspires to a soul in silken hosiery and doeskin boots. She springs, this young creature with ankles sheathed and shod like a Virginia deer—ankles whose trimness is, æsthetically speaking, quite the finest thing her family has produced in America—she springs from a grandmother who clumped out in wooden shoes to milk a solitary cow in Sweden. She has no soul, the young thing, but she trusts that the tailor, the milliner, the bootmaker, the manicurist, the hairdresser, and the masseuse can give her an equivalent. Wherever art can work on her surfaces, she is finished. When the car is at the door in the morning—"a distinctive body on a distinguished *chassis*"—and she runs down the steps with somewhat more than a flash of her silken perfections, she is exquisite, what though the voice is a bit hard and shrill with which she calls out, "H'lo, kiddo! Le's go't Brentano's."

She is indeed coming—the new reader! She will bring home an armful of magazines, smelling deliciously of the press, books with exciting yellow jackets, plays newly translated and imported, the latest stories, the most recent ideas, all set forth in the current fashion, and all, as it will seem to her, about herself, her sort of people, her sort of world, and about the effort which her fair young ego is making to emerge from the indiscriminated mass and to acquire physical form and line congruous with that "Distinctive body mounted on a distinguished *chassis*" which bears her with such smooth speed up Riverside Drive. She will have no

American literature of the "classical period" in her library; for the New England worthies who produced it wrote before the public of which she is a part began to read or to be noticed in books. The *jeune fille,* though a votary of physical form, feels within herself an exhilarating chaos, a fluent welter, which Lowell and Longfellow and James and Howells do not, but which her writers must, express.

Therefore, she revels in the English paradoxers and mountebanks, the Scandinavian misanthropes, the German egomaniacs, and above all, in the later Russian novelists, crazy with war, taxes, hunger, anarchy, vodka, and German philosophy. She does enjoy, however, the posthumous pessimism of Mark Twain—it is "so strong and virile," and she relishes his pilot oaths—they are "so sincere and unconventional." She savors Mr. Masters' hard little naturalistic sketches of "passion" on Michigan Boulevard; they remind her of her brother. Sherwood Anderson has a place on her shelves; for by the note of revolt in *Winesburg, Ohio* she recognizes one of her own spirit's deserted villages. Lured by a primitive instinct to the sound of animals roving, she ventures a curious foot into the fringes of the Dreiserian wilderness vast and drear; and barbaric impulses in her blood "answer the wail of the forest." She is not much "intrigued" by the frosty fragilities of imagist verse; but at Sandburg's viking salute to the Hog-Butcher of the World she claps her hands and cries: "Oh, boy, isn't it gorgeous!" This welter of her "culture" she plays, now and then, at organizing on some strictly modern principle, such as her father applies to his business, such as her brother applies to his pleasures—a principle of egotistical combat, a principle of self-indulgence, cynical and luxurious. She is not quite happy with the result. Sometimes, I imagine, she wishes that her personal attendants, those handmen and handmaidens who have wrought so wonderfully with her surfaces, could be set to work upon her interior, so that her internal furnishing and decoration could be brought into

measurable concord with the grace and truth of her contours, the rhythm of her hair.

Imagine a thousand *jeune filles* thus wistful, and you have the conditions ready for the advent of a new critic. At this point enters at a hard gallop, spattered with mud, H. L. Mencken high in oath—thus justifying the Goethean maxim: *Aller Anfang ist schwer.* He leaps from the saddle with sabre flashing, stables his horse in the church, shoots the priest, hangs the professors, exiles the Academy, burns the library and the university, and, amid the smoking ashes, erects a new school of criticism on modern German principles, which he traces through Spingarn to Goethe, but which I should be inclined to trace rather to Eckermann.

Of my own inability to interpret modern Germany, however, I have recently been painfully reminded by an 86 page pamphlet sent to me from Hamburg, with blue-pencil marks kindly inserted by the author, one Hansen—apparently a German-Schleswigian-American who has studied rhetoric in Mr. Mencken's school—inquiring what the masses can possibly know of the real Germany "so long as the Shermans squat like toads in the portals of the schools and the Northcliffes send their Niagaras of slime through the souls of the English-speaking peoples." I was amused, of course, to find a great lord of the press so quaintly bracketed with an obscure teacher of literature in a Middle Western university as an effective obstacle between the sunlight and Germany. All the same, my conscience was touched; and I remembered with satisfaction that, on the appearance of Mr. Mencken's *Prefaces,* I made a conscientious effort to tell my countrymen where they should go, namely, to Mr. Mencken, if they desired a really sympathetic presentation of the modern Teutonic point of view with reference to politics, religion, morals, women, beer, and *belles-lettres.*

On the appearance of Mr. Mencken's new volume, *Prejudices*—continuing my humble service as guide to what I am not thoroughly qualified to appreciate—I can only say that

here I find again the Nietzschean "aristocrat" of yesteryear, essentially unchanged. He is a little sadder, perhaps, since democracy has unhorsed the aristocrats; but his skepticism of democracy is unshaken. He is a shade more cynical since the extension of women's suffrage; but he is as clear as ever that he knows what girls were made for. He is a little more sober since the passage of the national prohibition act, and a bit less lyrical about the Pilsener-motive in the writings of Mr. Huneker; but come rain come shine, he still points with pride to a digestion ruined by alcohol. In other respects, former patrons of his school for beautifying American letters will find his familiar manners and customs essentially unaltered.

If we are to have a Menckenian academy, Mr. Mencken shows the way to set it up—with vigor and rigor, with fist and foot, with club and axe. The crash of smashed things, the knocking of heads together, the objurgations which accompany his entrance, have a high advertising value, fascinating to all the gamins of the press and attractive to our *jeune fille,* who will pay for a copy of *Prejudices* and form her taste upon it. And far be it from me to deny that she may learn something from her heavy-handed disciplinarian. Mr. Mencken, like most men, has his merits, of which it is a pleasure to speak. He is alive; this is a merit in a good man and hardly a defect even in a bad critic. He has a rough, prodding wit, blunted by thrusting at objects which it cannot pierce, but yet a wit. He is passionately addicted to scoffing; and if by chance a sham that is obnoxious to him comes in his way, he will scoff at a sham. He has no inclination to the softer forms of "slush" or to the more diaphanous varieties of "pish-posh." He has a style becoming a retired military man—hard, pointed, forcible, cocksure. He likes a sentence stripped of baggage, and groups of sentences that march briskly off at the word of command, wheel, continue to march, and, at word of command, with equal precision, halt. He has the merits of an efficient

rhetorical drill-sergeant. By his services in pointing out to our fair barbarian that she need not, after all, read Mr. Veblen, she should acknowledge that he has earned the royalty on her copy of *Prejudices*. He has given her, in short, what she might expect to get from a stiff freshman course in rhetoric.

When he has told her who fits sentences together well and who ill, he had ended the instruction that was helpful to her. He can give her lessons in derision, lessons in cynicism, lessons in contempt; but she was mistress of all these when she entered his school. He can offer to free her from attachment to English and American literary traditions; but she was never attached to these traditions. He will undertake to make her believe that Baptists and Methodists, professors and academicians, prohibition societies and marriage covenants are ridiculous; but she always thought them ridiculous. He is ready to impregnate her mind with the wisdom of "old Friedrich," Stirner, Strindberg, and the rest of the crew; but her mind is already impregnated with that sort of wisdom. "When one has turned away from the false and the soft and the silly," this is the question she is asking, "where does one go to find true and beautiful things?" She has heard somewhere by chance, poor girl, that one who pursues truth and beauty is delivered from the grosser tyrannies of the senses, escapes a little out of the inner welter, and discovers serenity widening like a fair dawn in the mind, with a certain blitheness and amenity. This is æsthetic liberation.

For one seeking æsthetic liberation there is a canon of things to be thought on which the worldliest of sound critics, Sainte-Beuve, pronounced as clearly and insistently as Saint Paul. The Germans, as the great Goethe explained to the saucer-eyed Eckermann, are "weak on the æsthetic side." Æsthetic appreciation is superficially an affair of the palate, and at bottom an affair of the heart, embracing with elation whatsoever things are lovely. Mr. Mencken has no

heart; and if ever he had a palate he has lost it in protracted orgies of literary "strong drink." He turns with anguish from the pure and simple flavors that please children as the first gifts of nature, and that delight great critics as the last achievements of art. His appetite craves a fiercer stimulation of sauces, a flamboyance and glitter of cheeses, the sophisticated and appalling ripeness of wild duck nine days old.

He devotes, for example, two pages to leading the *jeune fille* away from Emerson as a writer of no influence. He spends several more in showing her that Howells has nothing to say. He warns her that Mr. Garland's *Son of the Middle Border* is amateurish, flat, banal, and repellent. He gives a condescending *coup de pied* to the solider works of Arnold Bennett and singles out for intense admiration a scarlet-lattice scene or so in his pot-boilers. As the author of a work on the American language, over-ambitiously designed as a wedge to split asunder the two great English-speaking peoples, and as an advocate of an "intellectual aristocracy," it has suddenly occurred to him that we have been shamefully neglecting the works of George Ade; accordingly, he strongly commends to our younger generation the works of Mr. George Ade. But the high light and white flame of his appreciation falls upon three objects as follows: the squalid story of an atrocious German bar-maid by Sudermann; an anonymous autobiographical novel, discovered by Mr. Mencken himself, which exhibits "an eternal blue-nose with every wart and pimple glittering," and is "as devoid of literary sophistication as an operation for gall-stones"; and third and last, the works of Mr. Mencken's partner, Mr. George Jean Nathan, with his divine knack at making phrases "to flabbergast a dolt."

I imagine my bewildered seeker for æsthetic liberation asking her mentor if studying these things will help her to form "the diviner mind." "Don't bother me now," exclaims Mr. Mencken; "don't bother me now. I am just

striking out a great phrase. Æsthetic effort tones up the mind with a kind of high excitement. I shall say in the next number of the *Smart Set* that James Harlan was the *damnedest ass* that America ever produced. If you don't know him, look him up. In the second edition of my book on the American language I shall add a new verb—to *Menckenize*—and perhaps a new noun, *Menckenism*. The definition of these words will clear up matters for you, and summarize my contribution to the national *belles-lettres*. It is beginning to take—the spirit is beginning to spread."

While Mr. Mencken and the *jeune fille* are engaged in this chat on the nature of beauty, I fancy the horn of a high-powered automobile is heard from the street before the Menckenian school. And in bursts Mr. Francis Hackett, looking like a man who has just performed a long and difficult operation under the body of his car, though, as a matter of fact, he has only just completed a splashing, shirt-sleeve review for *The New Republic*. "Let's wash up," cries Mr. Hackett, stripping off his blouse of blue jeans, "and go out to luncheon."

"Where shall we *fressen?*" says Mr. Mencken.

"At the Loyal Independent Order of United Hiberno-German-Anti-English-Americans," says Mr. Hackett. "All the New Critics will be there. Colum, Lewisohn, Wright, and the rest. I tried to get Philip Littell to come along. He's too gol darn refined. But I've got a chap in the car, from the West, that will please you. Used to run a column in the World's Greatest. Calls Thomas Arnold of Rugby 'that thrice-damned boor and noodle.'"

"Good!" Mr. Mencken exclaims. "A Menckenism! A Menckenism! A likely chap!" And out they both bolt.

The *jeune fille,* with a thoughtful backward glance at Mr. Hackett's blouse, goes slowly down into the street, and strolling up the walk in the crisp early winter air, overtakes Mr. Littell, who is strolling even more slowly. He is reading a book, on which the first snowflake of the year has

fallen, and, as it falls, he looks up with such fine delight in his eye that she asks him what has pleased him.

"A thought," he replies gently, "phrased by a subtle writer and set in a charming essay by a famous critic. Listen: *'Où il n'y a point de délicatesse, il n'y a point de littérature.'* [1]

"That's a new one on me," says the *jeune fille*.

From *Americans* by Stuart Sherman, published by Charles Scribner's Sons. Reprinted here by permission from the publishers.

The Great American Art, by *Mary Cass Canfield*

If one were indulging in an orgy of æsthetic pigeon-holing, one might, casting an appraising eye on the world, conceivably label architecture and painting as the particular triumphs of the French, words as the medium of the English, music as the instinctive expression of Germany. Tying tags in this broad but effective fashion, it is interesting to ask what, if any, is the great American art?

Toward the solution of this question a visiting English actor-manager once threw a helpful hint; but an evening last summer at Mr. Ziegfeld's Follies provided the final answer. The acute foreigner remarked: "As far as I can see, the only real American art is ragtime." This observation slowly bore fruit through several seasons of musical comedies, cabaret shows and vaudeville performances; and the great revelation occurred that hot night at the New Amsterdam Theatre. For the Follies seemed finally to proclaim that vitality, originality and capacity for perfection, hallmarks of the artist, find full elbow room and immediate appreciation in the happy-go-lucky eccentricity of our vaudeville world. Every good musical comedy is now sheer vaudeville; all pretence of a plot has disappeared, thus

[1] Translated: "When one begins to Menckenize, the spirit of good literature flees in consternation."

leaving the musical show a far more homogeneous art. Part of one's attention is not diverted to the following of a creakingly impossible scenario. Instead one can wholly enjoy an honest variety show. Variety is the contemporary and national cry. We do not say exactly: "In nothing too much"; rather do we say: "In everything as much as possible, but not for too long." One of the results is the kaleidoscopic drama of what England would call our "halls," a drama whose voice, whose message, whose reason for being, is ragtime.

"Say it with music." So far America, the *hoi polloi,* if you will (but the *hoi polloi* is the nation), has not said anything except with music. National restlessness lives in the conflicting rhythm of jazz. In the precise insouciance of ragtime, leap out America's own efficiency and lack of reflection, its good nature, its self-conscious smartness, its childish and oddly pathetic craving for gaiety.

Ragtime is the noise that fills a too empty room, it is the drunkenness of prohibitionists, the longing for movement and color of those who sit on packing cases and look in vain for beauty and rhythm up and down Main Street. It is barbarically fierce in its effort to conquer vacuum and the horn of the talking machine is its loud-mouthed interpreter, generously underscoring the violent cheerfulness of its staccato. Barbaric it is and yet subtle, a medley of strange minor gradations running through the major implication of its tone, like the disquiets, the doubts, the melancholy, distressing the American's determined attitude of optimism.

Ragtime is our folk song. It would seem that we have not developed sufficiently to have evolved anything authentic beyond folk song, any distinctive art of our own in the plastic or literary field. Stray geniuses, Whitman and Emerson, have only served to show up the careful orthodoxy of their fellows. Literature, particularly poetry, shows signs of pulling out of the rut of foreign imitation. Robin-

son and Frost, Masters and Sandburg are building up an art which mirrors America and expresses the national temperament. They are thus founding an American poetry. But their voices, heard by the few, are but thrush chirps in a wilderness; and the great American art, the art of the people, for the people, by the people, remains ragtime.

Perfection is the aim and the sign of great art. Mr. Ziegfeld's Follies, or the Winter Garden, or an afternoon of Vaudeville at the Palace are perfect of their kind. It is, therefore, with sincere enthusiasm and without a trace of irony that one recommends these phases of the American drama as the highest example of a national art. Vaudeville is happy; therefore it is both good and beautiful. Laughter preaches fellowship better than sermons; enjoyment throws magic loveliness, a golden glow, over a bare stage where a comedian in a check suit gregariously leans against a back-drop lamp post. What is more, ragtime haunted vaudeville, unlike the paintings of Mr. Alden Weir, the novels of Mr. Winston Churchill or the criticisms of Professor Brander Matthews, delights us with the unexpected. Irony cannot exist in the face of such vanquishing vitality, such ingenuity of setting and entertainment, such speed, effectiveness, grace and lightness of touch. No song or dance or comic skit is too long; brevity, queen of qualities, smiles triumphantly out at us between the quick rises and falls of innumerable, fantastically colored curtains. Vaudeville leads us breathless but interested, from acrobats to sentimental songs, from pony ballets to well played one-act tragedy. Every musician in the orchestra is mentally on his toes, every pulley is super-greased. To concentrate on the stage management of the Follies is like watching a thoroughbred take a series of fences. The revolving stage has a soul, it bounds forward to its task with a swagger, it prides itself on never making a mistake. It is American. One's brain reels at the thought of how many rehearsals have brought this Protean miracle into existence. Elab-

orate sets succeed each other, great masses of people parade across the stage and are gone, the orchestra melts from one tune to another, all with the bewildering ease of mastery. The pulchritude of the performers, the quality of the dancing, of the humor, of the costumes and scenic effects, cause our vaudeville to tower above the vaudeville of any other country, as the Woolworth Building would tower above the Invalides. English "two a day" is heavy in comparison, Parisian "café concerts" are meagre and tawdry. In the Follies there were ballets full of imagination in conception and mounted with splendor and taste; the dancing of them by artists of only medium quality was the only factor which prevented them from scoring a triumph. Done by the Russians, they would have been irresistible. But, at least, they showed that American vaudeville is willing, although a bit amateurishly, to concern itself with pure beauty.

Closer attuned to the general audience is the humor of such shows. Humor is as much a necessity to us as sweets; and perhaps for the same climatic reason. Nerves strung to top pitch demand both food and relaxation. Nowhere is the strength of our demand for humor better gauged than by the response to it found in cabaret and vaudeville dancing. Shimmying, shuffling, eccentric and awkward movements are only answers to the national love of the grotesque. About the grotesque, which is a tragic thing, a negation of beauty, an expression of inhibited or disappointed search for the ideal, one could, had one the space, philosophize at length. The theory that our really characteristic art is a reaction from sensuous starvation and like all reactions, a violent thing, is certainly borne out by such manifestations as Mark Twain's bitter chuckle or the calculated extravagance of our dancing; our dancers are experts in rhythmic dislocation, in accurately timed physical buffoonery. All art is exaggeration. But in the American exaggeration there is always a self-criticism, an undertone of

humor, which is an attempt at fire-extinguishing that does not reduce but curiously discolors the flame.

Grotesque or not, vaudeville represents a throwing away of self-consciousness, of Plymouth Rock caution, devoutly to be wished for. Here we countenance the extreme, we encourage idiosyncrasy. The dancer or comedian is, sometimes, egged on to develop originality; he is adored, never crucified for difference. Miss Fannie Brice and Sir Harry Lauder are examples of vaudeville performers who have been hailed, joyfully and rightfully, as vessels containing the sacred fire, and who have been encouraged into self-emphasis by their audiences; they are now, as a result of this appreciative stimulus, rare and interesting artists in their field.

Vaudeville, as our most vital art centre, is a treasure house of individuality. In Ziegfeld Follies, Will Rogers a superman of coordination, swinging his lasso in complicated whirls and emitting dry patter at the expense of cabbages and kings, was quite justly the idol of his public. In the same spectacle, Gallagher and Shean sang a whimsically ridiculous ditty, which was Gallic in its neat lightness and yet American in its easy familiarity. A vaudeville comedian in America is as close to the audience as Harlequin and Puncinello were to the Italian publics of the eighteenth century. He is, like them, an apparent, if not always an actual, improviser. He jokes with the orchestra leader, he tells his hearers fabricated, confidential tales about the management, the other actors, the whole entrancing world behind the scenes; he addresses planted confederates in the third row or the gallery, and proceeds to make fools of them to the joy of all present. He beseeches his genial, gum-chewing listeners to join in the chorus of his song; they obey with a zestful roar. The audience becomes a part of the show and enjoys it. And there is community art for you. Until the cows come home, Mr. Percy Mackaye can write pageants, celebrating civic virtue and so amply

supplied with parts that they can only be acted by an entire township; he will never achieve the unforced and happy communion which reigns within the fifty-cent walls of the local Keith's and Proctor's.

The capacity for peaceful penetration of any art is surely a sign of its vitality. We read contemporary English novelists and poets. If we can, we wear French dresses: some of us buy French pictures. Walt Whitman was discovered in England and there is a beautiful French translation of his complete works. Emerson is not unknown in Europe; Baudelaire long years ago translated the gifted and sombre Poe into icily chiseled and admirably appropriate French. Oceans are crucibles, smelting machines for art. Only the best survives their perilous passage. And now for the last decade, Europe has adopted our dance tunes. The Parisian intelligence, cold and sharp as a steel needle, yet always prepared sensitively to oscillate in the direction of the æsthetically significant, has for some time pointed due west at this true American music. Young poets celebrate it in their verse, young composers, Darius Milhaud, Georges Auric and the others, write ballets and symphonies in which may be heard the irresponsible "cancan" of ragtime. John Alden Carpenter, perhaps the most vivid talent among our own composers, will occasionally shift from coolly subtle disharmonies, illustrating poetic or lyric subjects, to write a Krazy Kat Ballet, clever and, shall one say, whole-legged, glorification of jazz.

> Come on and hear, come on and hear,
> Alexander's Ragtime Band.

One likes to think of the straight, hard, young rows of our soldiers marching through gray French towns to the devil-may-care lilt of their native noise. To weary hearts, made old by anxiety, such sound may have seemed vaguely shocking, the laughter of a child in a house of mourning. But at least, it brought a message of confidence; it em-

bodied a resilient vitality ready to fly right at difficulty, a defiant sense of the ridiculous, inclined to turn death itself into a dance.

The *joie de vivre* of jazz is perhaps, as has been hinted, a trifle hectic, it represents a young and superficial straining away from barrenness; but at any rate, it is sincere, it is spontaneous, it is communistic. We can allow the Metropolitan Opera Company laboriously to put on Red Indian Operas by undeniably American composers; Mr. John Sargent can paint pseudo-classic and wholly insignificant figures on the walls of the Boston Museum; Mr. Daniel Chester French can make as many bronzes of Lincoln as he likes. But the only American art, the escape of every man, discouraged by bleakness, worn by rush and machinery, into the blue enchantment and rhythm and laughter, the art with Dionysian frenzy in it, the valid, the great American art, so far, is to be found on a blazing stage, full of shapes acrobatically dancing to the exact beat of drums and the seductively insincere moan of saxophones.

From *Grotesques* by Mary Cass Canfield, published by Harper & Brothers. Reprinted here by permission of the author and the publishers.

The Age of the Machine, by *Lewis Mumford*

THE processes which are inimical to architecture are, perhaps, seen at their worst in the business district of the metropolis; but more and more they tend to spread throughout the rest of the community.—Unfortunately for architecture, every district of the modern city tends to become a business district, in the sense that its development takes place less in response to direct human needs than to the chances and exigencies of sale. It is not merely business buildings that are affected by the inherent instability of enterprises to which profit and rent have become Ideal Ends: the same thing is happening to the great mass of

houses and apartments which are designed for sale. Scarcely any element in our architecture and city planning is free from the encroachment, direct or indirect, of business enterprise. The old Boulevard in New York, for example, which was laid out by the Tweed Ring long before the land on either side was used for anything but squatters' farms, was almost totally disrupted by the building of the first subways, and it has taken twenty years to effect even a partial recovery. The widening of part of Park Avenue by slicing off its central grass plot has just been accomplished, in order to relieve traffic congestion; and it needs only a little time before underground and overground traffic will cause the gradual reduction of our other parkways—even those which now seem secure.

The task of noting the manifold ways in which our economic system has affected architecture would require an essay by itself; it will be more pertinent here to pay attention to the processes through which our economic system has worked, and in particular to gauge the results of introducing mechanical methods of production and mechanical forms into provinces which were once wholly occupied by handicraft. The chief influence in eliminating the architect from the great bulk of our building is the machine itself; in blotting out the elements of personality and individual choice it has blotted out the architect, who inherited these qualities from the carpenter builder.—It is time, perhaps, that we isolated the machine and examined its workings. What is the basis of our machine ritual, and what place has it in relation to the good life?

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Whereas in the first stages of industrial development the factory affected the environment of architecture, in its latest stage the factory has become the environment. A modern building is an establishment devoted to the manufacture of light, the circulation of air, the maintenance of a uniform temperature, and the vertical transportation of

its occupants. Judged by the standards of the laboratory, the modern building is, alas! an imperfect machine: the engineers of a certain public service corporation, for example, have discovered that the habit of punching windows in the walls of the building-machine is responsible for great leakages which make difficult the heating and cooling of the plant; and they hold that the maximum efficiency demands the elimination of windows, the provision of "treated" air, and the lighting of the building throughout the day by electricity.

All this would seem a little fantastic, were it not the fact that we have step by step approached the reality. Except for our old-fashioned prejudice in favor of windows, which holds over from a time when one could see a green field or a passing neighbor by sitting at one, the transformation favored by the engineers has already been accomplished. Just because of the ease in installing fans, lights, and radiators in a modern building, a good part of the interiors of our skyscrapers is fed day and night with artificial light and ventilation. The margin of misuse under this method of construction is necessarily great; the province of design, limited. Instead of the architect's paying attention to exposure, natural circulation, and direct daylight, and making a layout which will achieve these necessary ends, he is forced to center his efforts on the maximum exploitation of land. Where the natural factors are flouted or neglected, the engineer is always ready to provide a mechanical substitute—"just as good as the original" and much more expensive.

By systematically neglecting the simplest elements of city planning, we have provided a large and profitable field for all the palliative devices of engineering: where we eliminate sunlight we introduce electric light; where we congest business, we build skyscrapers; where we overcrowd the thoroughfares with traffic we burrow subways; where we permit the city to become congested with a population whose

density would not be tolerated in a well-designed community, we conduct water hundreds of miles by aqueducts to bathe them and slake their thirst; where we rob them of the faintest trace of vegetation or fresh air, we build metalled roads which will take a small portion of them once a week out into the countryside. It is all a very profitable business for the companies that supply light and rapid transit and motor cars, and the rest of it; but the underlying population pays for its improvements both ways—that is, it stands the gratuitous loss, and it pays "through the nose" for the remedy.

These mechanical improvements, these labyrinths of subways, these audacious towers, these endless miles of asphalted streets, do not represent a triumph of human effort: they stand for its comprehensive misapplication. Where an inventive age follows methods which have no relation to an intelligent and humane existence, an imaginative one would not be caught by the necessity. By turning our environment over to the machine, we have robbed the machine of the one promise it held out—that of enabling us to humanize more thoroughly the details of our existence.

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So much of the detail of a building is established by factory standards and patterns that even the patron himself has precious little scope for giving vent to his impulses in the design or execution of the work; for every divergence from a standardized design represents an additional expense. In fact, the only opportunity for expressing his taste and personality is in choosing the mode in which the house is to be built: he must find his requirements in Italy, Colonial America, France, Tudor England, or Spain—woe to him if he wants to find them in twentieth century America! Thus the machine process has created a standardized conception of style; of itself it can no more invent a new style than a mummy can beget children.—Standardized materials and patterns and plans and elevations—here are

the ingredients of the architecture of the machine age: The chief thing needful for the full enjoyment of this architecture is a standardized people. Here our various educational institutions, from the advertising column of the five cent magazine to the higher centers of learning, from the movie to the radio, have not perhaps altogether failed the architect.

The manufactured house is set in the midst of a manufactured environment. The quality of this environment calls for satire rather than description; and yet a mere catalog of its details, such as Mr. Sinclair Lewis gives in *Babbitt,* is almost satire in itself. In this environment the home tends more and more to take last place. Mr. Henry Wright has in fact humorously suggested that at the present increasing ratio of site costs—roads, sewers, and so forth—to house costs, the house itself will disappear in favor of the first item by 1970. The prophetic symbol of this event is the tendency of the motor-car and the temple garage to take precedence over the house. Already these incubi have begun to occupy the last remaining patch of space about the suburban house, where up to a generation ago there was a bit of garden, a swing for the children, a sandpile, and perhaps a few fruit trees.

The end of a civilization that considers buildings as mere machines is that it considers human beings as mere machine-tenders: it therefore frustrates or diverts the more vital impulses which would tend to the culture of the earth or the intelligent care of the young. Blindly rebellious, men take revenge upon themselves for their own mistakes; hence the modern mechanized house, with its luminous bathrooms, its elegant furnace, its dainty garbage disposal system, has become more and more a thing to get away from. The real excuse for the omnipresent garage is that in a mechanized environment of subways and house-machines some avenue of escape and compensation must be left open. Distressing as a Sunday automobile ride may be on the

crowded highways that lead out of the great city, it is one degree better than remaining in a neighborhood unsuited to permanent human habitation.

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The architecture of other civilizations has sometimes been the brutal emblem of the warrior, like that of the Assyrians: it has remained for the architecture of our own day in America to be fixed and stereotyped and blank, like the mind of a Robot. The age of the machine has produced an architecture fit only for lathes and dynamos to dwell in; incomplete and partial in our applications of science, we have forgotten that there is a science of humanity, as well as a science of material things.

We have attempted to live off machinery, and the host has devoured us. It is time that we ceased to play the parasite; time that we looked about us, to see what means we have for once more becoming men. The prospects of architecture are not divorced from the prospects of the community. If man is created, as the legends say, in the image of the gods, his buildings are done in the image of his own mind and institutions.

ENVOI

The aristocracies of the world have never doubted the supremacy of the home and garden and temple over all the baser mechanisms of existence, and the folk-civilizations out of which aristocracies have so often risen have never strayed far from these realities. In the Norse fables, the dwarfs are regarded as queer monsters, because they are always "busy people" who have no pride or joy except in the work they perform and the mischief they cause.

The great heresy of the modern world is that it ceased to worship the Lords of Life, who made the rivers flow, caused the animals to mate, and brought forth the yearly miracle of vegetation: it prostrated itself, on the contrary, before the dwarfs, with their mechanical ingenuity, and the giants,

with their imbecile power. Today our lives are perpetually menaced by these "busy people"; we are surrounded by their machines, and for worship, we turn their prayer wheels of red-tape.

It will not always be so; that would be monstrous. Sooner or later we will learn to pick our way out of the debris that the dwarfs, the gnomes, and the giants have created; eventually, to use Henry Adams' figure, the sacred mother will supplant the dynamo. The prospects for our architecture are bound up with a new orientation towards the things that are symbolized in the home, the garden and the temple; for architecture sums up the civilization it enshrines, and the mass of our buildings can never be better or worse than the institutions that have shaped them.

From *Sticks and Stones* by Lewis Mumford, published by Horace Liveright, Inc., New York. Copyright, 1924.

Epilogue: Port of New York, by *Paul Rosenfeld*

THERE was an epoch when a curious colour and fascination overspread the movement of liners in and out of the Port of New York.

Something in us was keenly aware of them emerging from the Lower Bay, heaving their sharp prows up through the Narrows. Somehow, we knew, persistently, fixedly, that in sleety, in blue, in sullen weather, all through the lit hours, long, mouse-coloured shapes were newly stretched off Quarantine. There was a secret significance in the fact that between the cheesebox fort and the fume of the nondescript South Brooklyn littoral, there where recently nothing but water had been, metal hulls, not present yesterday, were now subjected to the rise of concrete walls, red iron, industrial chimneys, ferry-slips. It was good and it was painful to know that in New York Harbor, always, there were newcome bodies foreign to it, issued from Southampton and

from Naples, from Gibraltar and from Bremen, from Antwerp and Bergen and Patras, and engirdled by sullen shorelines, and lapped by tired crisscrossed wavelets.

The lean voyagers steered under the tower-jumbled point of Manhattan. Flanks were lashed to the town: holds thrown open to the cobbled street. Decks were annexes of the water-front portion of New York no less than the leagues of "L" sweeping past dismal brick over cavernous thoroughfares. And through periods of many days, for weeks even, the liners lay roped to their piersides, rows of prisoners handcuffed to policemen. The plated sides listed obediently toward bald sheds. Only feeble brownish wisps of smoke adrift from silent smokestacks betrayed the incomplete incorporation. Then, one day, a pierside was found stripped. Next day, another; two. The vigilantes stood stupidly. In the open quadrangle between docks, merely a dingy freighter, and small lighter-fry. By seacoated piles, the muckerish North River water shrugged its shoulders. The liners were escaped: fled again through the straits. Beyond where eye can reach iron rumps dwindled down the ocean.

And has it really faded from the port, the curious painful colour? Has it entirely quit them, the secret significance that was always on the movements of the liners in and out the upper bay? Or has it merely retreated for a while behind the bluffs of the Jersey shore, to return on us again tomorrow and draw interest away once more into the distance beneath Staten Island hill? It was on a day just like this one, year before last or last year even—and outside the window the sun fell much as it does now across asphalt grimy with a little last snow, and people came about the corner house, and walked past brick walls, and motors ticked and drays banged—that the harbor of New York was somehow the inexplicable scene of a mysterious translation. And nothing in the traffic of the port and in the city streets has changed. Below Battery point, the liners stand off

Quarantine all through the lighted hours; and here inside the town the towers, solid gazing houses and shadowed walls have not gone. Steel hooves ring and motors purr in the lightening air above the titanic ground-bass of the town. Coal roars as it slides down iron into the neighbors' cellars. The truckmen stand like Pharaohs behind their horses and shout at the girls. From a block away the elevated train comes up like a thunderstorm. These and the bells and the fire-escapes are where they were last year and the year before. How is it that the dreamy fascination should have vanished from the harbor, and left us in a different New York?

It seemed the liners did not come across the Atlantic on a single plane. Somewhere, in the course of their voyage from the European coasts, they left one region and descended to another. True, they were steam-packets plying in a huge oceanic ferryboat business, moving in well-known lanes; through fog with smell of boilers and pounding of machines. Still, a mysterious translation took place before they reached their American terminus. If indeed they did plow over the regular surface of the globe, they also came out of delicious unknown qualities of light, and wafts of air lighter and fierier than those aplay this side the sea. Approaching, they had descended as one descends from a heavenward plateau under blue skylands into a dank and shadowy vale. Going to Europe, coming from Europe, might abolish the illusion; at a touch of the new world earth it was upon one again, not to be analyzed and not to be expelled. But a few hours before their entrance into Ambrose channel, the mighty voyagers now ringed about with smoky American land and the sullen objects of the rawly furnished shores had experienced, it seemed, not alone the fishy white Atlantic, but the clear, free, ineffable space which does not know the depression of New York. Against steel plates and salt-soaked yellow, white, and pitch-black paint; about funnels and masts erect against the stars, there

had lain the otherwhere than New York, the hidden side of the city moon; the flowering, fecund reality. Rock lighter than sea-water, the visitor had swum in the space relieved of all the weight of new world objects; the space that the gas-tuns, chimney pennons of coal-fume, smoky length of Staten Island hill would not let manifest itself and held down upon like gravestones. About it with the sky and salt and ocean was the place that labors in man's behalf, and calls forth and lets bloom in beauty the stuff the new world sites repress, force back and will not let grow. Warming suns and long mild days had poured on it.

And here, in the workman bay, the mysterious water-world was wrenched from the liners, wrenched as eelskins are drawn. An evil change had occurred. Upon the very sides which had known the free untrammeled space and moved through rich elastic stuff, another vulgarer world had imposed itself. Brightness was no longer about the ship. The city horizon was the one horizon. But when once more the cables were thrown off, the departed liners seemed marine expresses less than they had ever seemed. Were they not exiled princes gone to regain their high estate? Or, silent but telling proofs that things brought to these shores by an ocean line, and lashed to them by ropes, could leave the plane of frustrating conditions on which New York lay, and escape the drag? Yes, it was the Port, the greedy ingest of the land, that kept one down. *New York* was the pit; never the automotive thing involved in it. But New York was a port, and gave on the open sea and the spirit morning; and Port meant egress.

A silly fantasy? Childish, no doubt. But in those days, remember, New York was in a vale between giant mountain walls. In any case day did not pour into it; the place might have been down in the steepest gorge. Oh yes, there was a sun overhead, a cruel one, a ferocious blaze in the Yankee summer. Nonetheless, the Sol who makes life fragrant and abundant did not stand in the sky. He shone

distantly, overhead far across the Atlantic, beaming upon the European coasts; and one could see them high up, gleaming with fertile yellow and green, like Alp pinnacles watered with the first gold liquor of the day. New York however lay in immovable blue twilight, and one existed on a thin strip of arable land, a kind of hyperborean edge amid the temperate zone; the border of an impenetrable unknown. Behind, to the west, a continent lay submerged in chaotic pre-creation darkness. Movement, noise, rise and fall of perpetually displaced matter, all these seeming products of sun-power, were unsubstantial, dusty mirages of the senses. The very heat was not here. Or merely faintly enough to let us know what it was we wanted. Nothing moved.

The seed did not find the soil and take a root. It was a curious thing to know that one had been born here; to know that in precisely this dull red house on the avenue corner, with the number, say of 792, one had undergone the experience which the Englishman underwent in his little island, or the Frenchman in his pleasant land of France, or the German in deep Germany. When the European was born, did he not begin the process of coming into relationship with the people and the things which stood about him? Did not something in him, the free-moving particle, cleave to the sites, the walls, the trees, the waters amid which he found himself, so that forever after the sight and memory of these objects had power to bring him nourishment comparable to the nourishment the tree draws from out its rock and loam? But here one did not come into blood relation. Oh, yes, here it was very formally inscribed in the records that on a certain day in a certain month of a certain year, a child had been born a certain citizen and his wife, with the sex male; which meant that one could, legally, become President; and, failing that, vote, serve on a jury, and appeal for consular protection when traveling. But it was a mere allegation, that one belonged to these things here, and they to one. In truth, a red-spired village seen

from railway windows over German cornfields; a prim Holland garden descending from a glass-enclosed verandah; the vista of an avenue with iron balconies in Paris; these foreign things were more life-giving, more feeding and familiar to one for all their strangeness, than the corner of New York rounded regularly each morning and evening. Things here were finally outside you, apart from you; you were very definitely over here, they very definitely over there. You were alien to them; could move no closer to them than to the people who existed amongst them; even to those of the people you were supposed to know best of all and with whom you had spent the years. It was as useless trying to feel yourself through the crowding towers of the lower town, and feel a whole, as it was trying to feel yourself through the forbidding people in the streets. The towers were not a whit less hard, less mutually exclusive, less eager to crowd each other out, than the people who had made them. They snatched the light from each other; rough-shouldered each other; were loud, anarchical, showy, . . . unfriendly; flaunting money; calling for money. No heaven-warmth thawed them out.

And still, one didn't break with New York. One couldn't, perhaps, but then one didn't powerfully want to. To begin with, the sun of Europe was an illusion at least for the American; and never sufficiently strong a one to fool one entirely. Besides, once abroad and the first two weeks on the green and golden Parisian boulevards gone, a counter magnet began exerting its attraction. Paris was gratifying and there certainly was no fecundating sun above New York; and still, one was quite ready to return into the shadow. The free, low-arching skies and Louvre flanks and chestnut avenues, what had their beauty really to do with ourselves? This beauty was in its way as remote from us as the awful meaninglessness of the ways and granites of New York. It had its roots in a past which was not ours, and which we might never adopt. To feel it was to squan-

der the best stuff of the bosom not on the true wife, but on the indifferent courtesan. It was beauty in America one wanted, not in France or Switzerland. It was the towers of Manhattan one wanted to see suddenly garlanded with loveliness; desiring life for them and for oneself together. Somewhere in one always there had been the will to take root in New York; to come into relation with the things and the people, not in the insane self-abnegation of current patriotism and nationalism, but in the form of one's utmost individuality; realizing all the possibilities for life shut inside one, and simultaneously finding oneself one with the people. Perhaps in obedience to some outer voice trusted in childhood, there was a voice which promised the consummation. One day a miracle should happen over the magnificent harbor, and set life thrilling and rhythming through the place of New York. How it was to happen, one did not know; wondering whether there where the immigrant ships had come in, a supernatural and winged visitor might not have to appear, fall into the port as a meteorite might fall from the sky, before the new state would declare itself. It was to happen, that one knew. Slumbrous power patiently awaited the event. The promise was distinct again. One knew the secret allegiance to the unfriendly new world; and if it did not take the form of a red, white, and blue rosette in the buttonhole, nevertheless something like a precious promissory letter was carried underneath the heart through all the monuments and treasure houses.

Back again over the sea, eyes peeled for the moment when the arms of the port would open up and receive one, and the sense of home be written large over every crevice and electric sign! The welcome proved cold. The day after landing the buildings recommenced their languid snubbing. Restlessness came back; the water world beyond Sandy Hook began to draw again. There was scarcely a place, two or three at the very utmost, which did anything

for you, and urged you out into life and adventure and experiment. There were moments: the river at sundown, West Street with its purple blotches on walls, one pile against another. But one became sore so easily. One could accomplish only a little at a time; shrinking away, and finding it impossible to press further. It was impossible to sit before a table and work for long. A little trickle of beauty, a moment of absorption; then something gave out; and one wanted to run, to forget, go out of doors, anything rather than sit before the table. And, in dreams; in the dreams of many, in the dreams of a whole city and country perhaps, steamers departed for Europe, steamers silently discharged from New York harbor, great iron liners headed and predestined for the opposite coasts of the North Atlantic.

It may be that they still went forth last year. It was not long ago. And yet, this year, it is certain they have ceased to move. The line has passed away. If any dream-voyagers stir in dreams, their bows are turned toward New York. Small, dogged, shoulderful, they come headed America-ward. Merely a fistful of months may separate us from the time they still moved out; and sometimes it seems the time cannot indeed be gone. But it is gone. The enormous spaces that divide world from world separate us from it. What seemed a miracle alone could accomplish has taken place. There is no one not aware something has happened in New York. No supernatural and winged flyer has descended into the bay. No enchanter has touched the buildings and made them change their forms. The town still stands the same; no littoral has rearranged itself about the bay. Morning upon morning mouse-colored new-come shapes are stretched off Quarantine; and in the North River tugboats drag the departers into midstream. Nonetheless, the liners no longer descend from one plane onto another when they come into New York harbor. The port is not

the inferior situation, depressive to every spiritual excellence and every impulse to life, which once it was. The port is glamorous still, but in a healthier way. Once, thought of it filled us with nostalgia and wander-dreams. Today, it brings a sense of the beauty of the situation of New York. Suddenly, at the foot of a street, the vague wandering eye perceives with a joyous shock a loading steamer carrying high its mast as a child carries a cross in an all-saints procession. The port-nights loom blue and enormous over the leagues of massy masonries. Out of the purpling evening above office piles there comes a breeze, and in that breath there are, like two delicious positive words in an evasive letter, the fishy hoarse Atlantic. The tall street lamps in brownstone gulches on winter nights press back a soft fog that has in it the gray rims and biting wind and tramps of all nations steering. Or, some afternoon, from a bridge train, the salt tide unrolls before our eyes; the sun casts a little orange onto the waves off the Battery, and illuminates Bayonne beyond with the cadences of daylight; and the clay giants of the lower city fuse into a bluish mass. Then the prime experience of our lives, here in New York, and the burden of this little Meistersinger-music of mine, becomes plain.

The sun is rising over New York, the fertile sun which once shone brightly and directly only on Europe, and threw mere slanting rays upon us here. The sun has moved across the Atlantic. The far coasts of Europe still shine with its light. But they shine mildly, like eastern coasts on late summer afternoons when the sun declines toward the western ocean. Behind us, over the American hinterland, where impenetrable murkiness lay, morning rays slant: unveiling the face of a continent. And over New York, the dayspring begins to pour its full fruitful warmth; merging people and people, buildings and buildings, people and things. Perhaps the bond is still a little vague. One is still alone,

among people who are equally alone, scattered like seeds, or like pebbles a child throws randomly. Indeed, the collect is not a little like the faint scum-like form first taken by the embryo; a misty mass taking into itself like individual building stones the skyscrapers, thoroughfares, tenements and their inhabitants. And yet, day after day, even in gray and desperate weather, we can feel it solidifying, and thrilling the very air with its growing presence, its simple here and now. It seems we have taken root, like the skyscrapers, tenoned in five hundred feet of rock. The place has gotten a gravity that holds us. We no longer yearn to quit New York. We are content to remain here, feeling the center of life beneath us. No doubt, it is beneath every other spot on the globe's circumference as well. But for us, bound with New York, it has come to be here too; for here, too, the stuff of the breast can make its way directly into the world. The city is a center like every other point, lying on a single plane with all the world; united with every port and seacoast and spot of the whole world. In the American hinterland, in the depths of the inarticulate American unconscious, an anchorage has arisen, balancing the pull-back of old Europe; and we here in the monster town seem to stand at the point of equilibrium.

The event under this experience is the resurrection of the values. Of course, the sun always stood over New York; marvelously, yearly after the first of March. But there is no sun where there are no senses, and no senses without the values of mature living. Today, however, recognition of the worth of deep experience, of consciousness, of beauty, of intensity, has begun to increase the intensity of life itself; making the sun to float aloft and the steam to shoot like flags. We never knew it here. It may have existed, in earlier American days. But in our time they were gone. What bore the name of value and aped its style were the sentimentalities of a middle-class trading society giving

themselves out for the worths of culture. We had the Puritan value of "success," best ally of the acquisitive impulse. The values however which lead men to human growth and human beauty were out of the picture; and discord and irrelation between man and man, and man and thing, and thing and thing, filled the land with black. So matters lay till the new century, and the first years of its second decade; when the new movement began, and Stieglitz and his group of painters, and Brooks and Anderson and Bourne and the rest of the creative literary men, reestablished the old worths. What permitted a dozen artists to find the values again here on the soil, to restate ideas of work and growth and love, and run the flag of mature developed life once more to the masthead, we do not know. It may be that conditions were favorable to the new erection. Life has commenced to stabilize itself on the new continent, and men begun to cease excluding one another. Perhaps the tradition carried over the Atlantic has commenced at last expressing itself in terms of the new environment, giving the Port of New York a sense at last, the sense of a place of inception, of approach to the unknown; and the entire land the sense of the Port of New York. It seems possible the European war helped the values of the masthead. We had been sponging on Europe for direction instead of developing our own, and Europe had been handing out nice little packages of spiritual direction. But then Europe fell into disorder and lost her way, and we were thrown back on ourselves to find inside ourselves sustaining faith.—It is even possible that the impulse toward values is one with that which has given New York its own strangely perpendicular form and direction. Yet, whether there was indeed a general impulse anterior to the work of the worth-givers or whether the movement which we feel today merely flows from the songs they sang and the cries they uttered, we cannot know for sure. We saw it only after they had spoken.

But what we do know is that we have to thank them or the mighty Artist whose instruments they are, for a wondrous gift likest the gift of life. Through words, lights, colors, the new world at length is here.

(Oxford, July 1921.)

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INDEX

Adams, Henry, xvii, xviii, 25-39, 117, 118, 119, 125, 565
"Adventure in Economy, An," 46-56
"Age of the Machine, The," 559-565
Aikman, Duncan, xviii, 194-201, 209, 342, 581
Allen, James L., 347, 370-387, 480
Altgeld, James, 120, 185
America, 132, 212
America Comes of Age, xxii, 502-512, 578
"American People, The," 502-512
American Rhythm, The, 229-233, 338
American Songbag, The, 284-291, 314-318, 343
Americans, 545-553, 580
America's Coming of Age, xxii, 578
Anderson, Sherwood, xvii, xviii, 5, 56-67, 125, 201-208, 482, 547, 575
Anthony Comstock, Roundsman of the Lord, 94-102, 123
Arnold, Matthew, xix, 32, 117, 490, 491, 496-502, 517, 518, 521, 577
Austin, Mary, 219, 229-233, 338
Autobiography of David Crockett, 15-20, 125

Babbitt, 349, 483, 491, 524-532, 563
"Backwoods Legislator, A," 15-20
"Ballet of De Boll Weevil," 285-287
Barbed Wire and Wayfarers, 289-291, 341
Beard, Charles A., 132, 212, 578
Beaver, Tony, 219, 266-278
"Beloved Dean, A," 110-119
Billy the Kid, 219, 296-314, 342
"Biography of America, A," 8-14
"Blow the Man Down," 280-281
Bok, Edward W., 5, 20-25, 120, 126
Boone, Daniel, 122, 152, 161
Bourne, Randolph, xix, xx, xxiv, 490, 517-524, 575
"Boy Who Began with Three Cents, The," 20-25
Brawnyman, 126, 169-173
Bridger, Jim, 170, 210
Brooks, Van Wyck, xxii, xxiv, 4, 122, 575, 578
Broun, Heywood, xvii, 94-102, 123
Brown, John, 122, 132, 161, 193, 213
Brown, Rollo, W., xvii, 110-119, 120
Bryan, 102-110, 124
"Bryan, Bryan, Bryan, Bryan," 185-193
"Bryan the Boy Orator," 102-110
Bunyan, Paul, 219, 252-262, 340, 341
Burnet, Dana, xix, 439-452
Burns, Walter N., 162-169, 209, 296-314, 342

Cable, George W., 347, 480, 481
Canfield, Dorothy—see Fisher, Dorothy Canfield
Canfield, Mary Cass, xx, 553-559
Carlyle, Thomas, 3, 131, 134
Carnegie, Andrew, 5, 126
Carolina Folk Plays, 219, 319-337, 340
Carson, Kit, 122, 152, 210
"Cathedral of St. Woolworth, The," 471-478
Cather, Willa, 221-226, 479, 482, 483
Cendras, Blaise, 361-369, 479
Chartres, xvi, 31, 32, 34, 63
Cheerful Giver, The, 86-94
Chicago Poems, 437-439
"Chicken Never Roost Too High for Me," 235-236
Civil War, 106, 116, 161, 347, 370, 388
Civilization in the United States, 496-502, 577
Clemens, S. L., 4, 121, 213, 479, 483, 547, 556, 581
"Cog, The," 453-462
Colcord, Joanna, 279-283, 341
Contemporary American Novelists, 348, 580
Cornhuskers, 7-9, 413-420
Cowboy Songs, 292-293, 342
Cox, John H., 246-251, 340
Crèvecœur, Hector St. John, xvii, 5, 68-77, 127, 211
Crockett, David, 15-20, 125
Cronyn, George W., 227, 228, 338
Cross, Wilbur L., 4
Crothers, Samuel, xvii, 4, 86-94

Darwin, Charles, 4
Dean Briggs, 110-119, 120
Dickens, Charles, 490, 577
Dickinson, G. Lowes, xvi, 520, 577
Domesday Book, vi, 483
Domestic Manners of the Americans, The, 493-496, 577
Dreiser, Theodore, 125, 484, 485, 547
"Dynamo and the Virgin, The," 25-33

Education of Henry Adams, The, xvii, 25-33, 125
Emerson, Ralph W., 60, 116, 127, 131, 491, 523, 551, 554, 558
Eminent Victorians, 89
"Epic of the Teamhand Tribe, The," 169-173

Fabulous Forties, The, 132, 173-184, 211
Farewell to America, 512-516, 578
"Farmer, The," 288
Fathers of the Revolution, 124, 133-142
Fisher, Dorothy Canfield, 388-395, 481
Fisk, Jim, 121, 317-318
Flute and Violin, 370-387, 480
Folk Songs of the South, 246-251, 340
"Footnote on Greatness, A," 131, 133-142
Ford, Henry, 123, 203, 207, 509, 512
"Forgotten City, The," 221-226
Frank, Waldo, iii, xix, 462-468, 578
Franklin, Benjamin, 60, 123, 125
"Free Land and Fortune," 68-77
Frémont, John C., 120, 121, 148
Freud, Sigmund, 4
Frontier in American History, The, 142-155, 212

Gardiner, A. G., xix, 471-478
Garland, Hamlin, xvii, xix, 40-46, 126, 347, 420-436, 483, 551
"Gayheart, a Story of Defeat," 439-452
George, Henry, 42, 109
Golden Whales of California, 185-193
"Good-bye, America," 512-516
Grandmothers, The, 8, 15, 484, 491
Grant, Ulysses, 58, 107, 116, 124, 490
Gray, Roland P., 262-266, 340
"Great American Art, The," 553-559, 579
Great American Bandwagon, The, 155-160, 579
Greene, Paul, 319-337, 339
Grotesques, 553-559
Guedalla, Philip, xviii, 123, 131, 133-142, 578

"Hangman's Tree," 246-248
Hanna, Mark, 123, 186, 191, 192, 203
Harte, Bret, 31, 347, 351-361, 479
Henderson, Alice C., 227
"High Chin Bob," 293-295
"Hills of Silver," 162-169
History of a Literary Radical, The, 517-524
"Home Came the Old Man," 249-251
Howells, William D., 4, 121, 213, 482, 485, 547, 551, 581
Hungry Hearts, 77-85

"I Ain't Free," 234-235
Iowa Interiors, 396-412, 484

Jackson, Andrew, 123, 157, 213, 214
James, Henry, 122, 127, 547, 581
James, Jesse, 161, 219, 314-315, 342
"Jesse James," 314-315
Jewett, Sarah Orne, 121, 482
"Jim Fisk," 317-318
Johnson, Guy B., 234-238, 339
Jordan-Smith, Paul, 194-201

Koch, Frederick, 219, 319-337, 340

"Lament of a Man for His Son," 232-233
"Last of the Lowries, The," 319-337
"Leave Her, Johnny," 282-283
Leech, Margaret, xvi, 94-102, 123
Letters from an American Farmer, xvi, 68-77, 127
Letters to a Niece, 34-39
Lewis, Sinclair, xix, xx, 483, 524-532, 563, 581
Lincoln, Abraham, 4, 58, 106, 111, 120, 122, 211, 213, 214, 478, 500, 501, 559
Lindsay, Vachel, 132, 185-193, 483
"Little Old Sod Shanty, The," 284-285
"Logger's Boast, The," 263-266
Lomax, John A., 292-295, 342
Longfellow, Henry W., 123, 547
"Los Angeles: Ballyhooers in Heaven," 194-201

Lowell, James R., 116, 491, 547
Luck of Roaring Camp and Other Sketches, 351-361

Mackaye, Percy, 239-246, 340, 480, 557
Magnalia Christi Americana, 3, 132
Main Travelled Roads, 420-436
"Maine Battle Song," 262-263
Man from Maine, A, 20-25, 120
Marquis, Don, xviii, 468-471
Masters, Edgar Lee, vii, xviii, 161-162, 483, 547, 555
Mather, Cotton, 3, 122, 132
Mencken, H. L., xxiv, 200, 489, 545-553, 580
"Meredith Phyffe," xviii, 131, 161-162
Merz, Charles, 123, 155-160, 579
Minnigerode, Meade, 121, 124, 132, 173-184, 211
Montague, Margaret P., 266-278, 340
"Mr. Mencken, the Jeune Fille, and the New Spirit in Letters," 545-553
"Mule Humans, The," 239-246
Mumford, Lewis, xx, 121, 490, 559-565, 579, 580
Murfree, Mary N., 347, 480
"My Jane," 236

Negro Workaday Songs, 234-238
Neihardt, John G., 131, 210, 338
Nevinson, Henry W., xix, 512-516, 578
New Spoon River, The, 161-162

Odum, Howard, 234-238, 339
"Ohio, I'll Say We've Done Well," 201-208
"Old Man Warner," xix, 388-395
"Once Open Road, The," 155-160
Oppenheim, James, xix, 453-462
Our America, iii, 462-468, 578
"Our Cultural Humility," 517-524
"Owning the Earth," 266-278

Page, Thomas N., 121, 213, 347, 480
Path on the Rainbow, The, 227, 228, 338
Paul Bunyan, 252-262, 340
"Paul Bunyan and His Blue Ox," 252-262
Pay Envelopes, 453-462
"Pharaoh's Army Got Drownded," 238
Piper, Edwin F., 289-291, 341
"Po' Boy," 315-316
Poe, Edgar A., 122, 123, 347, 558
Poems and Portraits, 468-471
Port of New York, 491, 565-576, 579
"Prairie," 412-420
"Prairie City, A," 462-468
"Prayer to the Mountain Spirit," 231-232
"Prayer to the Virgin of Chartres," 34-39
Professor's House, The, 221-226
"Psychoanalysis of a Puritan," 94-102
"Pullman Porter," 236-237

Queen Victoria, 87

"Rain Songs," 229-231
Rand, Silas, 227
Raw Material, 388-395
Repplier, Agnes, 122, 491
"Revolt from the Factory," 56-67
Roll and Go, 279-283, 341
Rosenfeld, Paul, xx, 565-576, 579
"Ruined by the Gold-rush," 361-369
"Rural Community, A," 396-412
Ruskin, John, xviii, 348

"Safe in the Arms of Crœsus," 532-544
Saga of Billy the Kid, The, 296-314, 342
Saint-Gaudens, 32, 523
Sandburg, Carl, xvi, xix, 4, 7-8, 122, 284-291, 314-318, 343, 412-420, 437-439, 484, 547, 555
"Satan Among the Biographers," 4, 86-94
Shephard, Esther, 252-262, 340
Sherman, Stuart, xx, 489, 545-553, 580
Siegfried, André, xix, xx, 502-512, 578
"Significance of the Frontier, The," 131, 142-155
"Simple Life in America, The," 493-496
Skinner, Constance L., 214, 228
"Skyscraper," 437-439
"Soap and Water and the Immigrant," xvii, 77-85
Son of the Middle Border, A, 40-46, 126, 551
Songs and Ballads of the Maine Lumberjacks, 262-266, 340
Songs of the Cattle Trail and Cow Camp, 293, 296, 342

"Starving to Death on My Government Claim," 289-291
Stevens, James, xxv, 126, 169-173, 340
Sticks and Stones, 559-565, 579
Story-Teller's Story, A, 56-67
Strachey, Lytton, xvii, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92
Suckow, Ruth, xix, xxv, 396-412, 484
Sutter's Gold, 361-369, 479

"Tall Man, A," 7-8
Tall Tales from the Kentucky Mountains, 239-246, 340
Taming of the Frontier, The, 194-201, 209
"Tennessee's Partner," 351-361
Thoreau, Henry D., xvii, 5, 46-56, 120, 127, 523
"Three Days' Battle, The," 296-314
"Tippecanoe and Tyler Too," 173-184
Tombstone, 162-169, 209
"Towers of Manhattan, The," 468-471
Trollope, Frances, xix, 490, 493-496, 577
Turner, Frederick J., xviii, xxiii, 131, 142-155, 212
Twain, Mark, see Clemens, S. L.
Tweed, "Boss," 107, 123, 560
"Two Gentlemen of Kentucky," xix, 370-387

"Under the Lion's Paw," 420-436
Up Eel River, 266-278, 340

Van Doren, Carl, 348, 580
Van Loon, Hendrik, 132, 212
"Vengeance Song, The," 227
"Visit to the West, A," 40-46

Walden, 46-56, 127
Werner, M. R., xvi, 3, 102-110, 124, 212
Wescott, Glenway, xvii, 8-14, 484
"Where the Fight Was," 227
"Whiskey, Johnny," 279-280
Whitman, Walt, xxv, 31, 116, 120, 123, 202, 220, 523, 554, 558
"Whoopee Ti Yi Yo, Git Along Little Dogies," 292-293
"Wild Woman's Lullaby," 228
Windfalls, 471-478
Wister, Owen, xix, xx, 479, 532-544
Woolworth Building, xix, 162, 471-478, 556

Yezierska, Anzia, xvii, 5, 77-85
Young, Brigham, 124, 131, 161

15 26 49